OWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
HERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN
E—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Collier's
TEN CENTS
AUGUST 5, 1944

REVOLT IN CANADA

BY FRANK GERVASI

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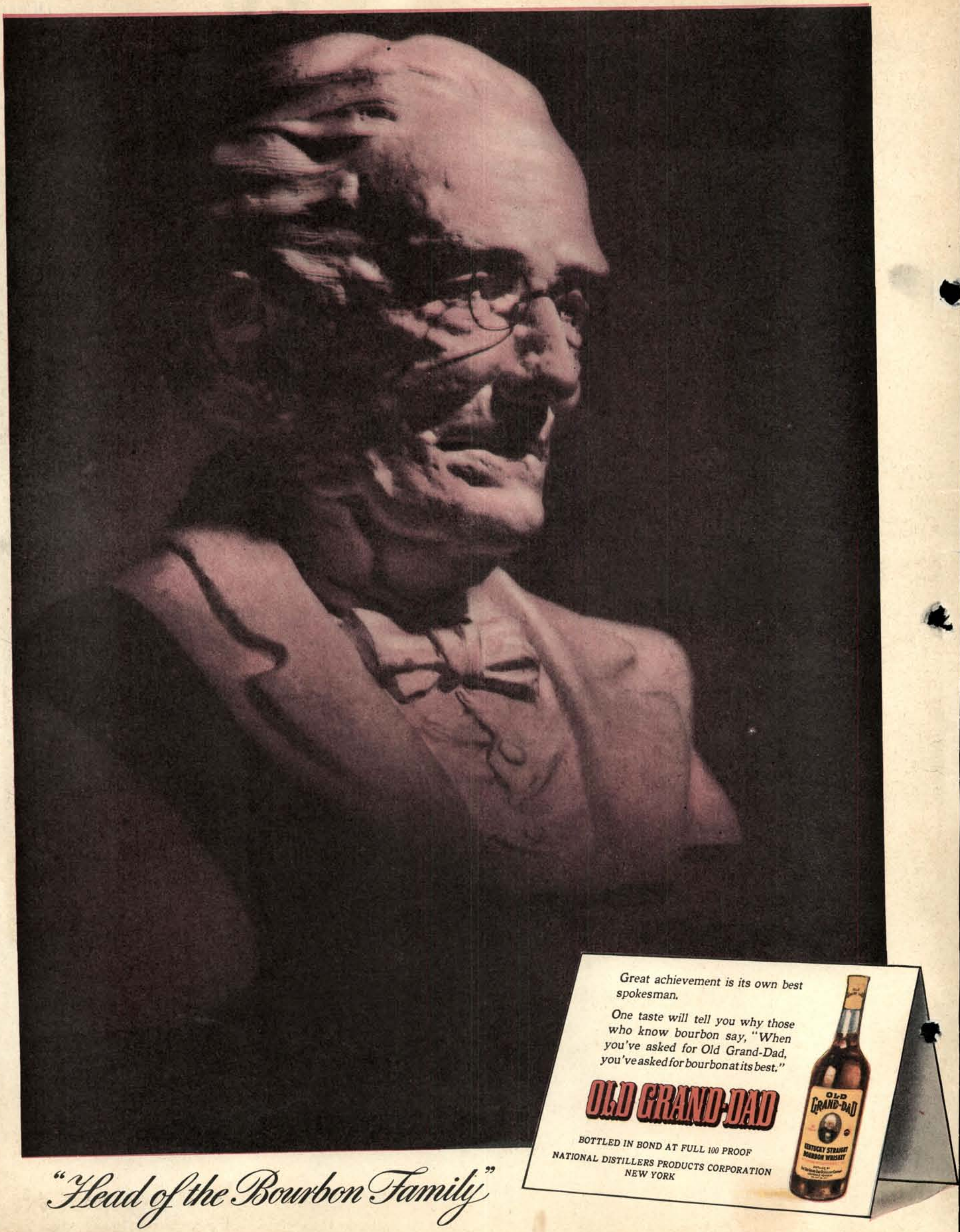
VERNON GRANT

Aug 5, 1944


OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

"Head of the Bourbon Family"

Great achievement is its own best spokesman.

One taste will tell you why those who know bourbon say, "When you've asked for Old Grand-Dad, you've asked for bourbon at its best."

OLD GRAND-DAD

BOTTLED IN BOND AT FULL 100 PROOF

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NEW YORK

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In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

The tire that eats bullets

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

THOSE jagged holes were made by machine gun bullets that went right on through. But the tire didn't go flat!

It's a combat tire, used on army trucks, gun carriers, scout cars, and other vehicles which must travel under fire. While regular B. F. Goodrich truck tires were sturdy enough to take on most army jobs, they always went flat when hit by rifle and machine gun bullets. The army wanted tires that wouldn't.

Rubber engineers working with military technicians developed a new kind of truck tire—a combat tire which had the ability to keep on running long after it was punctured. Combat tires, as made by B. F. Goodrich, have two lives. Under ordinary conditions the air in the tire carries the load, just as it does in any truck tire. When hit by a bullet, the extra-thick sidewalls take over the job. Even with air gone, the tire itself will support the load and run for 40 miles before going flat.

Because of the need for these special combat tires and other tires for military use, tires for civilian trucks and cars are scarce. Practically all tires being produced by B. F. Goodrich today are made wholly or partially of synthetic rubber. Those for passenger cars, with good care, will nearly equal the service of prewar tires. Truck tires are not yet as well perfected, particularly for intercity service, but are being improved. And they are keeping America's trucks rolling.

When next you buy truck tires, see the B. F. Goodrich dealer or Silvertown store.

B. F. Goodrich
Truck & Bus Tires

Picture
OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

DRAGON SEED

KATHARINE HEPBURN
WALTER HUSTON • ALINE MacMAHON
AKIM TAMIROFF • TURHAN BEY
Hurd Hatfield • J. Carrol Naish
Agnes Moorehead • Henry Travers
Robert Bice • Robert Lewis
Frances Rafferty • Jacqueline de Wit

Screen Play by *Marguerite Roberts, Jane Murfin*
Based on the Novel by..........*Pearl S. Buck*
Directed by *Jack Conway and Harold S. Bucquet*
Produced by..............*Pandro S. Berman*

This reviewer had no hesitation whatever in choosing the picture for this month's special acclaim. "Dragon Seed" stands out like a beacon on a mountain top.

Of course, as a Pearl Buck best seller, "Dragon Seed" started off with everything in its favor. For the combination of an outstanding novel and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is about as close to sure-fire as we can expect in this hazardous world. Witness, if you will, "Mrs. Miniver", "Mutiny On The Bounty" and "Random Harvest", and witness especially in this case, "The Good Earth", made by this same M-G-M from the first great success of this same Pearl Buck.

If you remember that picture, and, frankly, we don't see how anyone could forget it, you'll know what to expect in the way of authentic setting, atmosphere and action in this one. But "Dragon Seed" has something which even "The Good Earth", great as it was, did not have. And that is timeliness.

For "Dragon Seed" is a human story in the foreground of China's magnificent resistance to Japanese conquest. It is the story of a nation's fortitude in terms of one village and one family, and more particularly, of one woman—told so beautifully, so convincingly, that its drama, its excitement, its romance become personal experiences.

It is hard to pick out individuals for special note in this so completely balanced picture, but our hat is off to Katharine Hepburn (who, as "Jade", gives THE performance of her career), Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Akim Tamiroff and Turhan Bey down to the littlest big-eyed Chinese baby. Our hat is off to the sensitive direction of Messrs. Conway and Bucquet and the over-seeing eye of Producer Berman. It's doffed again to Misses Roberts and Murfin who did the screen play and so movingly caught the spirit of Pearl Buck's book.

All this may give you the impression that we think "Dragon Seed" not only the "Picture Of The Month", but also a strong contender for "Picture Of The Year". You're right, we do.

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY • Publisher **HENRY LA COSSITT** • Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS • Managing Editor

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	**FRANK GERVASI**	Middle East	**JIM MARSHALL**	West Coast
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ERNEST HEMINGWAY	Invasion	**HERBERT ASBURY**	Articles	**GRATTAN O'LEARY**	Ottawa
MARTHA GELLHORN	Invasion	**AMY PORTER**	Articles	**EDWARD TOMLINSON**	The Other Americas
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ROBERT DE VORE	Washington	**IFOR THOMAS**	Photographs	**ALLEN MARPLE**	Fiction
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington	**AIMEE LARKIN**	Distaff	**JAMES N. YOUNG**	Fiction
FREDERICK R. NEELY	Aviation	**GURNEY WILLIAMS**	Humor	**ELIZABETH BOUTELLE**	Fiction

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • Art Director

Any Week

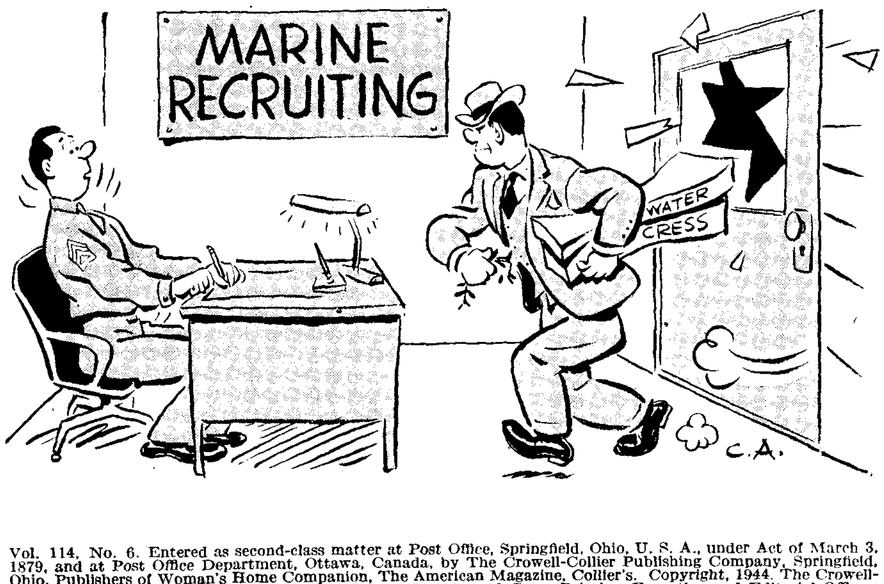
A LADY has just notified us that she applied to her ration board for a tire. Naturally the clerk had a few questions to be answered. So she told him that her husband was in the Coast Guard, that he used the car in his tour of duty, that, being stationed in a remote sector, he also carried his fellow Coast Guard men to and from the station. "Coast Guard, you say?" asked the clerk. "Yes," said the applicant. "In business for himself?" asked the clerk.

ANYWAY, we are receiving "a bale of processed water cress with one hundred and twelve tried recipes for use of same as food." It is being sent by Mrs. Maye Dumas Dumont of Pasadena, California. With it will come a series of charts on which we are asked by Mrs. Dumont to record our daily progress under water cress. Mrs. Dumont has written to President Roosevelt, she says, urging processed water cress as a staple diet for our Armed Forces. It makes men savage, she adds. Mr. Dumont was on a water-cress diet for a week and was changed in that short time from a "somewhat torpid and easygoing man to a very belligerent person now trying to join the Marines."

OUR mail, this week, consists chiefly of opinions about Mrs. Korine Buckner of Detroit, Michigan, and postwar planning. We understand the former. The F.B.I. has discovered that Mrs. Buckner is not only married to three soldiers and a Marine, but, since 1926, she has married sixteen other guys "just to get rid of them." Major F. P. Lerring Fossatt, F.C.O., H.E.E., of Tampa, Florida, is willing to be responsible for Mrs. Buckner if the authorities will turn her over to him. Major Fossatt is a "Productionist," and F.C.O. means First Class Order. H.E.E., he says, means High Efficiency Engineer. That's all we know about the major's plans for Mrs. Buckner. We're just tipping off the F.B.I. A sailor wants to know: "What does this dame look like? Is she got moles and sometimes uses the name of Kitty? I know a sailor who maybe married her, too, but didn't make her no allotment because he says he wanted to wait and see." A soldier writes that this is just another example of the way the folks at home are mistreating the servicemen. "Is this all the cops have to do—pinch a soldier's wife? If a lot of soldiers want to get married, it is none of the F.B.I.'s business who they marry. This is an outrage."

WE ARE beginning to hear on the subject of postwar planning from servicemen. They contend that it's their own personal problem. One of the lads hopes that someone will write a plan that "can be understood by us guinea pigs, the G.I. Joes." Another suggests that the planning job be turned over to the servicemen who would "write a postwar plan for the postwar planners."

PFC. EDDIE JULIPP says: "When this war is over, I plan to go home to Fort Smith, Arkansas, and stay there, minding my own business for the rest of my life, hoping to set an example for the entire nation." . . . W. D.



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AUGUST 5, 1944

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COVER VERNON GRA

"Don't look now...but my back-seat friend does my worrying"

Here comes big Jim Parsons and a neighbor. Smart man, Jim. He has an "unseen friend" in the back seat. He is Jim's lawyer-doctor-banker all in one . . . represents the world's largest auto insurance company . . . does all of Jim's worrying, protecting him with one of the *new* State Farm policies.

This is the "unseen friend" who took a load of worry off Jim's shoulders. He can do the same for you!

Even if you drive carefully, slowly, and "just around the block," you can have an accident. 9,500,000 other drivers did. They were involved in accidents in just one war year . . . at speeds usually under 35 miles an hour. Security in wartimes is doubly desirable. Why risk ruinous financial loss due to an auto accident when the cost of preventing that loss is so small?

To give you the greatest possible wartime security, State Farm Mutual today offers the broadest protection in its history under its thrift-famous *More Insurance for Your Money Plan.* You'll agree with us that it gives you the fullest coverage for the money ever offered. Our new policies have also been shortened and simplified so that you can easily determine what that coverage is.

Under the new Full Service Policy you and your wife are insured against: (1) legal liability that might arise from the result of driving your own insured *or any other private passenger auto,* and (2) damage to, or loss of, your car. This broad protection includes: (a) $5,000 property damage and *double* the usual $5,000-$10,000 public liability coverage; (b) medical payments up to $500 a person for yourself, family, guests and pedestrians, *even if you are not responsible for the accident;* (c) coverage for fire, theft and 30 other causes of loss, such as flood, hail, pilferage, etc.; (d) 80% collision, bail bond, and emergency road service coverages; (e) car rental if your auto is stolen.

You'll lift a surprised eyebrow when you learn how remarkably little this all costs you. Without it you take a serious risk, not only for yourself, but for your family.

Your friendly State Farm Mutual agent can show you how the broad, new policies apply to you, help you, too, with any life and fire insurance problems. All auto insurance is NOT alike. State Farm Mutual's policies are non-assessable. When you become a policyholder your security is backed by the world's largest auto insurance company with 7,000 agents at your service wherever you drive. See your State Farm Mutual agent today and let the "friendly fellow in the back seat" do your worrying.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS—HOLD WHAT YOU HAVE!

NEW . . . PERSONAL LIABILITY COVERED AT ONE LOW COST

Along with any one of our new auto policies you can get Comprehensive Residence and Personal Liability protection at extremely low cost. Ask your State Farm Mutual agent or send in coupon below.

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Name . . . .

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THE SHERIFF CAUGHT UP WITH ME SINCE PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC NO LONGER BUYS MY BRISTLE!
DISPOSSESS NOTICE Sheriff
P.P.
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end *PROLON*

Actual Photomicrographs

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

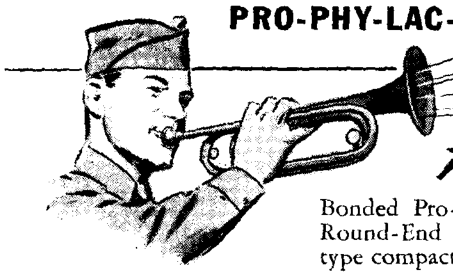
It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

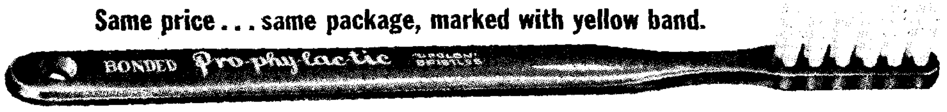
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

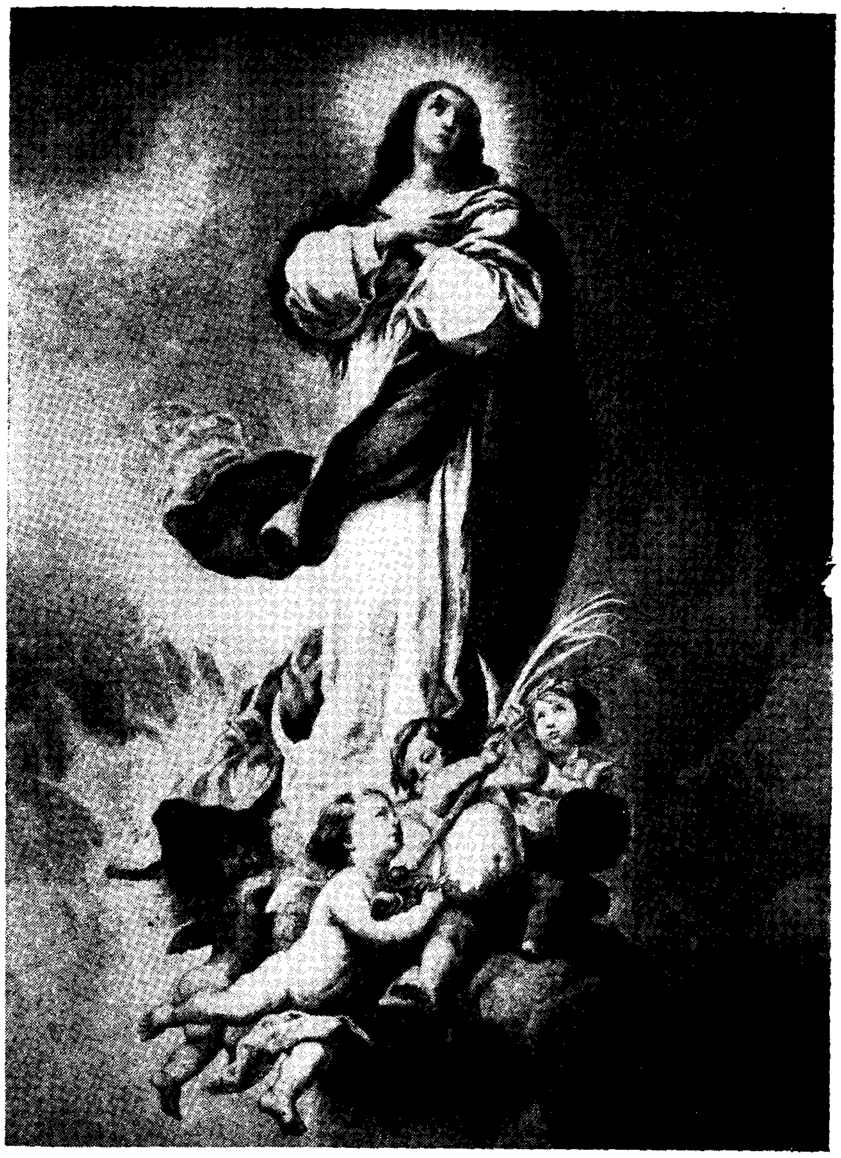


Attention! **Users of Smaller Brushes**

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.





KEYSTONE

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

One of the world's most magnificent mosaics is a reproduction of Murillo's painting, The Immaculate Conception, in the National Shrine in Washington, D. C. The masterpiece, presented to the church in 1930, is ten feet high by eight feet wide and contains 35,000 pieces of natural-colored stone, the selecting and inlaying of which required 25 man-years of labor.

No bird or other animal of North America has been given as many popular names as the Golden-Winged Woodpecker or Flicker (*Colaptes auratus*). Today this bird is known by about 250 different names, such as the Yellowhammer, High-holder, Wake-up and Heigh-ho.

As the 200 members of Finland's parliament vote by pressing a "yes" or "no" button on their desk, they can pass on a bill within 90 seconds.

In 1918, an analysis of speeches made by German statesmen during the previous twenty years revealed that Germany's purpose in starting the first World War was to conquer the countries that she believed rightfully belonged to her, a territory which embraced half of all the land area of the globe and three quarters of all the people in the world. Among the few remaining countries, which were to be taken over later, were the United States, the British Isles and Japan.

During the past two years, approximately 50,000 families a week have moved to new homes.

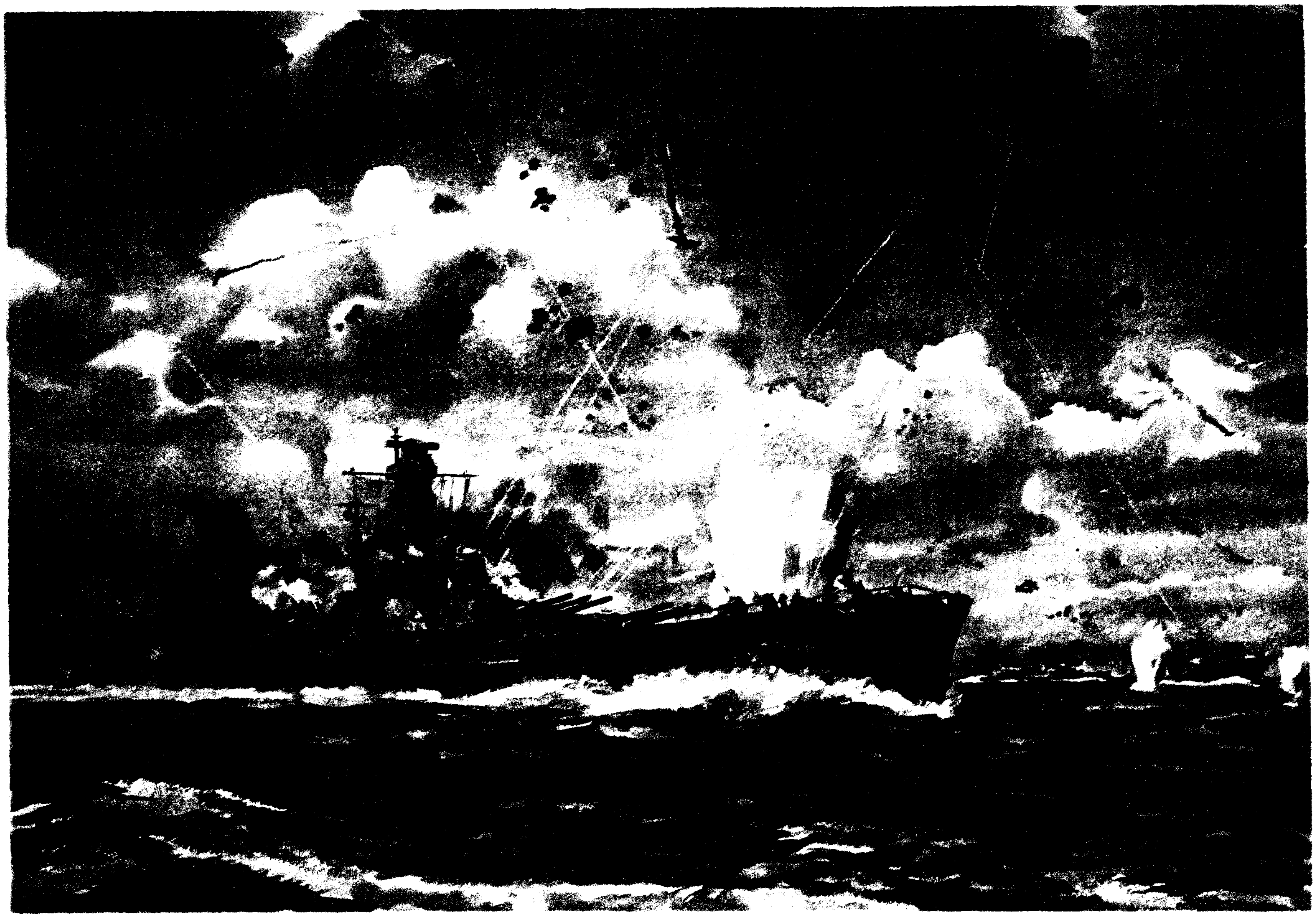
Fewer than ten of every 1,000 blind adult Americans use a dog as a guide. Only about 100 of such a group can be trained to employ a dog successfully and 70 of them do not want one, either disliking the animal or feeling that it makes them conspicuous. Of the other 30 who are temperamentally suited for and would like such a companion, only eight or nine can afford it. In fact, in New York City today, only five of every 1,000 blind persons own a guide dog.

Stockholm's Town Hall, completed in 1923, is roofed with copper plates that were purchased with funds subscribed by local citizens. In appreciation, the city engraved the name of each contributor on one of the plates, irrespective of the size of his gift which, in some cases, was as little as 25 kronor or $6.

During a recent air raid on Friedrichshafen, Germany, the air pressures produced by the exploding block-busters broke most of the windows in Romanshorn, Switzerland, 12 miles away on the opposite shore of Lake Constance.—*By Alice De Lay, Fort Collins, Colorado.*

In the twenty years between 1919 and 1938, at least 1,500,000 books and magazine articles were published on the people and situations responsible for the first World War.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



"Air Defense—South Pacific," by Dwight Shepler, U. S. Navy Combat Artist

Nerve Systems for Battle Wagons

When a U. S. warship goes into action, officers must make split-second decisions—men must receive their orders instantly. Throughout the battle, orders and reports—coordinating all activities—are flashed by telephone.

The huge battleship *"Wisconsin"* has as many telephones as a city of 10,000 inhabitants. Two separate systems were supplied by Western Electric.

1. *The sound powered telephone system,* with 2200 instruments connecting all battle stations. These battle phones operate on current *generated by the speaker's voice,* so damage to the ship's electrical system cannot interrupt communications.

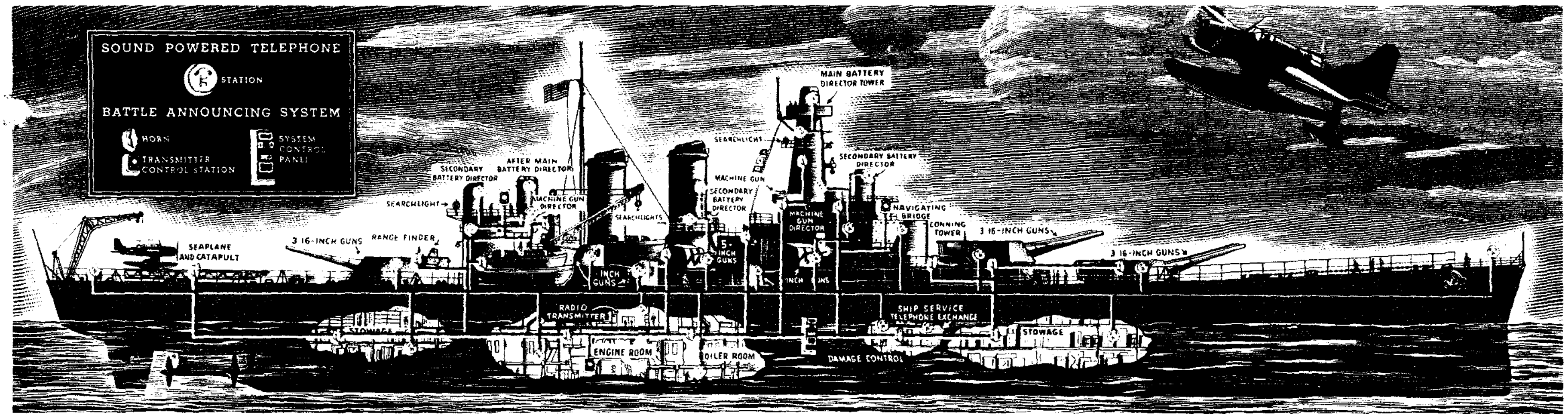
2. *The battle announcing system,* with 20 transmitter stations and over 300 loudspeakers to broadcast orders in a giant voice.

All this for just *one* battleship! Carriers, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, merchant ships, too, must have telephone equipment.

Skill acquired in years of experience as manufacturer of all kinds of equipment for the Bell Telephone System has been turned to making vast quantities of telephone, radio, radar and other specialized apparatus for use on land, at sea and in the air. Western Electric is today the nation's largest producer of electronic and communications equipment for war.

To speed Victory, buy War Bonds regularly!

75TH ANNIVERSARY
Western Electric
IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.

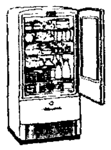

SOUND POWERED TELEPHONE
STATION
BATTLE ANNOUNCING SYSTEM
HORN
TRANSMITTER CONTROL STATION
SYSTEM CONTROL PANEL
MAIN BATTERY DIRECTOR TOWER
SEARCHLIGHT
SECONDARY BATTERY DIRECTOR
AFTER MAIN BATTERY DIRECTOR
SECONDARY BATTERY DIRECTOR
MACHINE GUN
SECONDARY BATTERY DIRECTOR
SEARCHLIGHT
MACHINE GUN DIRECTOR
SEARCHLIGHTS
MACHINE GUN DIRECTOR
NAVIGATING BRIDGE
CONNING TOWER
3 16-INCH GUNS
3 16-INCH GUNS
3 16-INCH GUNS
RANGE FINDER
SEAPLANE AND CATAPULT
5-INCH GUNS
INCH GUNS
INCH
INS
RADIO TRANSMITTER
SHIP SERVICE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE
STOWAGE
STOWAGE
ENGINE ROOM
BOILER ROOM
DAMAGE CONTROL

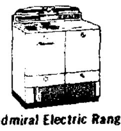
A typical battleship, showing some of the important battle telephone stations and units of the battle announcing system. We cannot show all—there are more than 2,500!

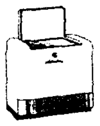
It's a postwar Promise ... from

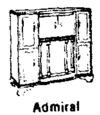
Admiral

A refrigerator with a built-in HOME FREEZER
Admiral
Room to store 2 bushels of frozen food!
BR-R-R-R-R! It's cold! 22 degrees below freezing!









Admiral Refrigerator

Admiral Electric Range

Admiral Home Freezer

Admiral Radio-Phonograph

Perhaps you have dreamed of a refrigerator that will keep fish, game and meats for months without spoilage . . . or quick freeze your own fruits and vegetables to enjoy months later . . . or freeze a bushel of ice cubes for a party. Well, when wartime tasks are done, your dream will come true. The built-in home freezer in the Admiral refrigerator will have all these features and more . . .

Sterilamp—utilizing ultra-violet rays to kill bacteria and retard mold.

No Defrosting—no frost-gathering coils, therefore nothing to defrost.

Purified Moist Cold Air—foods stay fresh and moist *without covering*.

Dry Storage Cabinet—for foods that do not require refrigeration.

There'll be an Admiral electric range, complete with new and exciting features . . . a home freezer to offer a new and better mode of living. Admiral Radio, America's Smart Set, will be available in distinctive, new models . . . built by the world's largest manufacturer of radio-phonographs with automatic record changers.

TUNE IN CBS 2:30 P. M. E.W.T. Sundays for Admiral "World News Today"

Admiral Corporation CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS

The Week's Work

Collier's June 24th hero cover is auctioned off in U. S. War Bonds

THE heroes on Collier's covers are worth their weight in War Bonds, or close to it. The original painting for the June 24th cover of Collier's, showing Marine Sgt. John Basilone, Congressional Medal of Honor winner, was auctioned off at a Wall Street War Bond rally for $1,400,000 in War Bonds, which amount of bonds, while we haven't weighed them, must weigh considerable.

The portrait, painted for Collier's by artist C. C. Beall, was donated to the War Finance Committee by Collier's, along with seven other Beall hero cover portraits. The winning bid was made by John F. Power and James J. Faye, of the brokerage firm of Eastman, Dillon & Co., who will present the portrait to Sgt. Basilone's mother, Mrs. Angelina Basilone of Raritan, N. J.

One up and seven to go! Who knows how many millions in bonds the heroes will pull in? Artist Beall, with a son, Charles Calvert, in the Army Air Forces, is wetting his paintbrush for more hero paintings, and more bonds.

WING TALK, the Collier's department which keeps you informed on the latest developments in aviation, this week gives you one man's solution to the problem of surplus aircraft after the war (p. 53).

That one man is quite a man—by the name of Charles H. Babb, of Glendale, Calif. Babb, born in Oregon and brought up as a hard-working farm kid, lost his right hand just above the wrist and had part of his jaw shot away in a hunting accident. "It was then," he says, "that I discovered you can do almost anything you think you can do, if you have enough will power and patience. I realized that there were millions of people walking the streets who were physically fit but mentally defeated, and that learning to use one's head was far more important than using one's hands.

"In 1919, I came to Los Angeles, entered civil aviation, learned to fly a Jenny in 1920, became secretary of the old Aero Club of Southern California, and as responsible representative of La Federation Aeronautique Internationale, had charge of the licensing of all pilots under FAI status. I licensed Amelia Earhart, Frank Hawks, Arthur Goebel, Frank Clarke, Jack Frye of TWA, and others who achieved a lot in aviation," he tells us.

Babb took an active part in many early aviation organizations, became director of operations for Aircraft Finance Corporation of America, and in 1930, when the crash folded up the AFA and his job, he started curbstoning airplanes. After fourteen years, he has built up the largest business of its kind in the world, with bases in New York, Mexico City, Seattle, and Fairbanks, Alaska. He has contacts all over the world, and his customers include governments, airlines, mining and construction companies, and aviation personalities everywhere. He has supplied equipment to Admiral Byrd, Sir Hubert Wilkins, Wiley Post, Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, and fleets of planes to the Chinese, Australian, Canadian, British and other governments.

CHARLES JACKSON is the fellow who sprang to overnight fame for his ruthless dissection of the mind of a drunkard in his best-selling novel, The Lost Week End.

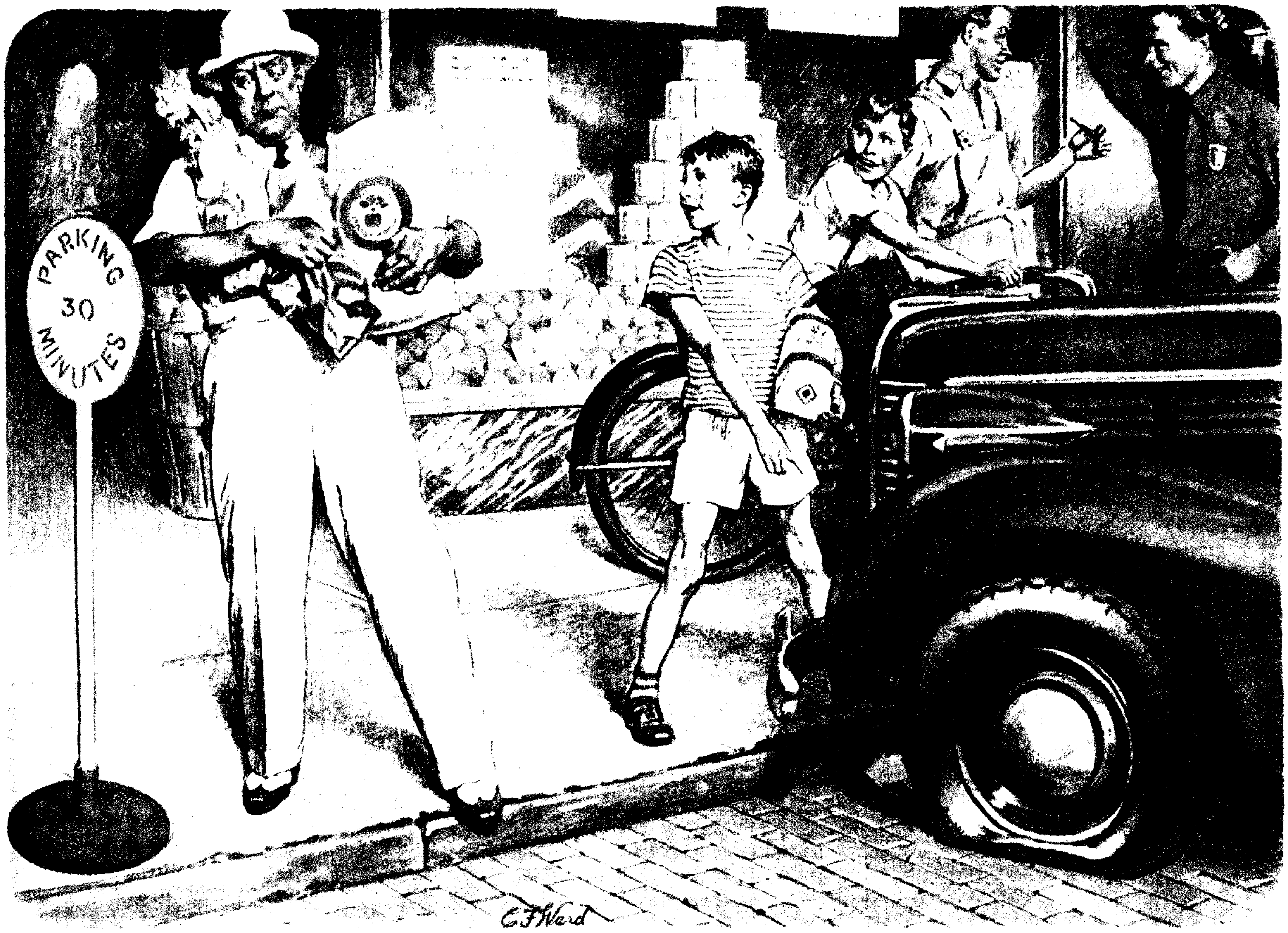
Now, in The Long Way Home, p. 12, Jackson does another vivisection job, this time on the mind of a man facing paternity. In the story, as in the book, Jackson makes the reader just a little bit uncomfortable, as he realizes that he, like the story's hero, has sometimes acted from motives that couldn't bear the light of day.

Jackson, brought up in Newark, N. Y., edited a weekly newspaper, worked in bookstores in Chicago and New York, was a summer-theater stage manager in Vermont, spent some time in Switzerland, France and Italy, and settled into a job of writing dramatic radio scripts for Columbia Broadcasting System. Many of his plays, original or adaptations, have been heard on the Columbia Workshop program, and he taught radio writing at New York University.

But The Lost Week End precipitated its author into even greater activity. His written words are much in demand. His newest job is at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And his publishers, Farrar and Rinehart, hope to bring out another of his books soon.

THE soldier's wife who wrote Sooner or Later (p. 20) had to do mighty little inventing to produce her story of camp-follower life. She is Margaret Lull, a Portland, Oregon, girl, who worked at interior decoration and painting until, in 1934, she married a writer. "I edited and copied his work," she says, "until I gained a knowledge of what is art, and what is craftsmanship, and what is a happy and acceptable balance between the two." But that knowledge, she says, proved insufficient when her husband became an army officer, and she a camp-following wife. "Some of the material for Sooner or Later is experience, some is gleaned from association with wives of longer army experience. The life is strange and unreal. We work by day at Red Cross or at full-time jobs and live on borrowed time against inevitable overseas orders. There is interest and fun, but one needs a robust sense of humor." . . . A. P.

Margaret Lull



Remember when . . .

a "Flat" was only a nuisance?

NOBODY ever felt *happy* about a flat tire . . . not even in the "good old days" when a tire famine was the last thing you'd expect.

But, today, a "flat" can mean real tragedy . . . particularly if you drive on it as much as 100 yards! It may mean a ruined carcass. Worn-out tires and broken carcasses have already forced thousands of cars off the road.

The far-seeing men, who warned us that this country's tire situation would get worse before it got better, were right. While the national rubber program is accomplishing miracles, it would take more than a miracle to supply *all* the new tires needed in 1944 by both the armed forces *and* civilians.

So again we say . . . protect and save the tires you have!

Keep tire pressure *up* and speed *down*. When a tire wears smooth, have it recapped without delay. And drive carefully, always.

Do this not just so that *your* car can remain in service, but as your share of a great national effort to keep your country's motor car transportation rolling . . . to bring Victory sooner.

REMEMBER, when you want good advice on taking the best possible care of your tires, —or when you are eligible to buy new *tires— there's no better place to go than to your nearest Seiberling dealer. He not only knows tires, but he's an* independent *business man, with a direct,* personal *interest in earning your friendship.*

Seiberling Tires are retailed only *through independent dealers of this type . . . men who believe in the principle of free enterprise and who are helping to prove that America is still the great land of opportunity for those who have the vision and the courage to go ahead under their own power.*

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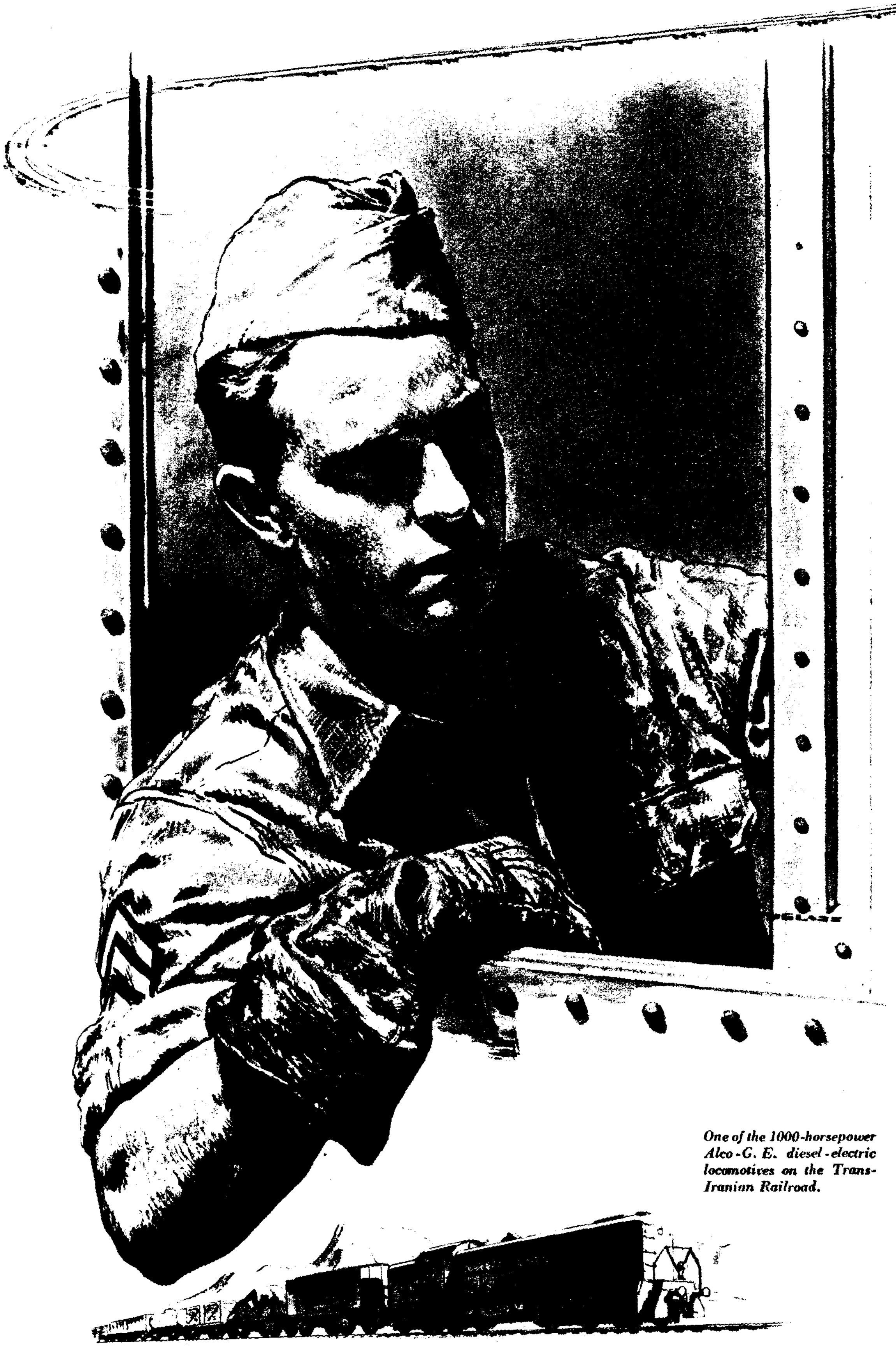
Wartime manufacturers of Bullet-Sealed Tubes and Military Tires for our armed forces—Bullet-Sealing Gasoline Tanks—Rubber Floats, Boats and Pontons—Rubber Parts for Gas Masks, Airplanes and Tanks. Also makers of Tires and Tubes for passenger cars and trucks—Sealed Air Tubes—Rubber Heels, Soles and Mechanical Goods

The Boy who used to play with Trains

...is running an Engine in Iran



One of the 1000-horsepower Alco-G. E. diesel-electric locomotives on the Trans-Iranian Railroad.

● He's passing the ammunition to Russia on one of the world's wildest railroads, the Trans-Iranian line. He's boss of a brand-new Alco-G.E. engine. And he wouldn't swap jobs with the General!

The job of the engine he runs is one of the biggest that these sturdy, compact diesel-electric locomotives have ever tackled. It's hauling lend-lease planes and tanks and trucks for Russia—across 150 miles of desert, up a 7000-foot mountain, around 25-degree curves, through 220 tunnels—from the Persian Gulf to Teheran.

Picking the locomotives to pull this combination of grades and curves was a tough assignment. But these 1000-horsepower diesel-electrics were just right. They have more than doubled the per-train load of supplies delivered to Russia. And they make the 650-mile run, over mountains and across deserts, without stops for servicing!

Because this is a battle-zone railroad, it is operated by the Military Railway Service of the Army Transportation Corps. The engineers are likely to wear a sergeant's stripes, but the locomotives wear beneath their war paint the familiar trademarks of American Locomotive and General Electric.

The same G-E engineering that produced the G-E turbosupercharger and the jet propulsion engine in the field of aviation, and the G-E all-electric kitchen for your home, is here combined with the engineering and experience of the American Locomotive Company in the field of railroad transportation. It is another example of the way G-E engineering works to meet America's needs—in war, and peace.

OLD 6000

Old 6000 is a veteran of two wars. The first electric locomotive built for the New York Central by Alco-G.E., in 1904, today she is in emergency war service, hauling cars in the Mott Haven yards. Look for her next time you ride one of the Central's crack trains into Grand Central. Her present number is 100.

Today many hundreds of Alco-G.E. electric and diesel-electric locomotives are helping American railroads in their magnificent job of serving America's wartime transportation needs. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.

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FOR AUGUST 5, 1944

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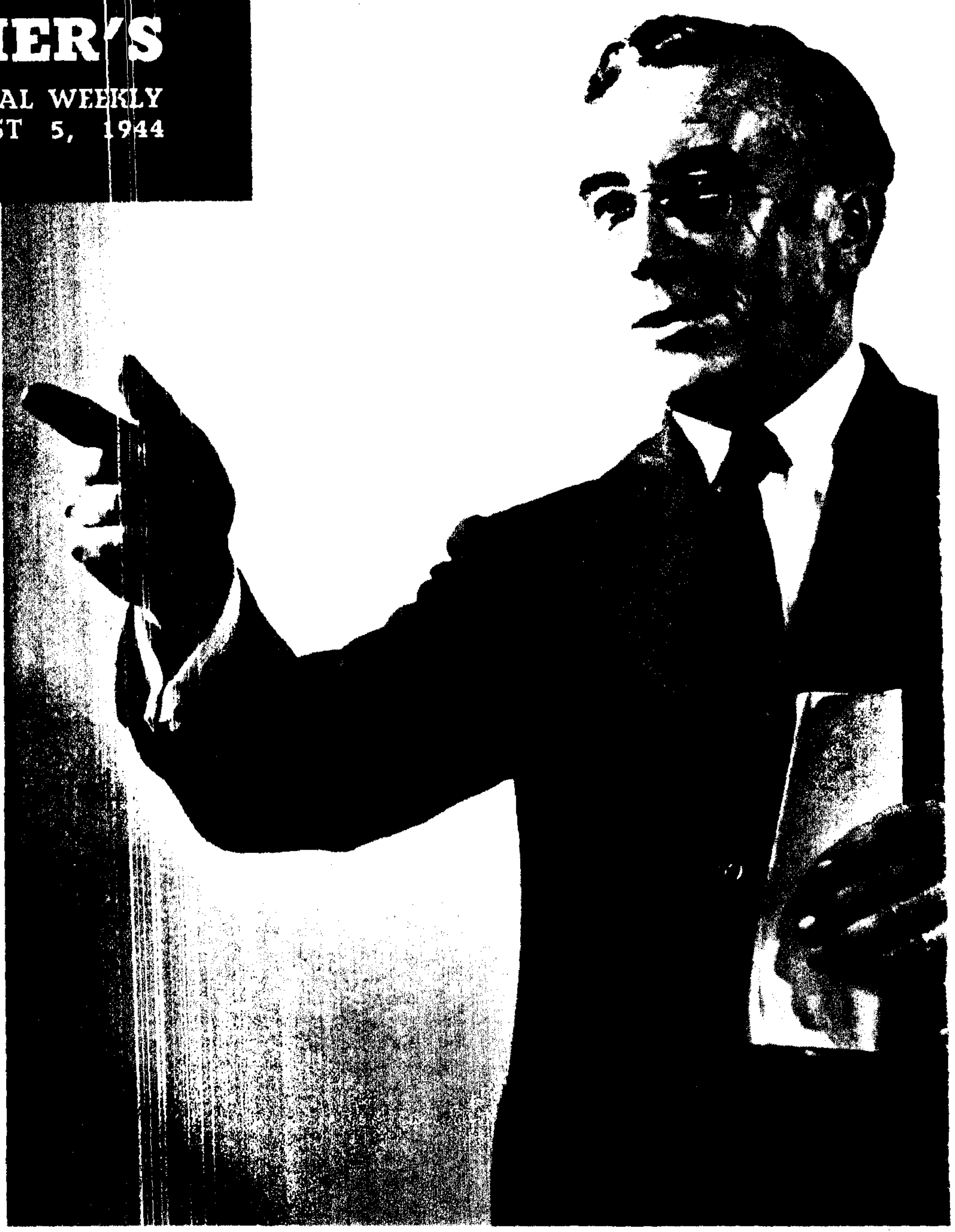


HUSTON-PIX

Prime Minister Mackenzie King (left) is harassed but he won't be rushed in his struggle against M. J. Coldwell, head of the C.C.F.

REVOLT IN CANADA

BY FRANK GERVASI

A quiet schoolteacher with a socialistic program threatens Mackenzie King's leadership after nineteen years

NO MAN could look less like a revolutionary than Canada's newly risen disciple of Marx and Lenin named M. J. Coldwell, a smooth-faced and middle-agedly handsome man with graying wavy hair and startling blue eyes behind plain eyeglasses. He looks, instead, like what he's been all his life, a schoolteacher, and the chances are practically overwhelming that you've never heard of him before.

Neither had most Canadians until ten years ago, and there are many (particularly those who own and operate Canada for profit and believe in free enterprise) who wish they'd never heard of him. Back in 1934, Coldwell's name became known as that of the secretary general of an obscure party of unioneers, disgruntled farmers and people with ants in their intellectual pants called the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation.

Today, Coldwell, a man of medium height with a suave voice and a mild manner and almost as cold temperamentally as his name suggests, is the national leader of the CCF. He is the only man in Canada who threatens to topple The King from his long-warmed throne. The King is William Lyon Mackenzie King, leader of the powerful Liberal Party, corresponding roughly to our Democratic Party. He has been Prime Minister of Canada for nineteen out of the last twenty-three years, long enough for Mother Britain to have had six Prime Ministers, and the United States four Presidents.

King is Canada's Roosevelt even more nearly than the Liberals simulate our Democrats. King, however, is a bachelor, an introvert without the toothy grin and the angled cigarette holder, and has sworn off drinking for the duration. He is a short, egg-shaped man who wears gray suits and a pince-nez that dangles from a narrow black ribbon when it isn't perched on his thick, generous nose. He has wispy hair on a round, somewhat bald head, and eyes like blue china marbles.

The possibility that in some not too distant tomorrow Coldwell may be Canada's Prime Minister gives King a headache and causes acute discomfort, also, to John Bracken, the colorless but good-looking leader of the Liberal Party's opposition, the Progressive-Conservatives—Canada's Republicans. Bracken and his outfit had hoped, until Coldwell came along, to capitalize on King's growing unpopularity.

King is accused of egomania, political poltroonery, spendomania, appeasement of labor, persecution of capital, sabotage of the British Empire, pro-Americanism and every crime in the dog-eared handbook of politics, short of grafting. Even King's worst enemies acknowledge the unassailability of his personal integrity.

In the eyes of the pro-British Progressive-Conservatives and, to a lesser extent, of the CCF-ers, King's major crime seems to have been his failure to impose conscription on that one third of Canada's 11,500,000 population, the French Canadians concentrated mostly in Quebec Province, despised by the British element. Quebec is the Liberals' "Solid South." King had to appease the anti-war, anti-British French element in order to stay in power. He conscripted the French only for home duty, and the 60,000 or so French Canadian troops in the land are known variously as King's Commandos or The Zombies.

King and Bracken aren't the only ones worried about the likelihood of a Coldwell CCF victory in the Canadian general elections due by law any time between now and next March. Coldwell is a Socialist, and his party advocates state ownership and control of the country's transportation systems, utilities, mines, banks and industries. It proposes to nationalize every source of wealth except the land—an obvious deviation from Marxism, designed to grab the big farm vote in Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

Nationalization wouldn't hit only Canadians. American investors own 1,500 factories in Canada, representing a capital investment of about three billion dollars. Coldwell promises to pay all owners in full when and as the CCF takes over the various plants and assets involved. Only small business, he says, would be left. Big business must go, domestic or foreign.

Coldwell doesn't call what he proposes Socialism. He calls it Christian Democracy, being aware of democratic allergy to isms, but by any name, what he intends to achieve is Socialism of only a slightly modified Marxian brand. If he succeeds—and the Canadian political picture is as full of "ifs" as Kipling's poem—he will give Canada its first labor government in history. Canada would become the third of the Dominions of the British Commonwealth to go Socialist. Australia and New Zealand already have labor governments of a Socialist character.

What may happen in Canada and what's already gestating there constitute part of a labor revolt sweeping the British Empire. All the important Dominions, with the exception of South Africa (although when I was there in 1942, I found a strong labor movement emerging in the mining industry and among the factory workers of Johannesburg) have become acutely conscious of the need for social legislation insuring a living wage and old-age security.

The war has speeded up the process, and in England itself, last August, the British Institute of Public Opinion discovered that if a general election were held immediately 39 per cent would vote Labor, 23 per cent Conservative, 9 Liberal, 3 Communist and 1 per cent for the new Commonwealth Party.

(Continued on page 78)

The Long Way Home

BY CHARLES JACKSON

AUTHOR OF THE LOST WEEK END

The most disturbing book in years was The Lost Week End, the first candid psychoanalysis of a chronic drunkard. Here, probably for the first time, the author of that famous best seller dissects the conflicting emotions of a worried man facing paternity

HE DID not drop his work until his wife said, "Of course, we don't need to go out at all." Then he shoved his papers aside and stood up. "It's nice of you to be so noble about it," he said. "If you'd only say, 'I want to go out *now*, this minute, and not another second later,' it'd be a lot easier for us both!"

But he was already getting his coat and so was she.

He had said he would take her riding and she had been sitting there waiting for him, turning over the Sunday papers she had already read, lighting another cigarette, getting up again and again to look out of the window.

"It gets dark early these fall days," she said once, and again: "It would be fun to drive with the top down, or do you think it's too cold?"

He had refused to reply or even to show that he had heard, though he was more conscious of her tiptoeing about the room than if she had turned on the radio full blast.

The usual strain of Sunday, long a problem in their house, had become intensified now that a baby was coming. He liked to think that the week end was his, that from Friday night to Monday morning his time was his own, to go over the work he had brought home, make a try at this or that problem that had been troubling him, or merely daydream at his desk if the ideas did not come. But the week end was his wife's, as well; he loved her and recognized her right to spend the week end as she pleased, and her right to his company, if that was what she wanted. And inevitably, now, Saturdays and Sundays belonged to his wife: movies when it rained, driving when it was fair.

"A father cannot take over the innumerable discomforts attendant upon pregnancy," the book said, "but he can do much to help his wife get the needed diversions."

He knew it to be true and still he resented this formidable set of duties. He liked to think that he lived by impulse; and the thought of routine, a routine dictated by duty, took all the pleasure from his leisure hours and made him poor company even for himself.

Now they walked in silence through the almost deserted streets to the garage a block and a half away. The atmosphere of New York on a Sunday afternoon, he reflected, was little different from the small town in which he had lived twenty years before. People were indoors, mostly, or away.

The colored attendant greeted them as they approached the garage, snatching off his cap and grinning.

"Good afternoon, Mis' Stevens! Good afternoon, Mist' Stevens!"

"Hello, Neville. Get the car up, will you?"

"Yes, sir, Mist' Stevens, one moment, sir," and he ran down the ramp into the garage basement.

"Neville's a funny name for a colored man, I've always thought," his wife said.

He had always thought so, too, but now he said sharply, "Why, for instance?"

"Well, for one thing, it seems so sort of incongruous."

"I suppose you'd like to have them all named Rastus or Sambo?"

She said nothing, and he was about to elaborate when Neville brought up the car.

If, as he often told himself, he welcomed every sign that made their marriage more secure, why did he resent the coming baby? He had thought in the past, when they were first married, that nothing would make him happier than the prospect of a child. When the news came four months ago, he experienced a sudden elation—irrational, almost irresponsible—that made him want to call up his friends, meet them for lunch, tell everyone he knew—against the caution, incomprehensible to him, of his wife.

He wished he had listened to her, for in a few days, unaccountably, the elation passed. He felt deflated, betrayed by his own emotions; and for some weeks, now, he had nursed a sense of injury that he could neither explain nor shake, and a sense, too, of strangeness in his own home.

HE TURNED the car into Fourteenth Street and headed for the West Side highway. There was little traffic, but he knew it would be heavy when they reached the upper drive. It was a bright October day, clear and fine for driving, even as a duty. Perhaps his feeling of frustration would pass, perhaps he still might enjoy himself.

Almost from the beginning they had quarreled. When he thought of this and wondered why, it mystified him, for he had always believed that a child would be the means of holding them together more solidly than ever. They had quarreled harshly during those first few days when he impulsively communicated the news to his friends, almost before she was even sure it was true. Even now his stomach chilled as he recalled those bitter and exhausting sessions, so trying to his wife because he had not respected her right to withhold her secret until she was ready to make it known, so baffling to him because she had refused to recognize the natural pride any man would feel at the prospect of an heir.

One of their disputes—he could almost smile about it now—had begun with a discussion of what the baby would be called. If it were a boy, he wanted to christen him Miles, but his wife would not hear of this. Apart from his fondness for the name, he had no reason for selecting it for his son—as far as he knew, it belonged to no one in his family—and this admission only made his defense of it the more futile.

"Why Miles, for heaven's sake?" his wife said.

"Because I like it," he said. "I've always liked it."

"Miles. It's a silly name."

"I *like* it."

"What's the matter with your own name?"

"I will not have a Junior. Kids hate it."

"Miles Stevens," she said, trying it out; "it sounds too much like Miles Standish."

"Not to anybody with any imagination it doesn't."

"Oh, you and your imagination! You're always harping about imagination!"

So it had gone, till he lost all interest in the name Miles and even in the possible son and never wished to bring up the subject again.

They ascended the ramp at Twenty-second Street, and, as they drove uptown, New York seemed to be revolving dreamily on some vast slow-motion turntable, with the Empire State Building as its pivotal center, the structures in the foreground moving by and passing from view more rapidly than those farther back. On the left was the Hudson—only a few feet away, it seemed, over those flat roofs—and now they were passing the piers where the great steamships from Europe had tied up before the war.

HE RECALLED a lunch date he had had with a friend a few months ago, during which he had talked of nothing but the war. His friend was the father of an eleven-year-old boy and they had talked of the child and speculated about the future. He had said he admired the courage of his friend for

"There's no good looking in this part; these stones are too old," his wife said. "We'll have to go up that way." He carried her coat and they began to ascend the slope toward the rear of the cemetery

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

bringing up a child in the present day, a male child at that, but as far as *he* was concerned, no child of his was going to be brought into the world, unasked, to pick its way as best it could through the wreckage left by their generation.

What right had he to precipitate a child into such a mess, all for the sake of satisfying his ego, of reproducing his own kind—for what? Pure self-indulgence. Worse, it was like murder. Yes, it was murder. For didn't it mean thrusting *the unknown* upon someone, and isn't that what happened at birth, just as at death?

He had warmed to his subject in a kind of rhetorical workout that was exhilarating to him if not to his friend. It was one of those conversations from which he always came away a little flushed and more than a little sheepish. A phrase or a theme caught his imagination and he was carried away, improvising as he went, giving vent to his sense of the dramatic and his feeling for words, till the inevitable sudden realization—usually as he was leaving—that he had been talking too well, too emptily, and too much.

How bitterly now he remembered that whole eloquent and absurd discourse, how he wished he could wipe out every word of it in view of what had happened since. He felt no inclination to see his friend again; and on the one occasion when they met by chance in the street, he had not been able to bring himself to tell what he had been telling everyone else, that he and his wife were awaiting the birth of a child.

AS THEY reached Seventy-second Street the car rolled swiftly out upon the smoother surface of the wider drive, so smooth and resilient that it was like riding on rubber, with now and again the gentlest rise and fall to give you the sensation of being pleasantly bounced.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked, and realized it was the first time he had spoken since they left the garage.

"Oh, I don't care," she said. "Anywhere."

"You might give me some idea. After all, it was you who wanted to go out."

"Do we have to go someplace—can't we just drive?"

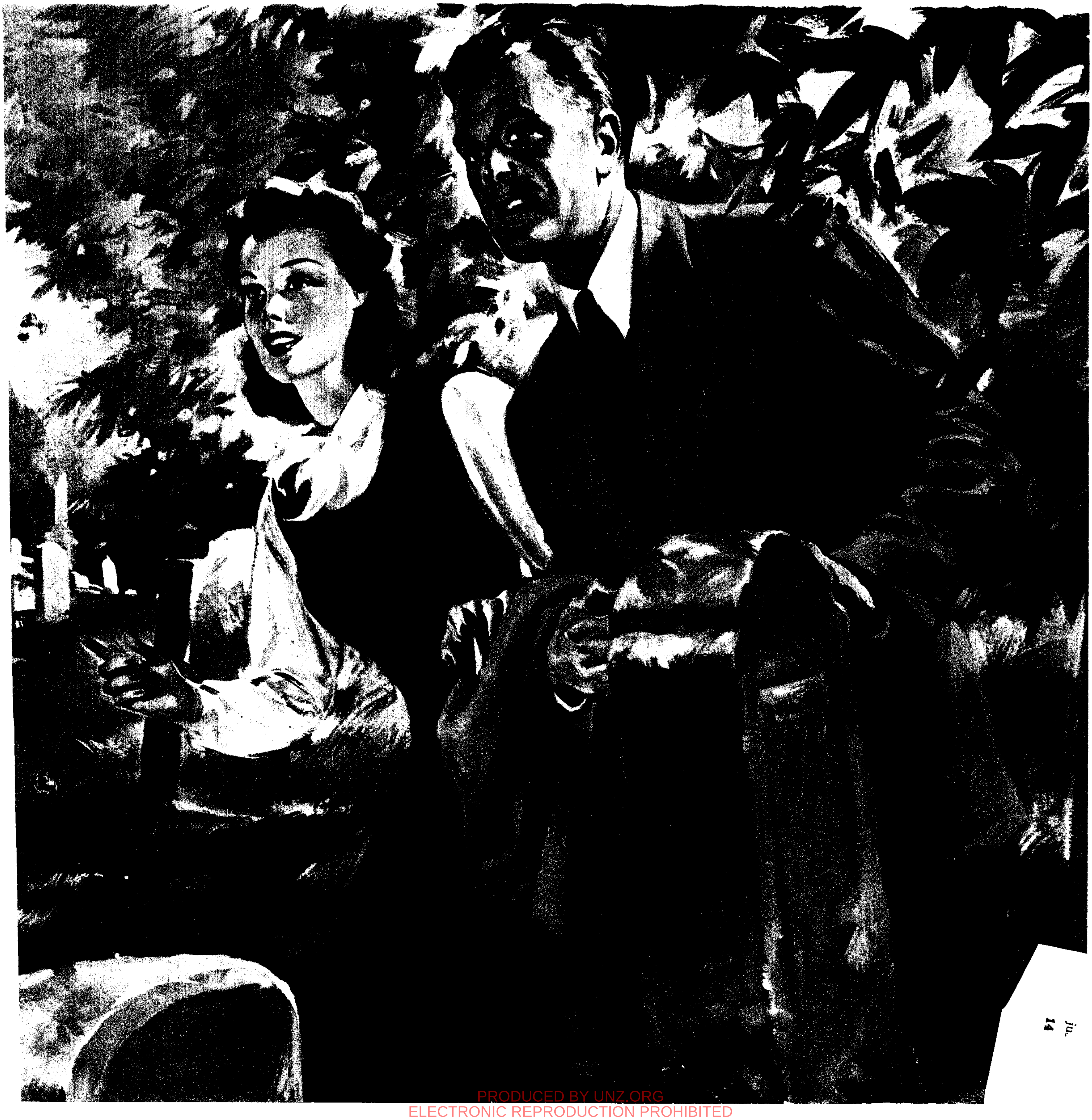
It was an old argument, and he dropped it before it got any further. He loved driving, but he did not like driving just anywhere. He liked to go someplace, turn around, and come back, and he didn't like to stop along the way to admire the view. This aimless Sunday driving was a custom in his wife's family, and that, he knew, was why he resented it. It was one of those habits she had tried to carry over from the time when she had lived at home, a habit which he discouraged because it made her seem a child again, the daughter of her parents—his daughter, even—rather than the grown-up woman he was married to.

How many times he had heard her father describe—fondly, as though it had been a lovable characteristic in the child—how she invariably fell asleep soon after the drive began and slept through the whole afternoon, so that at the end, when they reached home, he was obliged to pick her up in his arms and carry her still sleeping, into the house. It was a picture that filled him with an incomprehensible anger, so that when the father described it, so lovingly and so often, he wanted to remark, sharply, "If she wished to be taken for a drive, then why didn't she stay awake and enjoy it?"

The bridge swung over them, enlarged, distorted, its stanchions wide as the walls of a fort—and then it was behind, powerful in miniature in the windshield mirror.

In carrying on the custom of the Sunday drive, he had a fear of being molded into the pattern of his wife's family, where the father was servant; and he could not think of those Sundays of the past without a sense

(Continued on page 70)



THE WOUNDED COME HOME

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

RADIOED FROM LONDON

Collier's correspondent goes on a great white ship to help bring back the boys who "got it" in the great invasion battles

THERE was nothing to do now but wait. The big ship felt empty and strange. There were 422 beds covered with new blankets; and a bright, clean, well-equipped operating room, never before used; great cans marked "Whole Blood" stood on the decks; plasma bottles and supplies of drugs and bales of bandages were stored in handy places. Everything was ready, and any moment we would be leaving for France.

The ship itself was painfully white. The endless varied ships in this invasion port were gray or camouflaged and they seemed to have the right idea. We, on the other hand, were all fixed up like a sitting pigeon.

Our ship was snowy white with a green line running along the sides below the deck rail, and with many bright new red crosses painted on the hull and painted flat on the boat deck. We were to travel alone. There was not so much as a pistol on board in the way of armament, and neither the English crew and ship's officers nor the American medical personnel had any notion of what happened to large, conspicuous white ships when they appeared at a war, though everyone knew the Geneva agreement concerning such ships, and everyone hoped the Germans would take the said agreement seriously.

There were six nurses aboard, and they were fine girls. They came from Texas and Michigan and California and Wisconsin, and three weeks ago they were in the U.S.A. completing their training for this overseas assignment. They had been prepared to work on a hospital train, which would mean caring for wounded in sensible, steady railway carriages. Instead, they found themselves on a ship, and they were about to move across the dark water of the Channel.

This sudden switch in plans was simply part of the day's work, and each one, in her own excellent way, got through the grim business of waiting for the unknown to start, as elegantly as she could. It was very elegant, indeed, especially if you remembered that no one aboard had ever been on a hospital ship before, and so the helpful voice of experience was lacking.

The nurses had worked day and night for two weeks to get this ship ready to receive wounded. They had scrubbed floors and walls, made beds, prepared supplies, and now their work was finished. They went on working, inventing odd jobs to keep busy during these final empty hours before the real work began. But two tired, brave, tough girls sat on a bench inside the hall of the ship, and painted their fingernails with bright red varnish and talked about wanting their mail and worried about their missing foot lockers, their valuable foot lockers which had in them the vital comfortable shoes and the unvital, probably never-to-be-worn evening dresses.

One of the British ship's officers, who had been in the Merchant Marine since the beginning of the war, but had never yet set forth in a white ship, came to talk with the girls. He looked tired, too, and he was vastly amused by their nail polish. "It would be nice," he said, "if we could take that nail polish up to London tonight, instead of where we're going."

The tall pretty nurse held her hands out to see whether the job was well done. "No," she said. She was from Texas and spoke in a soft, slow voice. "No. I'm glad to be going st where I'm going. Don't you know how happy those little old boys are going to be when they see us coming?"

Pulling out of the harbor that night we passed a Liberty ship, going the same way. The ship was gray against the gray water and the gray sky, and standing on her decks, packed solidly together, khaki, silent and unmoving, were American troops. No one waved and no one called. The crowded gray ship and the empty white ship sailed slowly out of the harbor toward France.

We crossed by daylight, and the morning seemed longer than other mornings. The captain never left the bridge and, all alone and beautifully white, we made our way through the mine-swept channel. Everyone silently hoped that this would be a lucky number; and we waited very hard.

Then we saw the coast of France and, as we closed in, there was one LCT near us, with washing hung up on a line, and between the loud explosions of mines being detonated on the beach, one could hear dance music coming from its radio. There were barrage balloons, always looking like comic toy elephants, bouncing in the high wind above the massed ships, and you could hear invisible planes flying behind the gray ceiling of cloud. Troops were unloading from big ships to heavy barges or to light craft, and on the shore, moving up brown roads that scarred the hillside, our tanks clanked slowly and steadily forward.

Then we stopped noticing the invasion, the ships, the ominous beach, because the first wounded had arrived. An LCT drew alongside our ship, pitching in the waves. A boy in a steel helmet shouted up to the crew at the aft rail, and a wooden box looking like a lidless coffin was lowered on a pulley, and with the greatest difficulty, bracing themselves against the movement of their boat, the men on the LCT laid a stretcher inside the box. The box was raised to our deck, and out of it was lifted a man who was closer to being a child than a man, dead-white and seemingly dying. The first wounded man to be brought to that ship for safety and care was a German prisoner.

Everything happened at once. We had six water ambulances—light motor launches which swung down from the ship's side and could be raised the same way when full of wounded. They carried six litter cases apiece, or as many walking wounded as could be crowded into them. Now they were being lowered, with shouted orders: "That beach over there where they've got streamers up."

"Watch Out for Mines!"

"Take her in slow. . . . Those double round things that look like flat spools are mines. . . . You won't clear any submerged tanks, so look sharp. . . . Ready? . . . Lower her!"

The captain came down from the bridge to watch this. He was feeling very jolly, as well he might, and he now remarked, "I got us in all right, but Heaven only knows how we'll ever get out." He gestured toward the ships that were as thick around us as cars in a parking lot. "Worry about that some other time," he said brightly.

The stretcher-bearers, who were part of the American medical personnel, now started on their long backbreaking job. By the end of that trip, their hands were padded with blisters and they were practically hospital cases themselves. For the wounded had to be got from the shore into our own water ambulances or into other craft, raised over the side, and then transported down the winding stairs of this converted pleasure ship to the wards. The ship's crew became volunteer stretcher-bearers, instantly.

Wounded were pouring in now, hauled up

BRITISH COMBINE

The medics carried the stretchers down the tortuous passageways of the converted liner for hours, until they were very nearly litter cases themselves

One at a time the wounded were placed, stretchers and all, in a rectangular box that looked like a lidless coffin, and hoisted over the rail of the hospital ship

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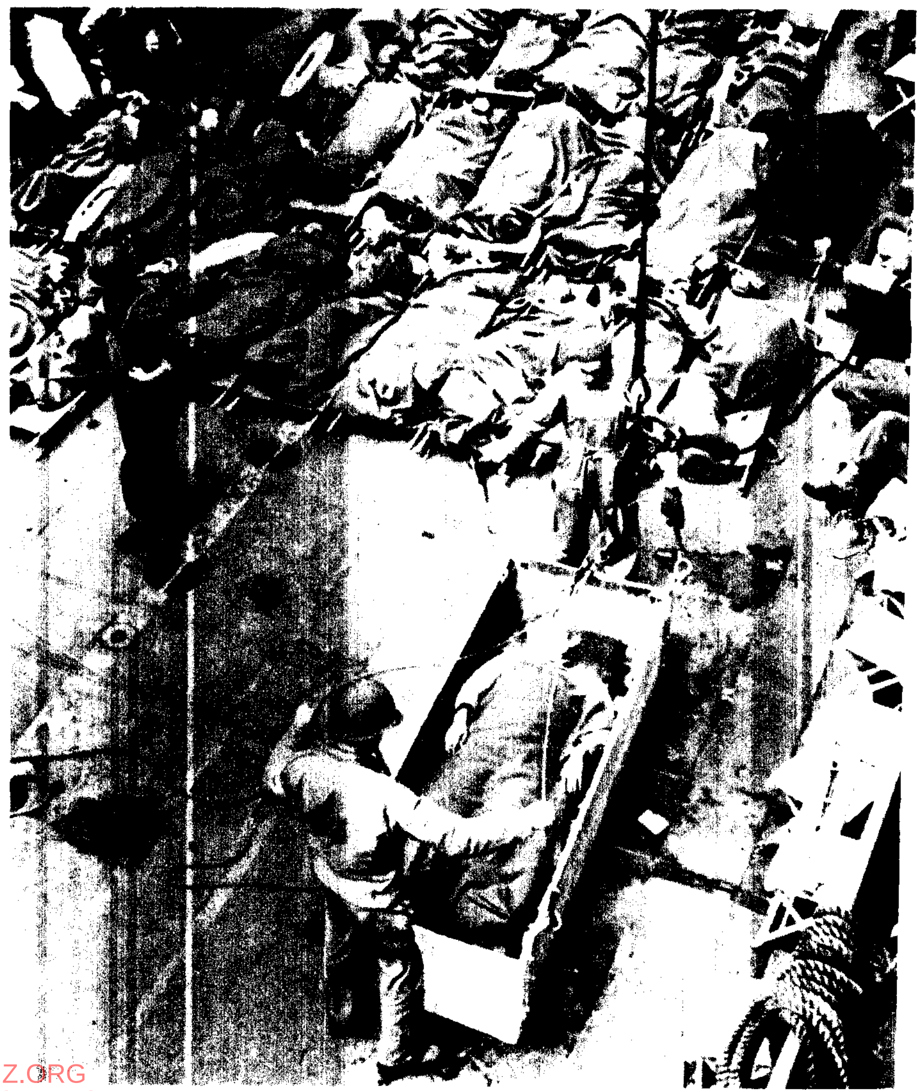
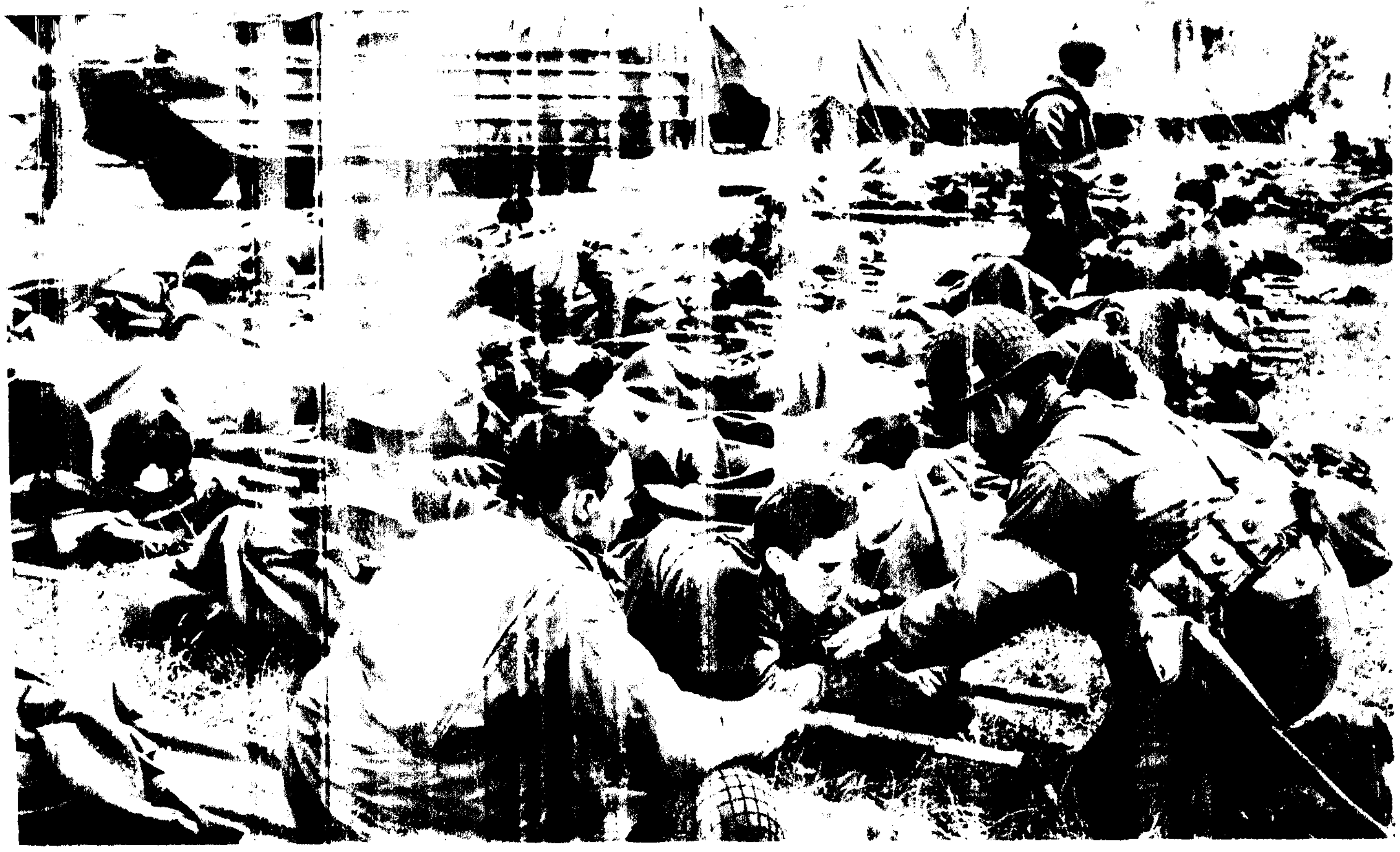
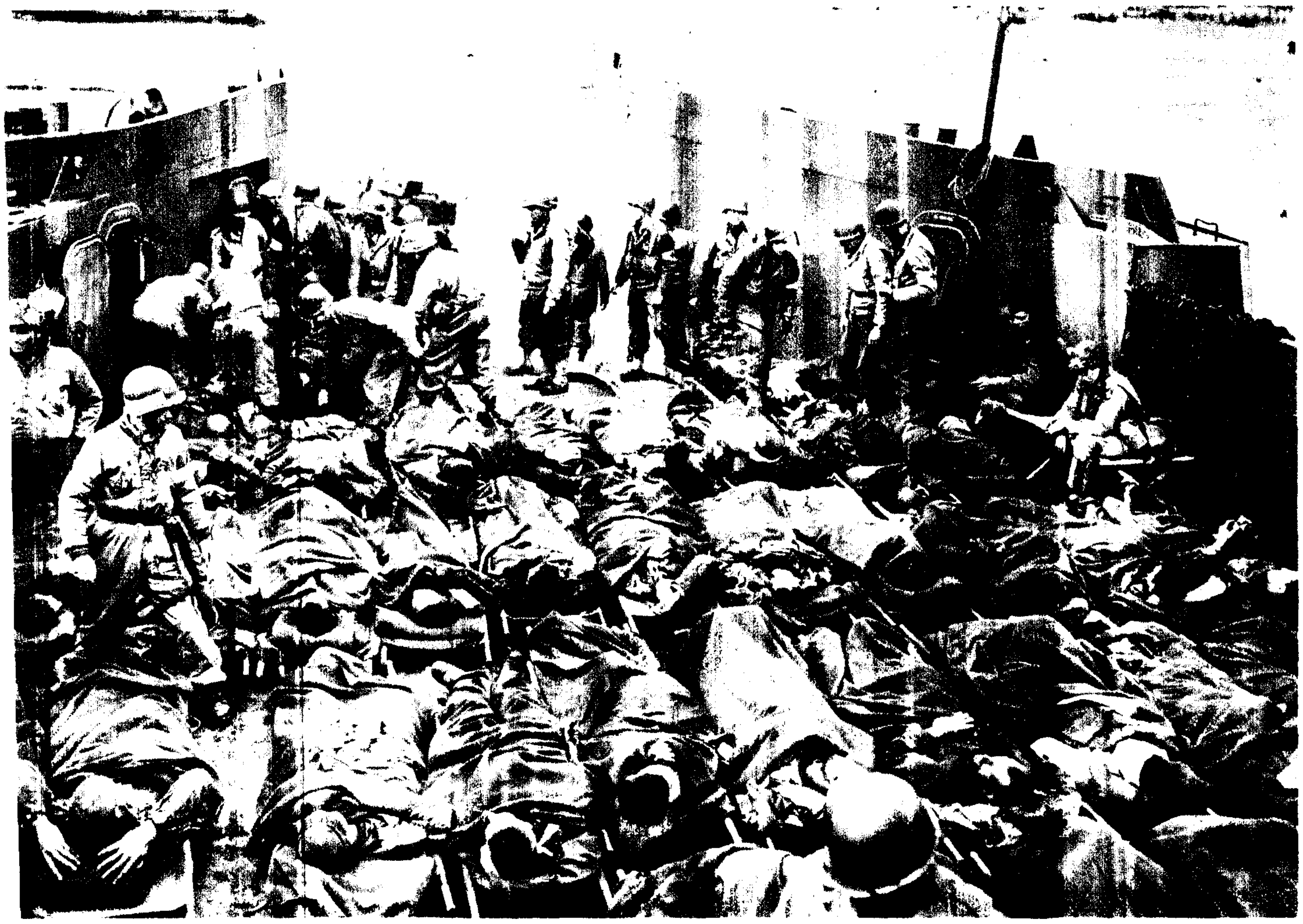






On the Normandy beach li nd the invasion's cost, waiting to be transported to the hospital ship. Below: The wounded are lined up, row e huge maw of the landing craft that is to ferry them out to the hospital ship

Only a few miles from the front d under almost constant fire from the enemy, Medical Co ns operate on an injured soldier at a field hospital somewh he Normandy beachhead

Just a few hours after he had been trying to kill U.S. soldiers this wounded German is saved by blood plasma donated by some American citizen

in the lidless coffin, or swung aboard in the motor ambulances, and finally an LST tied alongside and made itself into a sort of landing jetty, higher than the light craft that ran the wounded to us, but not as high as our deck. So the wounded were lifted by men standing on the LST, who raised the stretchers high above their heads and handed them up to men on our deck, who caught hold of the stretcher handles. It was a fast, terrifying bucket-brigade system, but it worked.

Belowstairs, for three decks the inside of the ship was a vast ward with double tiers of bunks. The routine of the ship ran marvelously, though four doctors, six nurses and about fourteen medical orderlies had to be great people to care for four hundred wounded men. From two o'clock one afternoon, until the ship docked in England again the next evening at seven, none of the medical personnel stopped work. And besides plasma and blood transfusions, re-dressing of wounds, examinations, administering of sedatives or opiates or oxygen and all the rest, operations were performed all night long. Only one soldier died on that ship and he had come aboard as a hopeless case.

No Time for Interviews

It will be hard to tell you of the wounded, there were so many of them. There was no time to talk; there was too much else to do. They had to be fed, as most of them had not eaten for two days; their shoes had to be cut off; they needed help to get out of their jackets; they wanted water; the nurses and orderlies, working like demons, had to be found and called quickly to a bunk where a man suddenly and desperately needed attention; plasma bottles must be watched; cigarettes had to be lighted and held for those who could not use their hands; it seemed to take hours to pour hot coffee, from the spout of a teapot, into a mouth that just showed through bandages.

But the wounded talked among themselves, and as time went on you got to know them, by their faces and their wounds, not by their names. They were a magnificent enduring bunch of men. Men smiled who were in such pain that all they really can have wanted to do was turn their heads away and cry, and men made jokes when they needed their strength just to survive.

All of them looked after one another, saying, "Give that boy a drink of water," or "Miss, see that Ranger over there; he's in bad shape. Could you go to him?"

All through the ship, men were asking after other men by name, anxiously, wondering if they were on board and how they were doing.

On A Deck, in a bunk by the wall, lay a very young lieutenant. He had a bad chest wound, his face was white, and he lay too still. Suddenly he raised himself on his elbow and looked straight ahead of him, as if he did not know where he was. He had a gentle oval face and wide blue eyes and his eyes were full of horror and he did not speak. He had been wounded the first day, had lain out in a field for two days and then crawled back to our lines, sniped at by the Germans. He realized now that a German, badly wounded also in the chest, shoulder and legs, lay in the bunk behind him. The gentle-faced boy said very softly, because it was hard to speak, "I'd kill him if I could move." After that he did not speak for a long time; he was given oxygen and later operated on, so that he could breathe.

The man behind him was a nineteen-year-old Austrian. He had fought for a year in Russia and half a year in France; he had been home for six days during this time. I thought he would die when he first came on board but he got better. In the early morning hours he asked whether wounded prisoners were exchanged, would he ever get home again.

I told him that I did not know about these arrangements, but that he had nothing to fear, as he could see. I was not trying to be kind, but only trying to be as decent as the nurses and doctors were. The Austrian said, "Yes, yes." Then he added, "So many men, all wounded, want to get home. Why have we ever fought one another?" Perhaps because

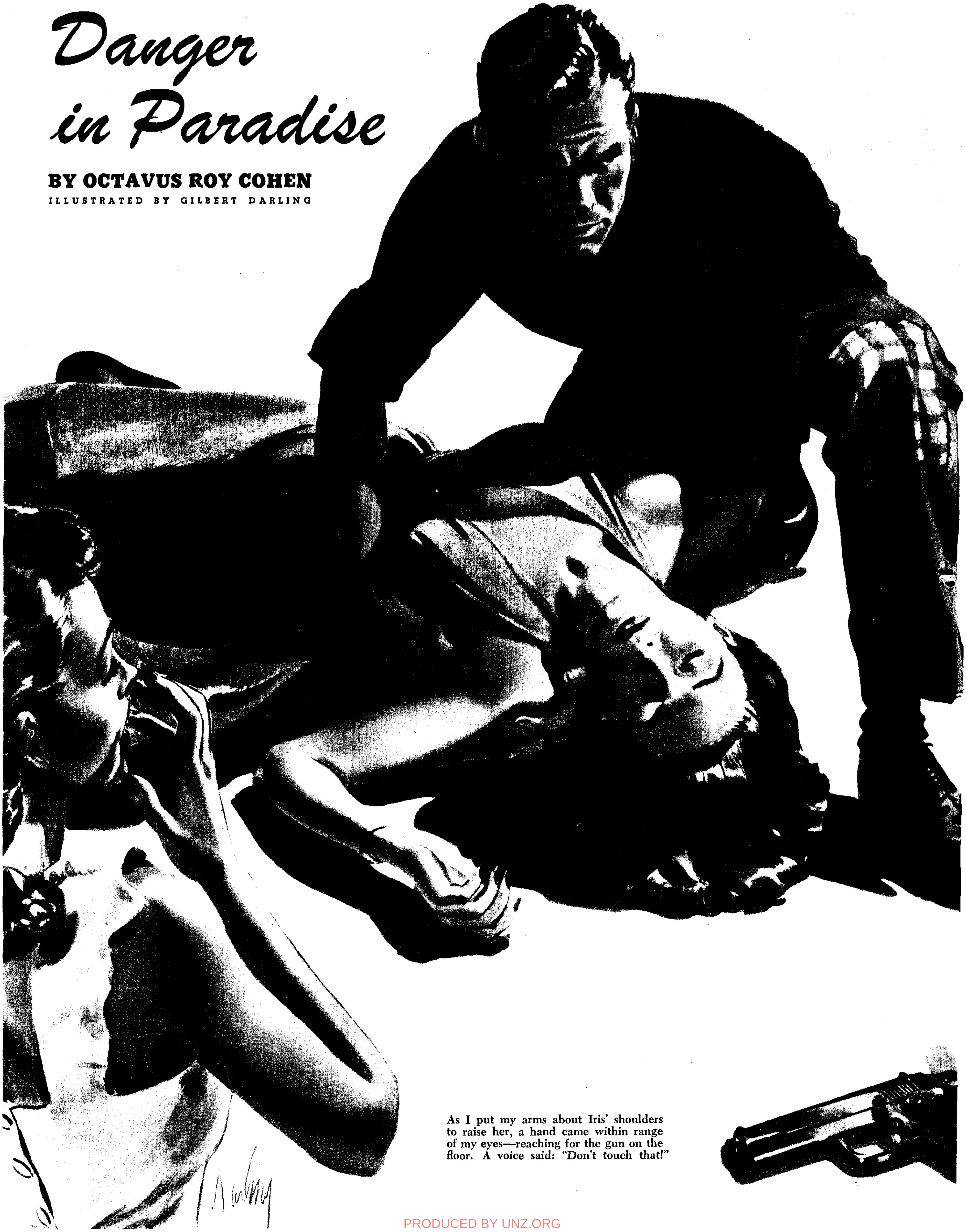
(Continued on page 73)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

Danger in Paradise

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



As I put my arms about Iris' shoulders to raise her, a hand came within range of my eyes—reaching for the gun on the floor. A voice said: "Don't touch that!"

The Story: In love with IRIS RANDALL, a radio singer, JIMMY DRAKE meets her in New York upon her return from a USO tour. She gives him a box of cigars, *El Corsario Invincibles,* which she had bought in Cuba after a man known as BENIGNO had given her a similar box to be delivered to his friend, PEDRO HERNANDEZ, in New York. That night AL BRENNER, night-club owner, is shot to death in IRIS' apartment by CLAUDE WILLIAMS, a young criminal, who escapes, taking with him some costume jewelry and HERNANDEZ' cigars. IRIS buys a box of *El Corsarios* and delivers them in person to HERNANDEZ. He is not satisfied; he insists that JIMMY sell him the box IRIS had given him. JIMMY refuses to sell. A few hours later, in the course of a gay party at the photographic studio for which JIMMY works, a woman staggers in screaming. She says that MARGIE BRETT, the switchboard girl, and IRIS are lying in JIMMY's office. "They're both dead," she gasps.

II

SOME things make a dent in your brain, and some things don't. Even after I started running up the hallway toward the reception room—my office being at the halfway point—I hadn't really started to think.

I only felt things. I felt a terrible sickness and an incredulity. I kept saying over and over again, "Iris isn't dead . . . Iris isn't dead . . ." And all the saying in the world couldn't make me believe that she wasn't or understand that she was.

I must have moved fast because, in spite of the surging of the crowd in that direction, I was first into my office. My desk light—the one I use for working—was on. The light it gave bounced off the shiny desk top and filled the room with a somber illumination. I looked at the floor and saw Iris.

SHE was lying face down, and she was wearing her silly little party costume. Her skirt had pulled up so that her legs were visible for perhaps five inches above the knees. One leg was bent slightly, the other was straight out. I could see only one hand; the other was under her body. Her sunbonnet was on the floor. Her hair was still soft and light brown and lovely except that there was one spot which was clotted with crimson.

A gun—an ugly little automatic—lay on the floor a few inches from her body.

I went to my knees and reached for Iris. I wasn't thinking about Margie Brett. I wasn't thinking about anything. Somebody—a man—shoved against me. A big voice said, "Give me room."

I looked up and said, "Who the hell are *you?*" And then I saw. He was a doctor. He was employed by a nationally known pharmaceutical firm for whom we did a lot of precision photography. He looked calm and competent. I gave him room. I slid away, still on my knees, and watched while he started investigating with deft fingers.

He touched Iris' throat and felt her pulse. He put his head down to her lips and then to her breast. He said, "Iris isn't dead."

I heard myself exhale. I didn't question him. There hadn't been any uncertainty in his voice. Just a statement of fact, and it was a fact which I wanted to believe.

He inspected the wound on the back of her head. He turned her over and made a quick survey. He straightened her leg and pulled down her skirts. He said crisply, "She's stunned. Probably not badly hurt. Where's Margie Brett?"

He was authoritative, the way a good doctor is in an emergency. He wasn't the same man who had been playing games a few minutes ago. He got up. Someone pointed to the corner of the office. The corner behind my desk. Doctor Beckwith went to her.

Margie Brett was in that corner. She was half lying, half sitting. Her head had fallen forward so that we couldn't see her face. Her hands were in her lap, her legs stretched straight out. There was a little spot under her left breast which might have been part of the pattern of her costume or might have been blood.

I put my arms about Iris' shoulders. I raised her a little. Her breathing was pretty even. Her body felt warm. A hand—a man's hand—came within range of my eyes. Reaching for the gun on the floor. A voice said, "Don't touch that!" I looked up. The man who had reached for the gun was Howard Lawton, our assistant business manager. The man who had stopped him was Wally Carrington.

Somebody brought a paper cup filled with water. I held it to Iris' lips, but she didn't open them. So I gave the cup back to the person who had brought it. Over in the corner Dr. Beckwith was working over Margie. He got up and looked at us. He said quietly, "Margie is dead. Shot through the heart."

A woman said, "Oh, Lord . . ." and there was silence. Then Wally Carrington said, "Telephone the police," and I said, "Call headquarters. Ask for Lieutenant Max Gold."

We left a cleared circle around the gun. Dr. Beckwith came back to Iris and started doing things. I took my overcoat from the hatrack in the corner, rolled it into a bundle and slipped it under her head. I said, "You sure, Doc?"

He took his time about answering. Then he said, "She's okay. Something hit her—hard. I'm sure it isn't a fracture. May be concussion. Too early to tell."

Wally Carrington sent Andy and another man to the front door, which was the only exit except for the steps which led from my office to the basement garage. He told them not to let anybody leave—under any circumstances. I knew what he was thinking: that this must have been done by someone at the party.

MY HEAD was reeling. Things were moving too fast for me. Two nights. Two murders. Plus one attempted murder.

I kept remembering that Iris wouldn't have come to the party at all if it hadn't been for my coaxing.

I heard the wail of a police siren, and just at that moment Iris opened her eyes. She looked at me, shook her head and looked again. She flashed me just the faintest little hint of a smile.

Doctor Beckwith was back beside her now. He said, "Feeling better, Iris?"

"Yes. My head hurts . . ." She lifted her hand and touched the back of her head. When she took her hand down, two of her fingers were stained. She looked at the blood, and didn't say a word. She just looked at it.

Once again a pair of radio cops barged in. They started shoving people out of the room, and one of them stepped behind the desk and saw Margie. He said, "What gives?"

The doctor spoke: "Her name is Margie Brett. She's dead."

The figure in my arms twisted violently. She tried to get up and I had to hold her down. She said, "What did you say?"

The doctor repeated it, never taking his eyes off Iris.

Now there was some more shoving in the hall. I looked up and saw Max Gold, and behind him was Ernie Robinson, the same plain-clothes lad who had been with him before. I was glad to see them both because I figured there must be a tie-up between this and last night and they had the dope on that already.

NOBODY was left in the room now but the cops, Wally Carrington, Mrs. Carrington, Iris, myself and the pitiful little figure in the corner behind the desk.

Lieutenant Gold looked down at the gun. He said, "Anybody touch this?"

Mr. Carrington said, "No."

Gold took out a clean handkerchief, wrapped it around the gun, picked it up gently and placed it on my desk. He looked at Iris and said, "You again?"

She said, "Yes."

Doctor Beckwith said, "She's been hurt."

He pointed to her head. Gold gave the injury a quick, expert inspection. He asked, "Who did it, Miss Randall?"

She shook her head. "I don't know."

He jerked his head toward Margie. "She do it?"

"No!" Iris looked shocked. "Of course not."

The doc and I helped Iris up. We sat her in my best chromium-and-leather chair. Sonia Carrington offered her a drink and she declined.

Max and his assistant were making a quick preliminary survey of the office. They were still doing it when we had more visitors. The technical boys. Just like last night. Everything according to the book. Max told them to stay in the hall a while. He told us not to touch Margie. It seemed ghoulish, but I knew why. They'd be taking pictures of her in a little while, and she had to be just where they had found her.

Gold was taking over in great shape. Watching him work, you understood how he'd gotten to be a lieutenant. He looked at me and said, "We're old acquaintances. Maybe you can tell me what happened."

I said, "I don't know anything. We were dancing in the gallery back yonder. One of the models came in screaming. She said that Miss Randall and Margie Brett were lying on the floor of my office, dead. That's all I know."

He said, "Where's the girl who found 'em?"

Mr. Carrington said, "I'll get her." He opened the hall door and called out, "Will one of you bring Kay Gardiner in here?"

We stood around for a few minutes doing nothing. Then the door opened and Kay appeared. She looked like the devil. Sonia Carrington put her arms about the girl. Max Gold said, "Steady, Miss Gardiner. I know how you feel, but I've got to ask a few questions."

The girl nodded. Max made his voice as gentle as possible.

"You were the first one to see what had happened, Miss Gardiner?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you see?"

"I saw Miss Randall lying on the floor. Right in the middle of the room. I stepped inside, thinking maybe she was sick or something. Then I saw Margie. I ran out . . ." Her voice broke, and she bit her lower lip. "That's all."

"How did you happen to come in?"

"The door was partly open. I was walking back toward the gallery. I saw a leg and a foot. I opened the door a little wider. It was Miss Randall."

"Had you heard anything before that?"

"No, sir."

"Nothing that sounded like a shot?"

"No, sir. There was a lot of noise. Music and laughing and all that sort of thing."

"Did you see anybody come out of the room?"

She shook her head.

"The gun was on the floor when you came in?"

"Yes, sir. But I didn't see it until after I saw Margie." Kay was pretty close to the breaking point. "I saw the gun then. That's why I thought . . ."

That was when she broke. Gold said, "Thanks. That's all." He spoke to Sonia Carrington who was still standing alongside Kay. "Better do what you can to straighten her out. Give her a good stiff drink. Anything to keep her from cracking."

Sonia led Kay Gardiner out of the room. Max Gold looked at the rest of us. He said, "Whose office is this?"

I said, "Mine."

"Nice layout." He looked at me steadily. "You get around, Mr. Drake."

I let that pass.

He turned his attention to Iris. He said, "Who hit you, Miss Randall?"

Her voice was fairly steady. She said, "I don't know."

"What do you mean: You don't know?"

"I came in here—and that was the last I remembered."

"Why did you come in here?"

"To meet Margie. She said she wanted to talk to me."

"And you walked in and found her dead?"

"No . . . no, I didn't."

"What does that mean, Miss Randall?"

"I came in here, but I didn't see Margie. I didn't know she was dead until afterward . . . until after I recovered consciousness."

"You saw nothing at all?"

"I saw the gun."

"So-o . . ." I didn't like the way Max Gold dwelt on that. "Where was the gun?"

"Lying on the floor. I didn't exactly see it. I kicked it as I entered the room."

"What did you do then?"

"I picked it up."

"I see." Again that emphasis I didn't like. "You picked it up. I suppose that means we mustn't be surprised when we find your fingerprints on it."

I was beginning to dislike the angle Gold's questioning was taking. I was beginning to dislike Gold. I said, "Why are you shoving her around, Lieutenant?"

His black eyes narrowed speculatively, his voice became just a shade too low, a shade too gentle. He said, "I'm not shoving anybody. What gave you the idea?"

"The way you made that last statement. Of course her fingerprints would be on the gun if she picked it up."

"Ain't that what I said?"

"It was the way you said it. As though Miss Randall was trying to alibi herself."

"How do I know she ain't?"

"You don't know anything. But there's no sense building things up. What would you do if you walked in a room and your foot kicked a gun on the floor?"

Max said dryly, "I wouldn't be knowing. Besides, I didn't. Miss Randall did."

THERE were voices in the hall and the door opened. One of the cops on duty said, "Mrs. Carrington wants back in, Lieutenant."

Max nodded and Sonia came back. She looked tight and drawn. She walked across the room and stood next to her husband. Wally reached down and took her hand.

Max Gold said to me, "I'm going to ask Miss Randall a few more questions, Drake. Suppose you keep your trap shut."

I didn't say anything. I figured the guy was only doing his job and there wasn't any sense getting all het up about it.

Max started in on Iris again.

"You say you had a date with Margie Brett in here, Miss Randall?"

"Yes."

"How come?"

"She spoke to me earlier in the evening. She said she wanted to talk to me privately. She seemed worried."

"She give you any idea what it was all about?"

"No. She said it was a long story. She said she wanted my advice."

"And then . . . ?"

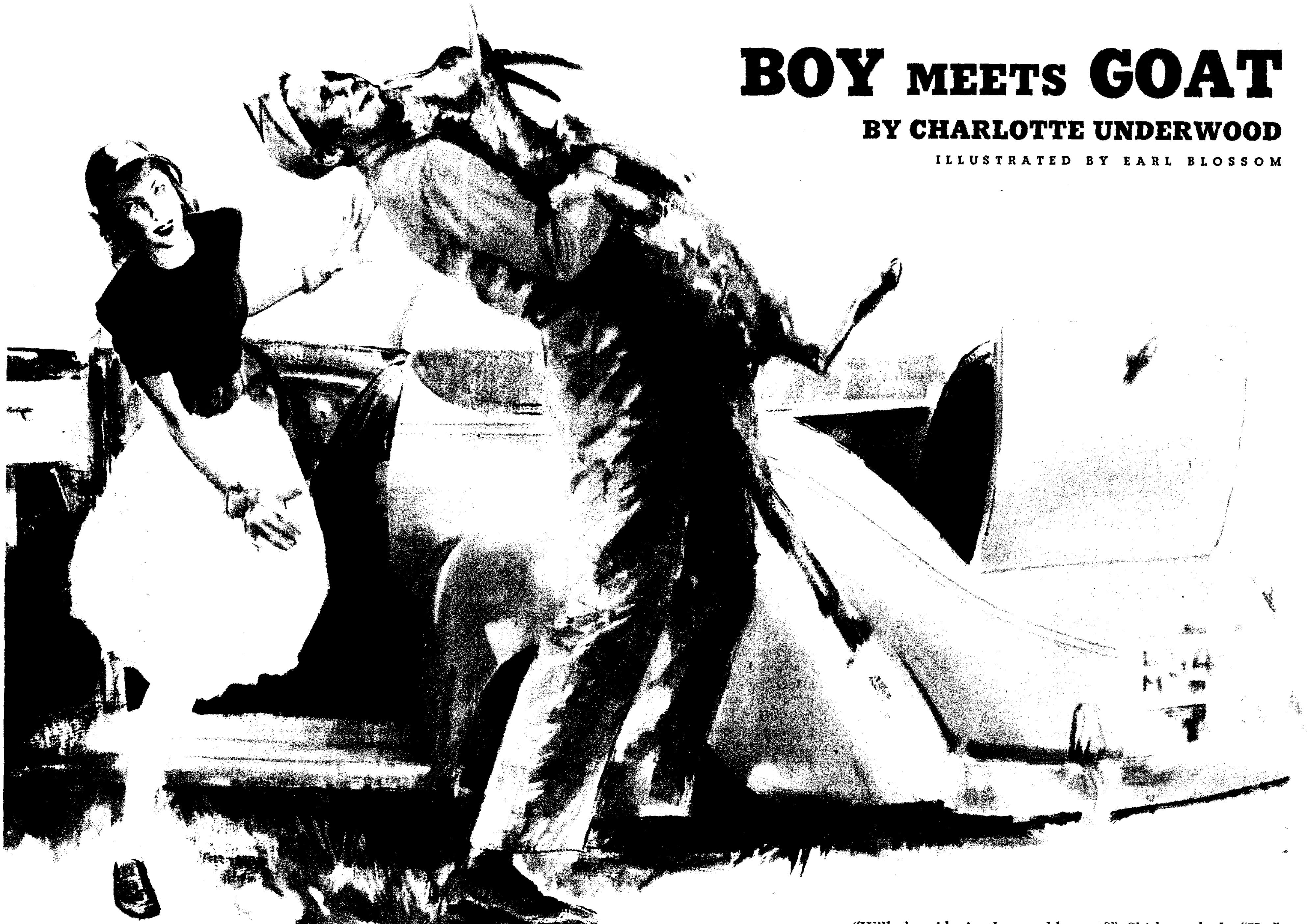
"She spoke to me a second time. She said she wanted to be sure I didn't get away without talking to her. I told her I'd meet her as soon as I could get away from the customers

(Continued on page 57)

BOY MEETS GOAT

BY CHARLOTTE UNDERWOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



"Will she ride in the rumble seat?" Shirley asked. "He," Johnny said. "For a cigarette he'd ride on a surfboard." "Shove him in then," said Shirley, "and let's get going"

For a G.I. Joe the path of true love is notoriously unsmooth, but when a goat butts in—even a friendly goat—Cupid is apt to take it on the lam

THERE is only one girl in Johnny's life now. There was a time when there were two; three if you want to count Millicent—and, as Johnny points out, Millicent had to be counted because for a while there she was calling all shots and had Gertrude and Shirley beat to a standstill—but even two were too many. Everyone was agreed on that point: Gertrude (brunette), Shirley (blond), Johnny himself and several hundred enlisted men who claimed that Johnny, by hoarding, was upsetting the economic balance of the local USO. It was a small town and the supply of girls definitely limited. There were all the makings of a fine riot every time Johnny stepped off the post, to say nothing of the thick and sultry atmosphere that gathered when Gertrude and Shirley met.

On the other hand, Johnny put the question squarely to Barney and Nobs of his barracks: How could he choose? There was Gertrude, who was tall and cool and very, very lovely. There was Shirley, who was small and bright and very, very attractive.

"How happy," Johnny said, "I could be with either, were the other dear charmer away, or words to that effect. I think."

"Not with Gert," Barney said. "Gertrude's an iceberg. You couldn't sweep her off her feet with an acetylene torch."

"Kindly remember," Johnny said stiffly, "that you may be speaking of the woman I love."

"She's just reserved," Nobs said. "Maidenly. Not a butterfly like Shirley."

"You will oblige me by not speaking slightingly of Shirley," Johnny said.

"Well you can't have 'em both," Barney said. "Make up your mind."

"When I'm with Gertrude," Johnny said, "life is placid and accurate. She knows the rules. She is restful. When I'm with Shirley, life is amusing and unexpected. Which do I want when I come in from a long, hard day on the rifle range? How can I know which is the one?"

"You might try putting beans under their mattresses," Barney suggested.

Johnny ignored him. "I will seize this dilemma by the horns," Johnny said. "I will wrestle with it alone and undistracted and I will avoid both of these females like the plague until I have come to a conclusion."

"Easier said than done in a village this size," Barney said. "Unless you stay on the post, of course."

"On payday?" Nobs said, scandalized. "Not our Johnny."

"I will go to the fair," Johnny said. "I will ride the ferris wheel and throw baseballs. I will indulge in manly activities."

"There's a dance at the USO," Barney said.

"I will dance on the village green," Johnny said. "I will do square dances with village maidens. Besides, I know for a fact that Gert and Shirley will be at the USO tonight. They told me very loud and clear."

"There's beer at Kelly's," Nobs said. "And, as previously noted, it's payday."

"For shame," Johnny said. "The Army gives you a chance to lead the full bucolic life and you think of nothing but foul saloons. However," he added, "I am not above stopping at Kelly's first, if you insist."

THAT was how the rumor started that Johnny was under the influence of something stronger than country air when the whole thing unfolded. This, he points out indignantly, is a base libel. The beer was no more than feeling its way along his veins. He was pleased with life and in a mood to enjoy the simple pursuits of the local peasantry, unencumbered by the presence of Gertrude and/or Shirley. He was, in fact, only mildly glowing when the three emerged from Kelly's and set a course toward the lights of the fairgrounds. He sang because he felt like singing and it was calumny to say an unevenness in his walk was other than a joyous lilt.

"We go," he told Nobs and Barney, "to mingle with the yokels, to tread the light fantastic, to gambol with the lads and lasses."

"Give him a couple of bucks and the first thing he thinks of is gambling," Nobs said bitterly. "There goes our roll."

"We'll have to go with him," Barney said. "We'll have to keep an eye on him."

"I'll teach you to do the Virginia Reel," Johnny promised. "You'll love it." And to illustrate his point he twirled agilely about on Barney's arm, crying, "Swing your ladies, do-si-do," to the astonished night.

"He *likes* to peel potatoes," Nobs said. "He sticks his neck out for it. Ours, too."

"Steady as she goes," Johnny whooped, and with a hand through the arm of each, brought them up to the fairground gates in a triumphant surge.

A competent-looking individual in overalls advanced to meet them. "Tickets," Johnny said sagely. "Gentlemen, I insist." He produced funds. "Three down front and on the aisle."

"That'll be seventy-five cents," the individual said. "Save your stubs."

"What for?" Nobs said. "Salvage?"

"Gate prize," the individual said. "Drawing's in half an hour."

"Shades of Broadway," Johnny said. "A set of dishes given away ab-so-lutely free with every performance."

"Come in handy on maneuvers," Barney said. "I never did like eating out of a mess kit. We'll stick around for the drawing."

"A shooting gallery!" Johnny said. "Forward, men."

"It's not fair," Barney said. "You wi a medal for marksmanship."

"I'll close one eye," Johnny said. "That'll even things up." And that was the source of the rumor which held that Johnny was too much inebriated to focus on his target. If that had been the case, Johnny refutes it, he could never, in the space of ten minutes, have become the possessor of one shell-pink crystal lamp with pink silk shade and one buxom red-cheeked baby doll with real hair.

"Brighten up the barracks," he observed approvingly. "It's my lucky night. I can't lose." He tucked his winnings under his arms and executed a neat buck-and-wing. "*Excelsior*, friends! Shall we play bingo and duck for apples?"

(Continued on page 81)

Pin-Up Boy in Silks

BY DAN PARKER

Bobby Permane started on his way to becoming one of America's top-flight jockeys by being tossed off horses so regularly he almost won his wings. He's the only rider who's ever won five races on each of three successive days

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY KARGER-PIX

THE turf's pin-up boy for 1944 has blond hair and soulful blue eyes that cause the bobby-sox girls to desert Sinatra in the middle of a microphone sigh.

Because his 4-foot-11, 98-pound frame relieves him of the dietary worries that plague most members of his profession, Bobby Permane can and frequently does top off two helpings of limber, steaming spaghetti with a side order of steak. He is one of the few jockeys who "bat left-handed," a peculiarity which gives him the advantage of being able to touch up his mount while on the rail without danger of interfering with the boy on his right. Although he's still only an apprentice, he is the only rider in history who has won [illegible]e races on each of three successive days.

But into each life some rain must fall: Bobby's middle name is Constantine. That's the boot in his chowder, the cocklebur under his saddle, and he'll never forgive comedian Bobby Clark, his godfather, for thus bringing his funny business to the baptismal font.

By all rights, Bobby Permane should be in show business, fighting it out with Sinatra for the bobby-sox vote The name Permane has been germane to the theater for several generations. His father, his father's father, and perhaps another father before that, were acrobats, trapeze artists and comedians in France and England. His mother was a vaudeville dancer. Bobby himself yodeled on the vaudeville stage in Australia at the age of four. But by some strange mating of genes, the scion of the music-hall Permanes ably described himself when, in a lisping baby voice, he sang Crazy Over Horses.

At any rate, five years after Bobby arrived on the scene in Camden, N. J., while his father was playing a split week in Philadelphia, the boy was demanding a pony as the price of not telling the neighbors in Milford, Massachusetts, where his parents now ran a roadside stand, that they had once been acrobats. After five years of steady salesmanship, Bobby won his point.

The ungrateful Shetland, a wicked little beast, promptly tossed its young master into the next township on his blond noggin, inju[illegible] him so badly that Permane, Sr., sold the pony at a loss the next day. Fortunately for 1944's bumper crop of system players, it was fated that Permane should rise again. For his twelfth birthday, Bobby received a saddle horse as a gift from his parents. This time they took the precaution of providing him with riding lessons first, but they neglected to do the same for the horse.

The nag's name was Here's How, and none was ever more appropriate. For the first month, every time Bobby mounted the horse, Here's How would toss him off. Bobby says he kept track of the falls and there were sixty in all, one of them complicated by a broken wrist. Despite all this perfidy, Here's How is now munching clover as a pensioner on the Permane farm at Milford.

So obsessed was Bobby with the idea of becoming a jockey that he devoted more time to pleading with his parents for permission to show up Tod Sloan and Earl Sande than he did to studying his high-school lessons. Afternoons, when he should have been home brooding over his algebra, he was taking Here's How over the hurdles of a homemade jumping course in the woods behind his house. But the death five years ago of his father brought matters to a sudden head in Bobby's home. Since it was now up to the fifteen-year-old boy to help support his widowed mother, she yielded to his importunities and off he went to the race track.

Jockeys aren't made overnight, and there's little romance connected with their early apprenticeship. Unless a boy is in love with the game, he'll quit under the drudgery that is a stableboy's lot. Bobby didn't fold up. In due time he graduated from the ranks of the lowly swipes to the role of exercise boy and, finally, when Jules Wessler, a former jockey who now races his own string, signed him to a contract, he became an apprentice rider.

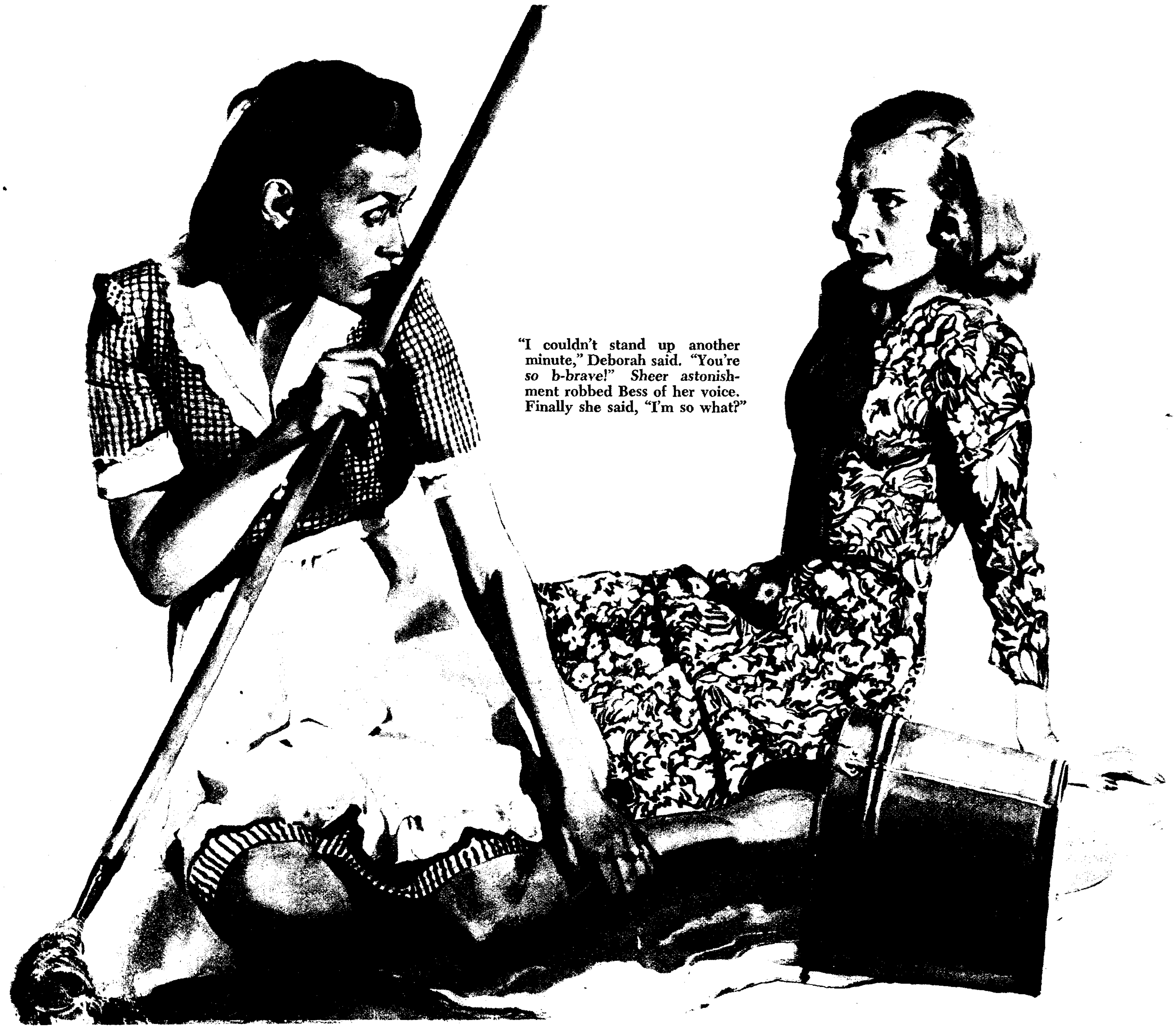
Until an apprentice has won forty races after riding his first winner, he isn't a full-fledged jockey and is entitled to a five-pound weight allowance. Bobby "loses his bug" (race track lingo for "becomes a full-fledged jockey") on August 31st, one year from the date of his first victory at the Garden State track in Camden, New Jersey, last season.

In fiction stories, the apprentice rider always put over a killing when riding his first horse to victory, and his widowed mother pays off the mortgage on the old homestead with her winnings on the wager she was able to get down after hocking her wedding ring. Up to a certain point, Bobby's experience paralleled fiction. His mother was a widow, her farm was mortgaged, and the horse Bobby rode paid off at $153.50 to $2. There the analogy ceased.

Permane had called his mother up and given her the names of his two mounts in case she wanted to make a token wager. With her woman's intuition working in reverse, Mrs. Permane passed up Royal Silver, Bobby's horse in the first race, and placed a 50-cent

(Continued on page 33)

He can't sing and for his size his physique is wonderful, but Bobby is so popular with the bobby-sox set that he is dubbed the Sinatra of the Saddle



"I couldn't stand up another minute," Deborah said. "You're *so b-brave!*" *Sheer astonishment robbed Bess of her voice. Finally she said, "I'm so what?"*

SOONER OR LATER

BY MARGARET LULL

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Soldiers do their fighting overseas, but Army wives fight for their lives and their loves outside every camp in the country. Here's an account of one major engagement

SHE stood at the window watching the back of the Raders' car as it chugged down the hot street and away. It was an old car, weary and heavy-laden with the kind of household goods that camp-following Army wives collect with the months. Veteran of stops from Fort Vancouver to Camp Dix, it seemed at last to feel its burden; it coughed asthmatically at the corner of Elm but recovered and made the turn with a forlornly gallant spurt of speed, as if determined to keep face as far as the railroad station, anyway.

That, Bess thought, was where they'd have to say goodby again, to Stan and Martha Rader, at the railroad station. Although really they'd said goodby last night; all night long in this little three-room, paper-walled apartment the four of them had shared, she and Dave had heard their voices murmuring in the next room, their low voices between long silences with now and then a little laughter. Stan Rader's big laugh would boom out with Martha's, warm and rippling, the way they always laughed together. Bess and Dave, unwilling eavesdroppers, had known what the laughter was probably about. The Rader baby would be coming along pretty soon now, in three months, and it was Stan's stipulation that it (of course a boy) would be born a second lieutenant, complete with cap, so that it would be spared the soul-scorching rigors of Infantry Officers' Candidate School. "Might as well give the sprout a break and cut a corner where you can," Stan would be saying, and it would be something for them to laugh about between the murmuring and the silence.

Why couldn't she face it for herself? Bess thought. Why did she keep on feeling that it happened to everyone but herself? When you knew, in a separate and alien part of your mind, that sooner or later your man would ring up from camp at some odd and unexpected moment; that there would be hurry and excitement in his voice and a tentative sound, as if he hoped you wouldn't make a fuss but he wasn't quite sure about it. "Orders, babe," he'd say. "It's POE for your old man." So you wouldn't stop to think but would pitch into the packing just as if the "orders" meant only the usual change from camp to camp. You knew it was orders, port of embarkation, period, but you just began to pack. And that evening people would drop in, the transient, fast friends you make among kindred spirits in the regiment and their wives in town. There would be a few drinks and a lot of laughing and sudden, sharp, small silences, and the goodbys and good-lucks, and then the night alone together.

And in the morning you drove your man to the station and said goodby again and then went home by yourself and had a boy baby complete with uniform, gold bars and a second lieutenant cap—by yourself.

Abruptly, she knew she was crying, standing at the window with her head up and tears spilling down her cheeks, staring blindly at the corner of Elm and Fort, where the Raders' car had coughed and disappeared. Crying like a sissy, like a dope. Well, she would miss Martha, that was the trouble. Bright, blond Martha with her warm way of laughing, with her way of making ordinarily irksome things seem fun. She desperately needed Martha. But was that all? It was humiliating and horrible, but she had to admit to herself that she was crying because she was frightened, too, because she knew that she couldn't take it as Martha had, with gallantry and faith.

The doorbell, a startling contraption with a voice like a bullfrog, tore into the silence and she dabbed quickly at her face with a handkerchief. It was Mrs. Devers, the landlady. "Hello, honey," she said.

"Hello, Mrs. Devers. The Raders have gone and, of course, you'll want to report the vacancy to the USO."

"I've done reported it, honey. There'll be somebody here quicker'n you can skin a cat. Land, you girls've kept the place right nice and clean. Some leaves dirt all over."

Not, thought Bess, that Mrs. Devers would bother much to clean up between tenants. Tenants were just hordes of Army wives with the wild look about the eyes that comes of hunting, door by door and street by street, for a place to lay their heads, dirt or no dirt. She felt herself stiffen with resentment and stand there like a lump while Mrs. Devers ushered in the newcomers, a girl and a second lieutenant.

The girl was cool and immaculate in tailored white sharkskin shorts and blouse; her sleek hair curved back from her face and shone with careful grooming. Her manicure had the glistening and virgin look of a manicure completely untouched by life in terms of dishpans and kitchen stoves. Her eyes, clear

(*Continued on page* 46)

THE WOMAN NOBODY KNOWS

BY JERRY KLUTTZ and HERBERT ASBURY

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LOFMAN–PIX

Handicapped by a hatred of publicity, ignored by labor, denounced as incompetent, Frances Perkins struggles on as Secretary of Labor, the most misunderstood official in Washington. And she's apt to be there for some time

A MAJOR Washington mystery is how Frances Perkins has managed to hang on to her job as Secretary of Labor for twelve long years. No public official has been more thoroughly damned and abused. The files of her department and those of the White House are crammed with demands that she resign. Correspondents have voted her "the most useless" of Washington officials. A resolution demanding her impeachment was introduced in the House of Representatives, though it was withdrawn after a House Committee had listened to her. Her department has lost steadily in prestige, and the authority that should go with her job has been taken from her little by little. Labor leaders ignore her, and the public generally is convinced that she is incompetent.

Yet there she is, and there or thereabouts she is apt to remain. If Mr. Roosevelt is elected to a fourth term, you can be sure that Miss Perkins will continue to be one of his advisers, if not a member of his Cabinet. The President respects her judgment, although he doesn't often follow her advice.

Curiously enough, when the definitive history of this Administration is written, it is quite likely that Miss Perkins will be hailed as the most successful of the New Dealers, for the Roosevelt pattern of government contains more of her ideas than those of any other of the President's followers. She is very much misunderstood, both in and out of Washington, and it is almost entirely her own fault. She has never defended herself against attack, or attempted to explain any of her actions or lack of action. And it is unlikely that she ever will. She has often said, "I'll let history judge my record, not the newspaper boys."

A Background of Religion

You can't learn much about Miss Perkins by looking at her hats, the way you can with most women, because she has worn the same little tricorne number since she was fifteen years old, with occasional variations in design so slight as to be almost unnoticeable. Her dresses don't divulge much, either; she has appeared in public in a simple black frock for so long that it has become almost a trade-mark. You can easily deduce that Miss Perkins' taste is definitely old-fashioned, but trying to analyze her character from her clothes and the way she wears them is about as profitless as trying to analyze a soldier by studying his uniform. To catch even a glimpse of what makes Miss Perkins the sort of woman she is, you've got to go back to her ancestry and early training, her upbringing in a strict, strait-laced and deeply religious New England family.

You must consider particularly what one of her old aunts said to her when she took her first public job a good many years ago: "Remember, Frances, we Perkinses are very private people and we live very private lives."

This admonition pretty well sums up the family philosophy. Miss Perkins accepted it, and it has colored and more or less guided her conduct, especially since she became Secretary of Labor. Her ingrained horror of personal publicity has become a phobia, so that she deeply resents anyone who tries to pry into her private life. She deplores any public mention of her family—she has a married daughter, and a husband with whom she spends summers and an occasional week end. She dislikes intensely to be photographed, and not long ago she asked two women friends to return the only intimate letters she had ever written, so she could destroy them.

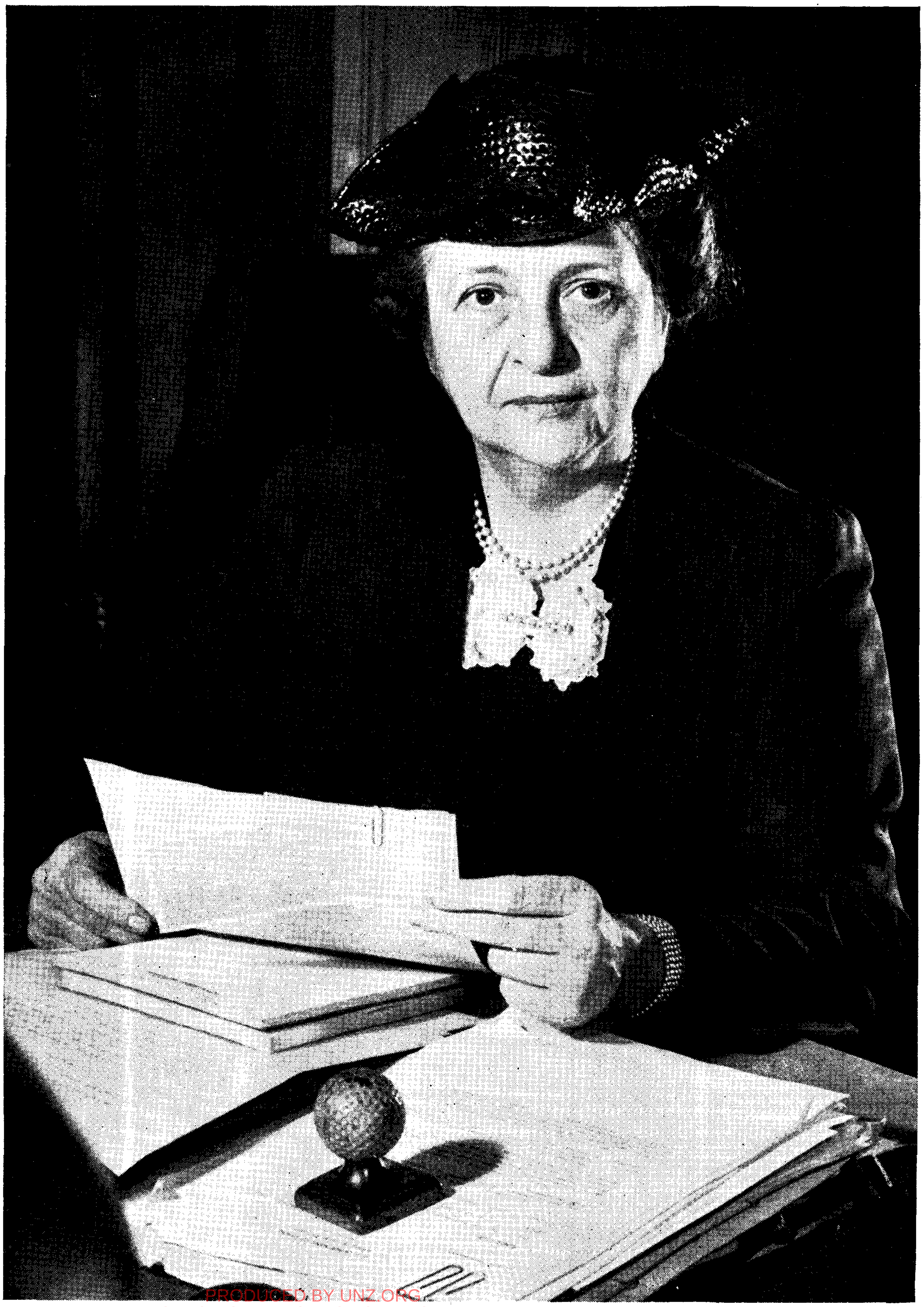
Her telephone number and place of residence in Washington are among the capital's most carefully guarded secrets, and she is always fearful lest someone disclose the exact location of her farm in Maine, to which she hopes some day to retire.

Miss Perkins' intimate friends (of whom she has very few) describe her as a delightful companion—articulate, sincere, and possessing a keen sense of humor and an encyclopedic mind. But all these form a side of her character of which the general public knows nothing. In her professional contacts, she is nearly always cold, formal and reserved; she is especially horrified when anyone acts familiarly toward her on slight acquaintance.

This latter trait has greatly affected her relations with the bubbling Mrs. Anna Rosenberg, one of the President's principal labor and political advisers, who has had many chances to usurp power and influence which rightfully belong to the Secretary of Labor; and if Washington gossip is to be believed, Mrs. Rosenberg has neglected few opportunities.

The coldness between the two women goes back several years, to a time when Miss Perkins, at the request of Mrs. Roosevelt, appointed Mrs. Rosenberg to a committee formed to study labor conditions in Europe. Arriving at the first meeting, Mrs. Rosenberg rushed across the room, kissed Miss Perkins, and said loudly, "So nice to see you again, Frances."

(Continued on page 30)



Spars Afloat

BY RUTH CARSON

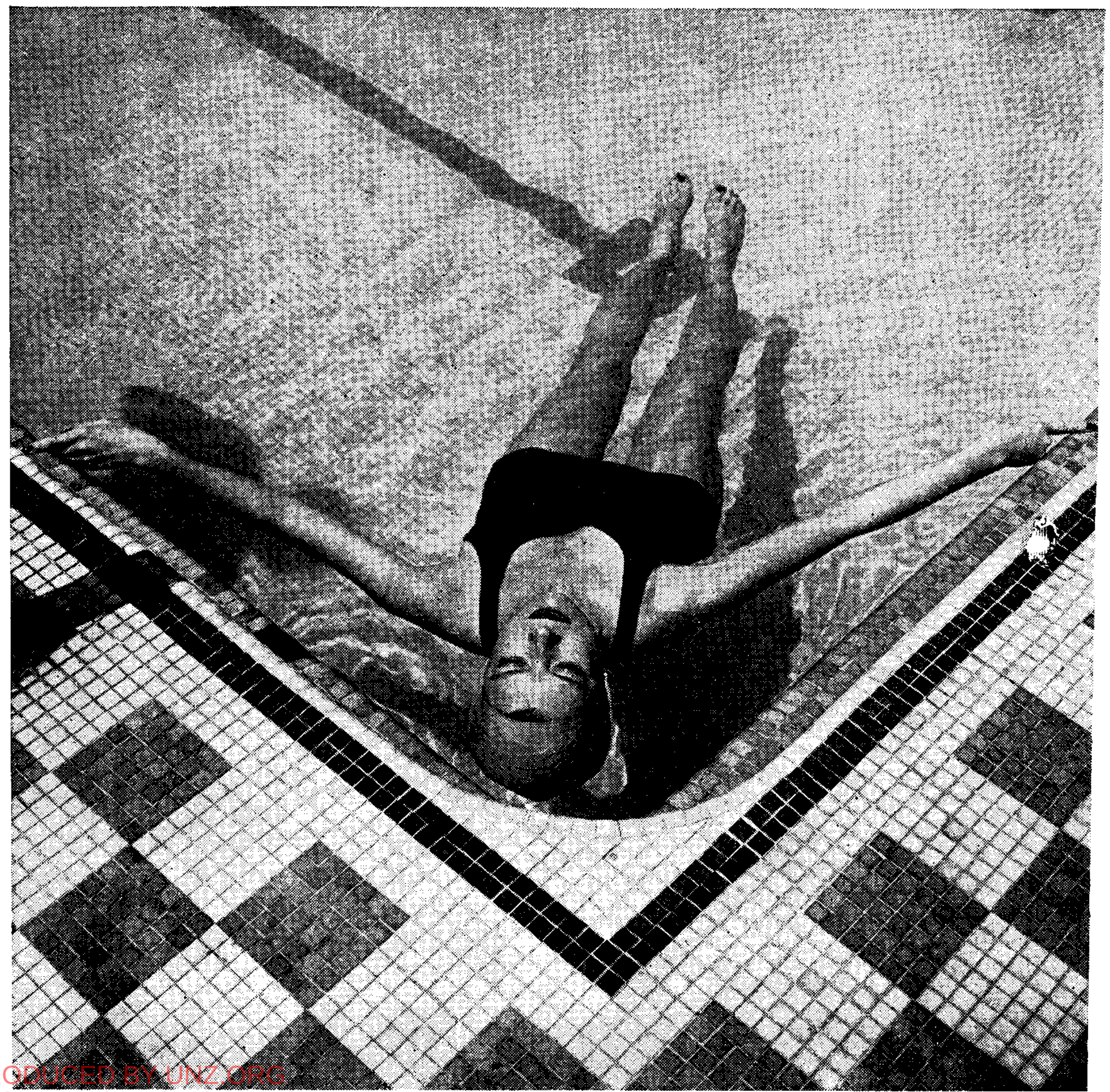
Above, practicing the crawl kick are half a dozen Spars and their instructor. Left to right, Garnet Klevgard, Butte, Mont.; Florence Schleef, Ft. Smith, Ark.; Betty Tosti, Framingham, Mass.; Instructor Fissler; Neva Dove, Warren, Pa.; Mae Foster, Muncy, Pa.; Flora Deatherage, El Reno, Okla.

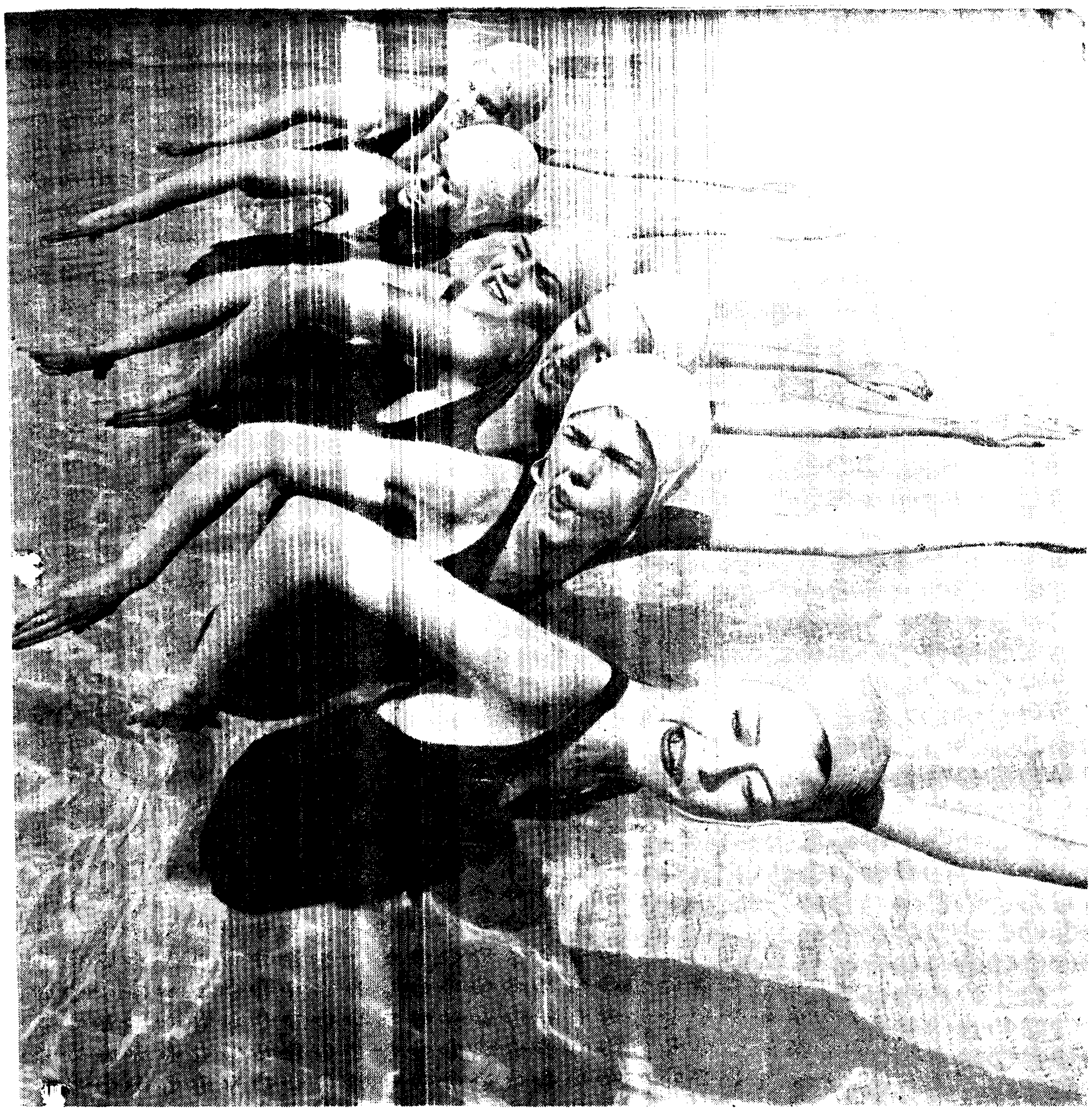
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER-PIX

That stream ascending from Neva Dove's nose is air. By breathing out, she is able to stay under water. If she held her breath her buoyant body would rise to the surface

RUSSELL T. ERVIN

Flora Deatherage is afraid to float without holding on. A finger on either edge of the pool doesn't hold her up but gives her confidence. Next she'll try it without touching. Then she will take up kicking, first outside (above), then in, the water. That's when she really begins to swim





Arm stroke and breathing pract Breathing is hardest to learn. The girl making the worst face is doing it best. Take breath through the th whichever side is convenient. Inhale when that arm starts its recovery stroke. Exhale through nos der water while same arm pulls you forward. And just take it easy

Below, dead man's float and cra which was learned on edge of pool above. For kick, legs are held straight and close together, swi rom hip, relaxed at ankle, toes pointing away from body and held pigeon-toed. Depth of kick may b from 8 to 18 inches from toe to toe, depending on height of girl

You don't need a whole summer to learn to swim. Half an hour will do—if you have a good swimmer to show you and you do just what he says. George Fissler, Coast Guard swimming instructor, demonstrates on a few Spars. The girls were afraid of the water when he started. Now they'll race you any day

THE UNITED STATES COAST GUARD, long famous for its rescue work up and down the coasts, prefers its bathing beauties in the water. So a part of the boot training of every Spar is swimming instruction. "Not that we expect the girls to have to swim in their line of duty," they say, "but it's good training."

"It's a cinch," says George Fissler, Coast Guard swimming instructor, "to learn to swim. All you have to do is trust your instructor and do what he tells you. Half my class can swim the first lesson. Out of five thousand I've had only six failures. They were the ones who refused to obey orders. They tried to think for themselves."

Mr. Fissler has spent the past twenty-four years, which is most of his life, swimming. He has a string of championships to his credit, was a member of the American Olympic Swimming Team in 1932 and is proud that he is one of the two men ever to have defeated Johnny Weissmuller in a national championship. But he is proudest of his technique in swimming instruction.

"Everyone I teach," he says, "loses fear of the water."

Since he enlisted in the Coast Guard in 1942, Mr. Fissler has been at Manhattan Barracks in New York teaching the boys to swim. "Women," he says, "are even easier to teach than men. They work harder."

Beginner-to-Swimmer in One Lesson

He corralled half a dozen Spars to demonstrate to us his technique of beginner-to-swimmer in one easy lesson. "First," he says, "you must overcome fear of the water. You must also demonstrate buoyancy. I do both by instructing these girls to hold their breath, keep their eyes open and sit on the bottom of the pool. I do it myself first to show it can be done."

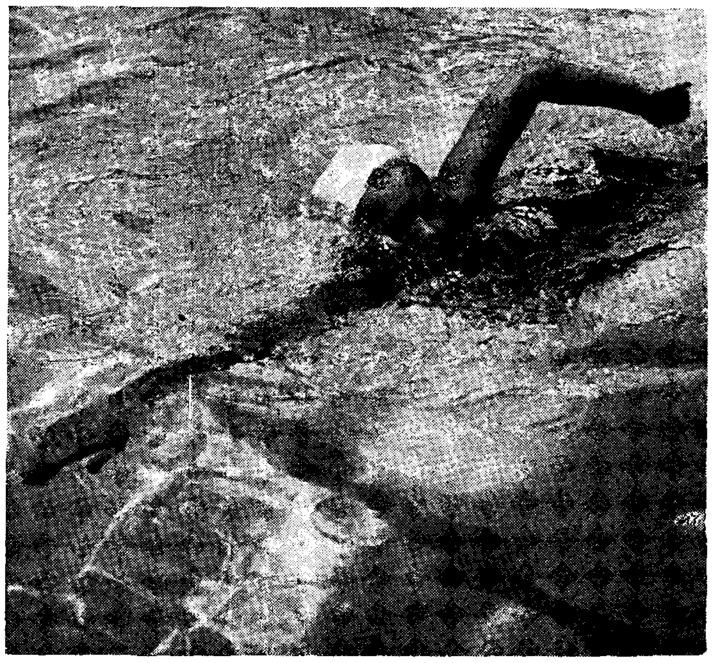
He did it. So did the Spars. They all rose straight to the surface. "Simple," he says. "You're not afraid of anything you can see. So keep your eyes open. You can't stay on the bottom while you hold your breath. Proof that as long as you have air in your lungs you will never sink. Your body is buoyant."

In quick succession Mr. Fissler put the girls through the steps pictured here: Floating—further proof of buoyancy. Kicking; first sitting on the edge of the pool, then in the water on their stomachs, holding onto the edge. Dead man's float with kick—to prove the kick actually propels the body through the water. Arm stroke and breathing practice, standing in shallow water—demonstrating that the arm stroke also has traveling power. Finally, a combination of float, kick and arm stroke—and they're off, in a crawl.

Mr. Fissler teaches the crawl first, because it is the most difficult stroke. Once you know it you can roll over and do any other stroke. If you can learn it in half an hour, why not?

Ten minutes is Mr. Fissler's instruction record. Half his trainees can swim across the pool by the end of the first lesson. Confidence, he says, is the secret of his being able to pack into this brief time what it takes most of us weeks to learn. "I tell them what to do. I do it. They do it. That's all. Service men and women are easier to teach than civilians. They've learned to take orders." ★★★

The finale—the crawl. Arms are about half a circle apart at all times. While one works, the other relaxes, giving a rhythmic relaxation that aids the breathing



"D" Day's Back Room

BY JIM BISHOP

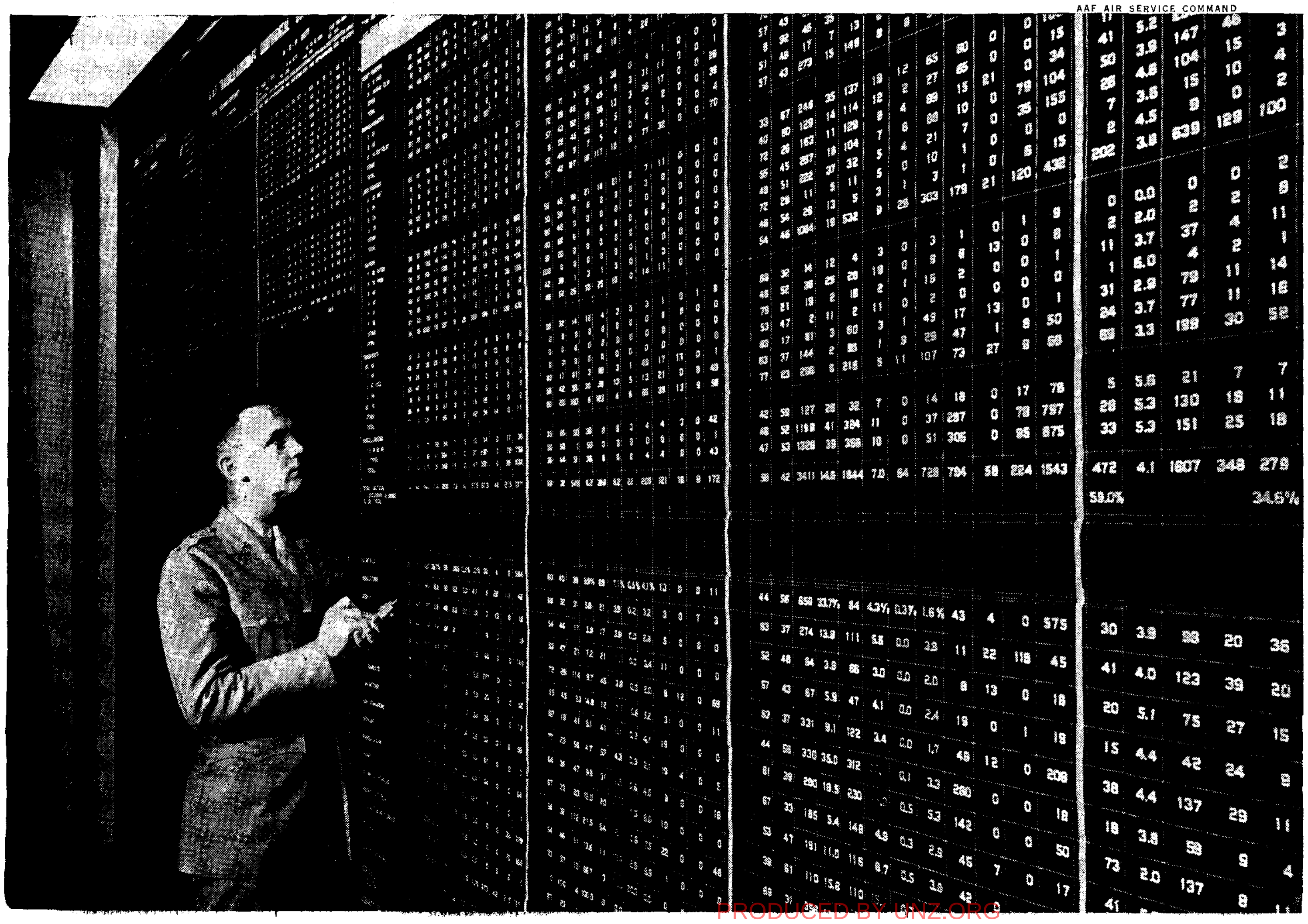
Until today, the story of the Air Service Command's fabulous control room was so hush-hush that some ranking officers were not permitted inside. But now it can be, and is, told for the first time

AAF AIR SERVICE COMMAND

The daily 11:30 A.M. conference. Left to right: General Miller, Supply; General McMullen, Maintenance; General Adler, Training and Personnel; General Frank, commanding general; Lt. Col. Murphy, Executive Officer; Lt. Col. Farrar, Assistant Control Officer; and General Dunton, Deputy Commander. The metal map behind them is magnetized

Major W. B. Oliver, Chief, Control Room, checks the left side of the famous "Menu Board." The figures tell how many planes of what types we have in America, and where they are at the moment. He also checks the charts

AAF AIR SERVICE COMMAND



ADOLF HITLER would give a great deal to have a competent Luftwaffe officer in a room out in Fairfield, Ohio. Even now, with the Allied armies punching deep into Western Europe, it would be worth a lot to him to know the disposition of the fifteen United States Air Forces and how many P-38s we have with the Ninth Air Force and how many Flying Fortresses of the Eighth are in condition to fly this morning. He could use that information. Sure. But the closest his man could get to this particular room is the outer gate, eight tenths of a mile away in Fairfield, Ohio.

It would be an exaggeration to say that D Day began in this room, which is called the administrative control room. But the solution of the supply problem for the air side of the invasion was conceived here immediately after London and Washington agreed on the date. This is the headquarters of the Air Service Command. Without ASC, we have more than 80,000 Army aircraft sitting in silence. With it, we have them ready to roar into battle on command. For the job of the Air Service Command is to supply and maintain the Air Forces and, whereas approximately ten per cent of our combat ships were grounded a year ago for parts, the figure is now less than three and one half per cent.

The room measures forty by forty. It has no windows. There are ranking officers who are not permitted to enter this room. Few eyes have looked at the great wall maps, the charts and the thing which is called, in whispers, the Menu Board. In the irreverent mind, these maps and charts would sound like the sum product, after merger, of Sears Roebuck, International Business Machines Company, Harvard Business School, General Motors and Henry Ford. They are.

Major General Walter H. Frank, Commanding Officer of ASC, recruited officers from each of those to help him and his Army staff whip ASC into shape. The young taffy-haired captain in charge of the complex machines on the second floor speaks as though he only left Harvard after dinner last night, and the stout, perspiring major who escorts you through the warehouses and recounts how ASC used to store as many as 501,000 separate items is as Sears-Roebucky as a mail-order catalogue. The youngish colonel in the hangar shop showing a mechanic which parts of a 2,000-h.p. motor to throw away before rebuilding it—they were never "rebuilt" before—did not learn the art at West Point.

Where Efficiency Rules

These men do not get to see the inside of the Administrative Control Room. No. But what they do, and what they may fail to do, will get there in the form of graphs, and if the charts fall an iota when they should be rising, a red arrow will be aimed at the line, and heaven help the officer in charge of that division when the 11:30 conference begins.

That conference is the prime function of this room. You may be talking to a general or a colonel about something rather important, but when the clock points to 11:25 A.M., he will begin to look harried and he will glance at his watch at ten-second intervals, and, if you don't take the hint, he will excuse himself quickly and hurry down the corridors of the building to the big steel doors, and sign himself in before General Frank arrives.

There are two polished walnut tables in the room. Around them are green leather chairs. Here, the ranking officers of ASC sit to discuss the red arrows before Frank arrives. The regular conferees are: Major General Delmar H. Dunton, deputy commander; Major General Clements McMullen, chief of the Maintenance Division; Major General Lester T. Miller, chief of the Supply Division; Brigadier General E. E. Adler, chief of Personnel

(Continued on page 54)

Sand can spoil a lot of things

SAND. Let that hard, sharp stuff get into the wrong places and it spells trouble.

Certainly, what it can do to an automobile is something pretty bad.

That's why General Motors engineers, intent on making more and better things for more people, fought for years to protect moving parts against sand and grit.

One by one, they closed the avenues by which sand worked its way to vital points. They sealed the brakes. They sealed the wheel bearings. They sealed the chassis. And they gave your car a new lease of trouble-free life.

Now, war — a war of machines. The job of protecting the thousands of parts in each of these machines jumped into a number one spot, and that's where the engineers found how useful their work had been.

They were able, right then, to seal vital parts of tanks and trucks against North African sandstorms, coral dust in the South Pacific, cutting silica in European beachheads. That sealing also kept out mud, water, snow. It cut precious, lifesaving repair time. It helped, in its modest, quiet way, to win our battles.

Those trucks and tanks had the protection they needed because a direct effort to improve the life of peacetime America built up a fund of experience invaluable in wartime.

Our country is rich in such reserves of useful knowledge simply because in our land, men work for, and get, fair rewards for their enterprise.

This is the idea that helped make prewar America great. It has proved extremely useful in war, and it will produce more and better things for more people in the greater America to come.

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
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AMERICA STRONG
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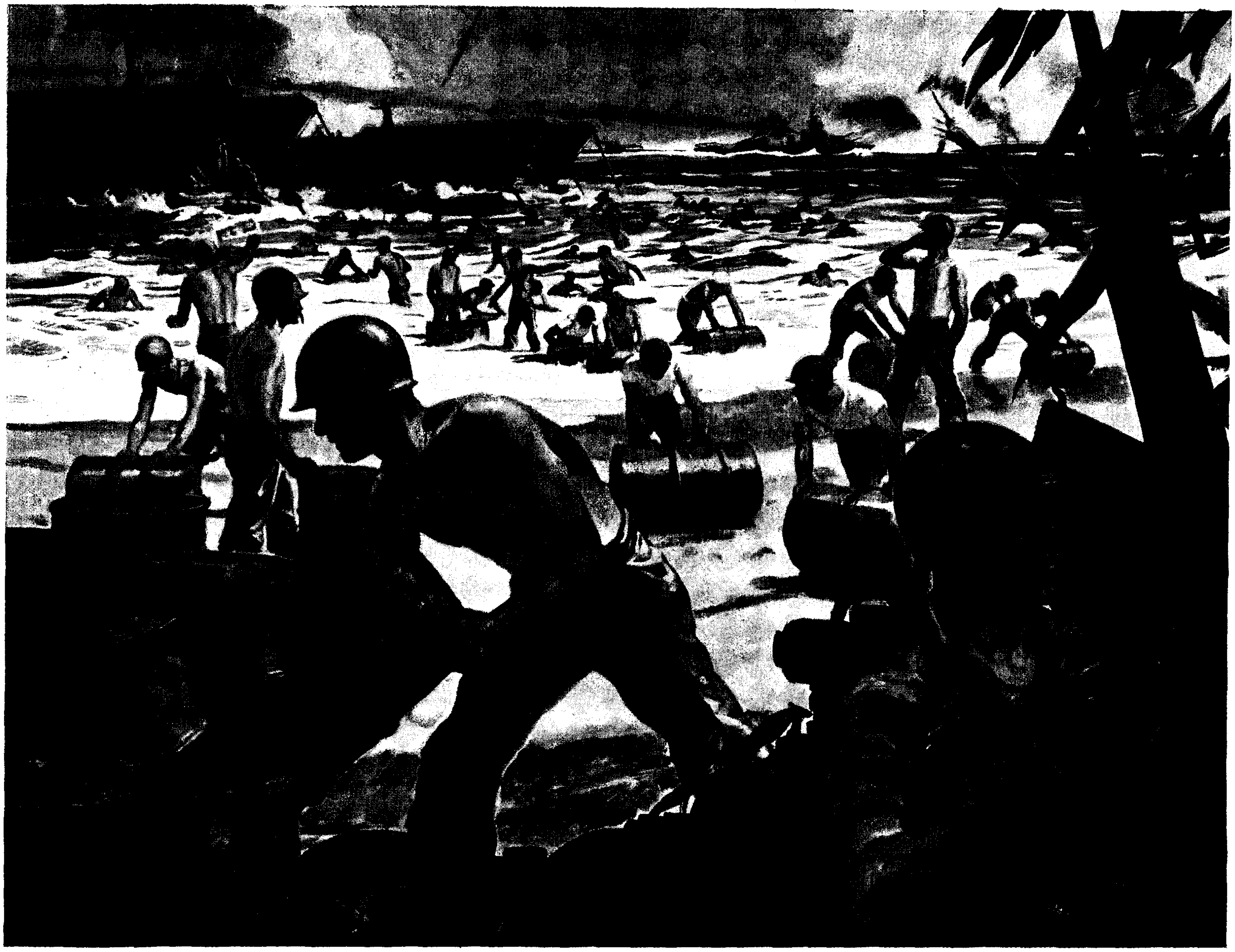
Buy More War Bonds



The third wave at Bougainville

The stabbing clatter from the guns of the second wave of Marines still filtered back through the jungle...

Then a third wave left the ships. A wave of oil drums.

For our tanks, slugging through the dim green hell ashore, would shortly need gas. Our planes, soon to land on the captured airfield, must have their fuel renewed. Bulldozers, trucks, jeeps, generators—every bit of mechanized equipment our fighters had must gulp their fill of oil.

This is the story of *every* fighting front. Oil is as much a part of fighting equipment as guns. Consider this:

Practically all industrial America has been producing war equipment. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, giant plants and lesser plants work day and night, turning out staggering quantities of a thousand-and-one fighting needs.

Yet . . . out of this vast army of industries, *one industry alone has produced 50 out of every 100 pounds of all supplies shipped to our fighting forces.* Half of all materiel tonnage is—petroleum products.

Tide Water Associated has worked in unity with America's other petroleum companies to provide these enormous quantities of oil. Together, we've filled the basic requirements of a tremendously expanded home front as well. Together, we'll fill—somehow—the increasing demands for oil, for explosives and butadiene from oil, that come from our advancing battle lines.

It's oil for the torch of Liberty that we're supplying. Count on us to keep its flame bright.

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
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WORLD'S LARGEST REFINERS OF PENNSYLVANIA OILS

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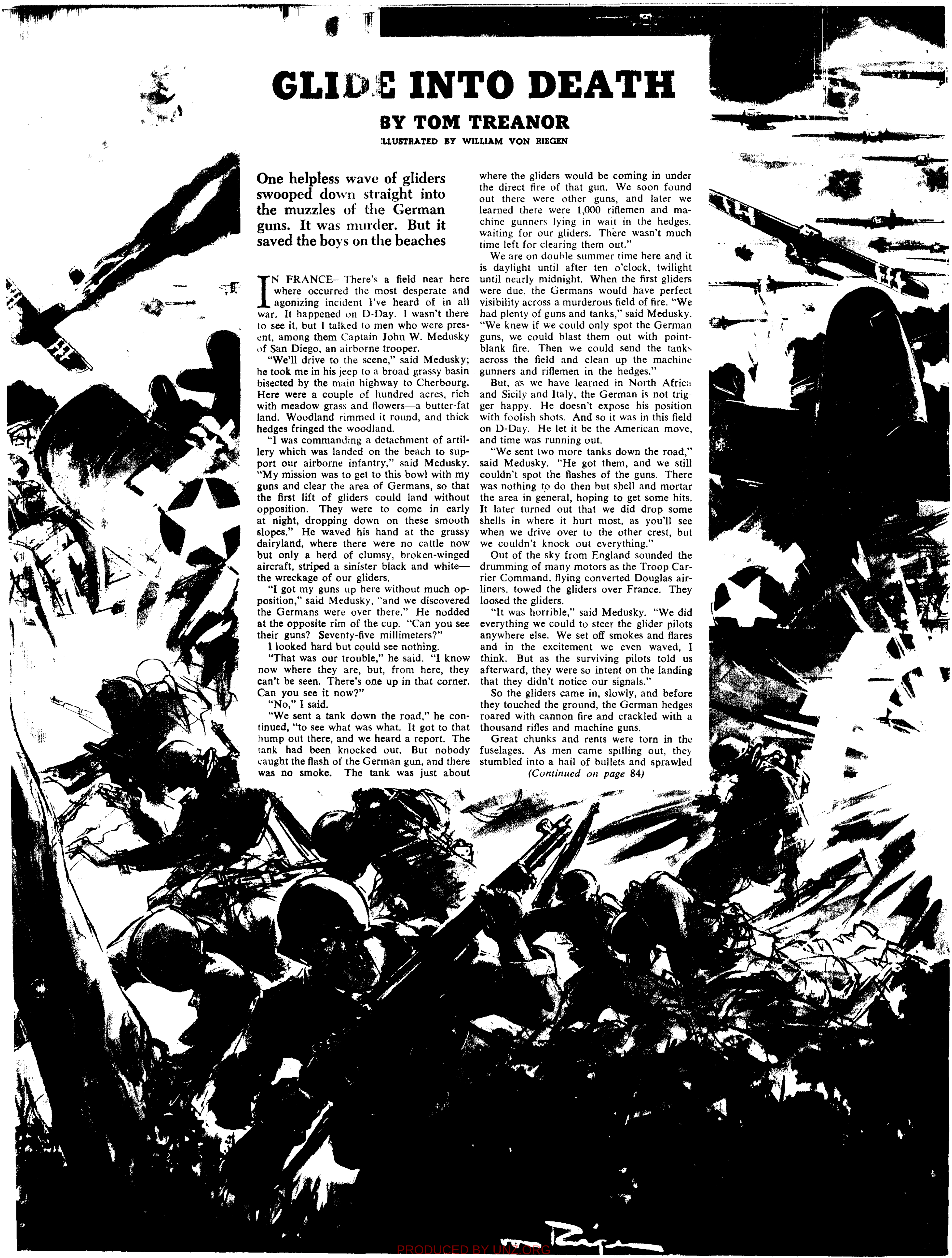
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!



GLIDE INTO DEATH

BY TOM TREANOR

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

One helpless wave of gliders swooped down straight into the muzzles of the German guns. It was murder. But it saved the boys on the beaches

IN FRANCE—There's a field near here where occurred the most desperate and agonizing incident I've heard of in all war. It happened on D-Day. I wasn't there to see it, but I talked to men who were present, among them Captain John W. Medusky of San Diego, an airborne trooper.

"We'll drive to the scene," said Medusky; he took me in his jeep to a broad grassy basin bisected by the main highway to Cherbourg. Here were a couple of hundred acres, rich with meadow grass and flowers—a butter-fat land. Woodland rimmed it round, and thick hedges fringed the woodland.

"I was commanding a detachment of artillery which was landed on the beach to support our airborne infantry," said Medusky. "My mission was to get to this bowl with my guns and clear the area of Germans, so that the first lift of gliders could land without opposition. They were to come in early at night, dropping down on these smooth slopes." He waved his hand at the grassy dairyland, where there were no cattle now but only a herd of clumsy, broken-winged aircraft, striped a sinister black and white—the wreckage of our gliders.

"I got my guns up here without much opposition," said Medusky, "and we discovered the Germans were over there." He nodded at the opposite rim of the cup. "Can you see their guns? Seventy-five millimeters?"

I looked hard but could see nothing.

"That was our trouble," he said. "I know now where they are, but, from here, they can't be seen. There's one up in that corner. Can you see it now?"

"No," I said.

"We sent a tank down the road," he continued, "to see what was what. It got to that hump out there, and we heard a report. The tank had been knocked out. But nobody caught the flash of the German gun, and there was no smoke. The tank was just about where the gliders would be coming in under the direct fire of that gun. We soon found out there were other guns, and later we learned there were 1,000 riflemen and machine gunners lying in wait in the hedges, waiting for our gliders. There wasn't much time left for clearing them out."

We are on double summer time here and it is daylight until after ten o'clock, twilight until nearly midnight. When the first gliders were due, the Germans would have perfect visibility across a murderous field of fire. "We had plenty of guns and tanks," said Medusky. "We knew if we could only spot the German guns, we could blast them out with point-blank fire. Then we could send the tanks across the field and clean up the machine gunners and riflemen in the hedges."

But, as we have learned in North Africa and Sicily and Italy, the German is not trigger happy. He doesn't expose his position with foolish shots. And so it was in this field on D-Day. He let it be the American move, and time was running out.

"We sent two more tanks down the road," said Medusky. "He got them, and we still couldn't spot the flashes of the guns. There was nothing to do then but shell and mortar the area in general, hoping to get some hits. It later turned out that we did drop some shells in where it hurt most, as you'll see when we drive over to the other crest, but we couldn't knock out everything."

Out of the sky from England sounded the drumming of many motors as the Troop Carrier Command, flying converted Douglas airliners, towed the gliders over France. They loosed the gliders.

"It was horrible," said Medusky. "We did everything we could to steer the glider pilots anywhere else. We set off smokes and flares and in the excitement we even waved, I think. But as the surviving pilots told us afterward, they were so intent on the landing that they didn't notice our signals."

So the gliders came in, slowly, and before they touched the ground, the German hedges roared with cannon fire and crackled with a thousand rifles and machine guns.

Great chunks and rents were torn in the fuselages. As men came spilling out, they stumbled into a hail of bullets and sprawled

(Continued on page 84)

Battle Song of the Liberators

OUT of the West they have come, an army of flying men in a vast armada of planes, bent on a mission of liberation.

Conquered peoples have heard the drone of their engines, and looked up in new hope.

Oppressors have felt the weight of raining bombs, and seen inevitable doom in the endless flow of American power and wrath.

It is a fitting thing that one of our mightiest weapons in this air armada is a bomber named the Liberator.

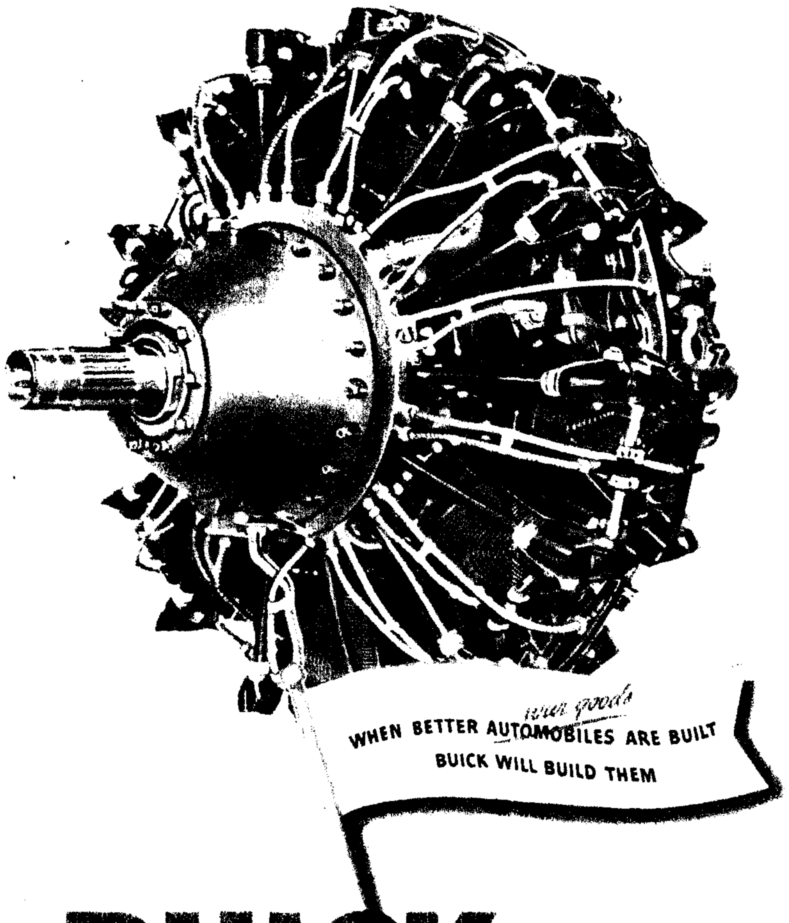
And it is a proud though sobering task to build the engines from which such planes get their power.

To date, more than 50,000 of these engines have come from Buick plants, enough to power 12,500 bombers, whose battle song of liberation is heard over every American battle front.

But we know, here at Buick, that our task is not to be measured in terms of numbers so much as by the way our work lives up to the expectations of American flyers.

So far, we are told, they have found that work good.

And good we intend to keep it till the battle song of the Liberators is heard in triumph around the world.



BUICK

POWERS THE LIBERATOR*

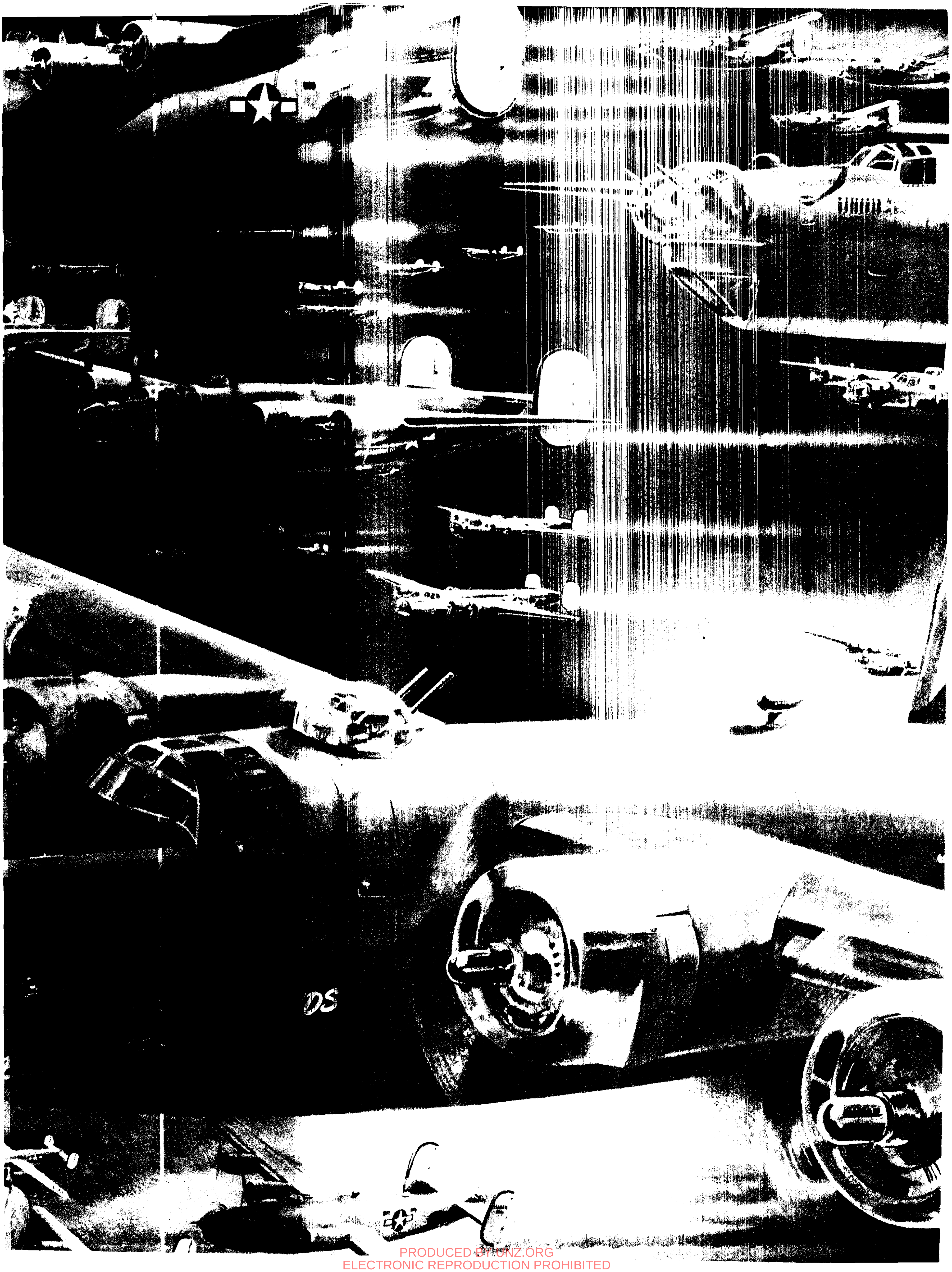
**With Buick-built Pratt & Whitney air-cooled, valve-in-head aircraft engines*

SPECIAL NOTE TO FAMILIES, FRIENDS AND LIBERATOR CREW MEMBERS — Buick will be glad to furnish you, without cost, a full-color reprint of this advertisement. Maybe you would like to send it to a relative or friend now gallantly serving his country as a member of a fighting Liberator crew — or you might like to preserve it yourself. Just address your request to: BUICK MOTOR DIVISION, FLINT 2, MICHIGAN.

The Army-Navy "E" proudly flies over all Buick plants.

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network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The Woman Nobody Knows

Continued from page 21

Since Miss Perkins had never seen Mrs. Rosenberg before, she didn't know what to make of such familiarity or how to react to it. So she followed her natural instinct. She recoiled visibly and greeted Mrs. Rosenberg with pointed formality.

The two women now treat each other courteously and with respect, but they certainly don't constitute anything you could call a mutual-admiration society.

So much has Miss Perkins become obsessed by the idea of privacy that she has tried (and with more success than she has ever realized) to keep her public life private also. She never gossips or discusses the affairs of her department, and she never reads the gossip columns of the newspapers; and apparently she seldom even glances at the news columns. She didn't know, for instance, that she had been voted "most useless" in a correspondents' poll, although the story had appeared in nearly every paper in the country and had been the subject of many editorials.

Once a Senator, impressed by her knowledge of a difficult subject and by the ease and clarity with which she expressed her ideas, told her that what she needed was a good press agent. Well, she has a press agent, but he never gets her any good publicity, partly because she consistently refuses to say anything that would make good copy, and partly because of his own ineptness.

With newspaper reporters, she tries to be cordial, but only succeeds in being cold and distant. Several unfortunate incidents in which she claims she was misquoted and misunderstood have caused her to mistrust the press, and she goes to little or no trouble to hide her feelings. She hates to hold press conferences, and, when she does, she refuses to unbend; she insists upon talking upon one specific subject and nothing else. She wouldn't even dream of telling the reporters anything "off the record."

Authoress of the New Deal

The consequences have been inevitable. Nobody knows anything about Miss Perkins, or what she is doing, or what she thinks. Who, for example, knows that she opposed the President's scheme to pack the Supreme Court? Who knows that she didn't like the idea of a third term, that she referred to herself often as "no third termer," and that she hopes sincerely that it will never again be necessary for a President to serve more than two terms? Who knows that she is the only Cabinet member who can, and does, talk back to the President and get away with it? Who knows that her resignation has been in Mr. Roosevelt's hands since 1936, and that she has frequently urged him to accept it, particularly since the 1940 election? Who knows that she advised the President not to engage in a public fight with John L. Lewis, because she knew that Lewis was greedy for power and couldn't be dealt with reasonably. Who knows that she is genuinely afraid that the continued invasion of private rights, and the growth of bureaucracy, will ultimately bring about regimentation of the people by the government? And for that matter—her relations with press and public and most of her colleagues being what they are—who cares?

Miss Perkins was born in Boston on April 10, 1882, of pioneer English-Scottish stock, but was reared in Worcester, Massachusetts. Her father, Frederick W. Perkins, was a Professor of Church Law, and taught in American and European universities. He was deeply religious, as his ancestors had been, and religion was a very important factor in the Perkins' family life. Today, Miss Perkins is probably the most religious official in Washington; she often stops at her Episcopal church for prayer and meditation in the morning on her way to work.

As a child Miss Perkins was subjected to strict discipline. Two of the prime rules of life in a New England family of that era, particularly in a family with a tradition such as the Perkinses possessed, were that a child should be seen and not heard, and that any parental dictum must be accepted without question as authoritative and binding. Like most children thus reared, Miss Perkins was excessively shy, so much so that even after she had reached adolescence she found it impossible to go to the public library and ask for a book. This would have involved talking to strangers, and she had been taught that nice girls do not talk to strangers. She lost most of her shyness when she went to Mount Holyoke College, where she majored in chemistry and biology, but she still retains more than is good for a woman in public office. After graduation she was offered a job as chemist in a canning plant, but her father said no; such work was not suitable for a respectable young woman. He also strongly advised against further study; in his opinion she already had as much education as a woman would ever require. He urged her to marry and settle down; she was a personable girl, and suitors aplenty were on hand.

Against the advice and without the consent of her father Miss Perkins decided against immediate marriage and went into social welfare work which naturally led her into the field of labor relations. Some of her friends say that she has never quite conquered the feeling that she had committed the cardinal sin of disobedience to parental authority; once in a while they get the impression that in the back of her mind is the nagging thought that she might have been happier had she followed the pattern of life laid down for her by her father. At the same time she is proud of her record in public office.

Louis
Priscilla

"We better approach her carefully. She might be a superior officer"

COLLIER'S LOUIS PRISCILLA

Despite the misgivings of her family Miss Perkins remained in social work for two years. Then her father allowed her to accept the more genteel job of teaching chemistry in a girls' school at Lake Forest, Illinois, but it was too late; the things she had seen during her two years among the underprivileged had only strengthened her determination to devote herself to the solution of social problems. She resigned the teaching post after a few months and went to Chicago to work with Jane Addams at Hull House. Again her father expressed disapproval; he felt very strongly that all charitable and welfare work should be carried on through the churches. During this period Miss Perkins helped support herself by writing stories for boys' magazines with an occasional piece based on working conditions for women in department stores.

Following further study at the University of Pennsylvania and at Columbia University, where she received an A.M. degree in 1910, Miss Perkins became executive secretary of the Consumers' League in New York, and started working vigorously for consumer, labor, social welfare and public health legislation. Her labors attracted so much attention that Governor Al Smith appointed her a member of the New York State Industrial Board, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, when he succeeded Smith as governor, promoted her to the post of State Labor Commissioner in 1929. In this job she was very active and extraordinarily successful; many of the social and labor laws which she helped write and push through the New York Legislature became models for other states. Her reputation in this field and her friendship and close association with Roosevelt made her a clear Cabinet possibility when he was elected President in 1932. In February of 1933 Mr. Roosevelt summoned her to his New York home and offered to appoint her Secretary of Labor. At first, she refused. She pointed out that she was not "a bona fide labor person," and predicted that the labor organizations would object to her, a prophecy which certainly hit the nail on the head. The President said that he believed the time had come for all workers, organized and unorganized, to get consideration from the Federal government. Miss Perkins says that she then agreed to accept the job if the President in turn would accept her program as embodying his objectives for labor and social legislation and economic betterment. As Miss Perkins recalled them recently, these were the main planks of her platform:

1. Immediate Federal aid to states and local governments for direct unemployment relief. This idea evolved as the Public Works Administration.

2. An extensive works program, which eventually became the Works Project Administration and the Civilian Conservation Corps.

3. A Federal law to encourage the fixing of minimum wages and maximum hours of work. Out of this came the National Recovery Administration, which Miss Perkins says was also her idea; the Walsh-Healy Act, conceived by Miss Perkins after a conference with Felix Frankfurter; and the Wage and Hour Act.

4. Unemployment and old age insurance, now provided by the Social Security Act. Not unreasonably, Miss Perkins considers that this is her most constructive accomplishment.

5. Creation of a public employment agency. From this plank came the United States Employment Service, heart of the War Manpower Commission.

6. Abolition of child labor. Miss Perkins says this has been accomplished by the Walsh-Healy Act, the Wage and Hour Act, and various state laws.

It is not possible to obtain confirmation of Miss Perkins' statements from the President, but, if her memory is correct, what this country has been operating under for the past twelve years is not so much the Roosevelt New Deal as it is the Perkins New Deal. For the platform, of which Miss Perkins says Mr. Roosevelt implied his approval as the price of her acceptance of the Labor post, forms the veritable foundation of the New Deal; take it away and there would be no New Deal. No one in Washington seems able to understand why credit has been withheld from Miss Perkins for so many years. The President has often spoken kindly of Harry Hopkins and other New Deal advisers, and on occasion has even patted them benignly on the back, but kind words for Miss Perkins have been exceedingly rare. She has been pilloried as incompetent and worse, but no adequate defense of her has been forthcoming from the White House.

Miss Perkins says that even after the President had agreed to her program they had considerable difficulty bringing the remainder of the Cabinet into line. Lewis Douglas, Director of the Budget, fought her radical social ideas and resigned in protest. Several times the opposition was so great that the President wavered; the fight over Social Security was particularly fierce. She felt certain that her ideas would prevail, however, largely because Mr. Roosevelt had come out for unemployment compensation at a Governors' conference in Salt Lake City in 1931.

"I knew he was going to," she said, "because I wrote that part of his speech."

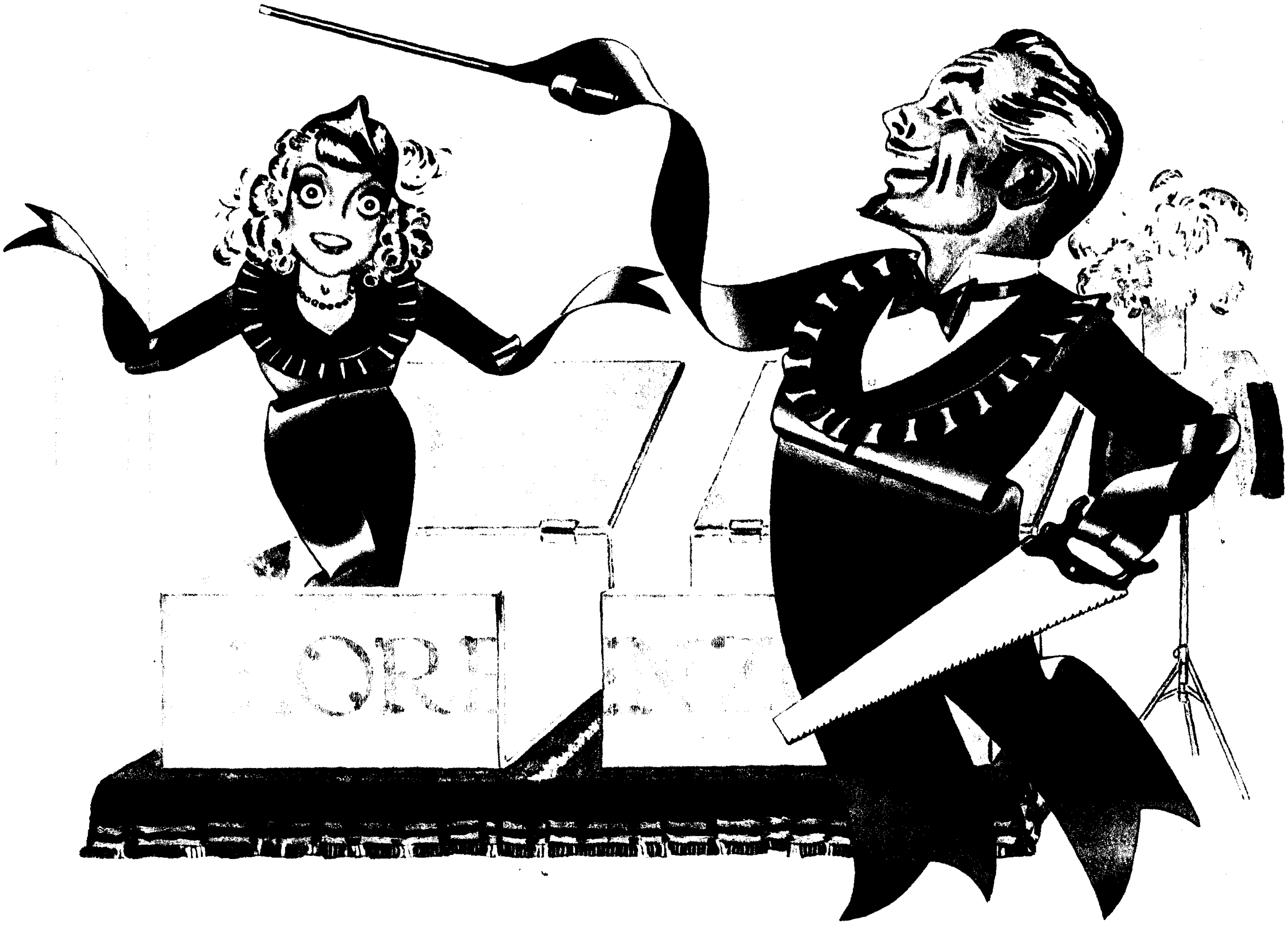
The Enmity of Labor

Labor fight against Miss Perkins began the day she was appointed and has subsided only for brief intervals, while her enemies in union ranks brought up fresh ammunition. She'd scarcely been sworn in as Secretary before William Green, head of the American Federation of Labor, announced that organized labor would never become reconciled to her appointment. It hasn't. Labor leaders have four main reasons for disliking Miss Perkins—she is a woman, she isn't a union member, she refuses to be subservient to them, and, intellectually, she is much keener than they are. For that matter, Miss Perkins is intellectually superior to most of her colleagues in the government, too; she is unfortunate in that nobody knows it. Labor chiefs have frequently accused her of being antiunion, and have complained that the unions have much less influence in her administration than they had in previous regimes. On the other hand, her opponents outside of labor's ranks denounce her for coddling the unions.

Miss Perkins insists that these accusations simply aren't true. She declares that she has never coddled the unions, and points out that what she has accomplished has been for the ultimate benefit of all workers, organized and unorganized. At the same time she professes a strong belief in unions, and thinks that all working people should join them. Also she says that the unions have more influence with the Department of Labor now than ever before, and that they are always consulted before proposed programs and policies are put into effect.

"I have always encouraged Mr. Roosevelt to meet with labor leaders," she said, "and I am responsible for his doing it in the first place. But I think that the President should rarely, if ever, become involved in labor strife. He never did until the War Labor Board started running to the White House with its problems. When that happened Mr. Roosevelt signed the papers without asking many questions."

Labor chiefs have never recognized Miss Perkins' services as an intermediary, nor agreed with her that under the Congressional



Lorenzo, the wizard—a famous magician

Came to Blue Ribbon Town on a USO mission...

At fund-raising he was a super-success,
His abracadabra astounded the press—
He pulled rabbits galore out of gentlemen's hats
And sawed up the ladies like bundles of slats;

Then up jumped a man with a glass in his hand—
"Here's a sample of magic that I understand—"
Lorenzo took one taste and shouted, "'Tis clear
There's no better magic than Blue Ribbon Beer!"

* * *

There's 100 years of brewing skill in every delicious drop of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer. *Full-flavor blending* from 33 fine brews gives Pabst its unchanging *goodness*—its matchless taste and flavor. Order it with confidence . . . serve it with pride . . . for no matter where you go, there is no finer beer—no finer blend—than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

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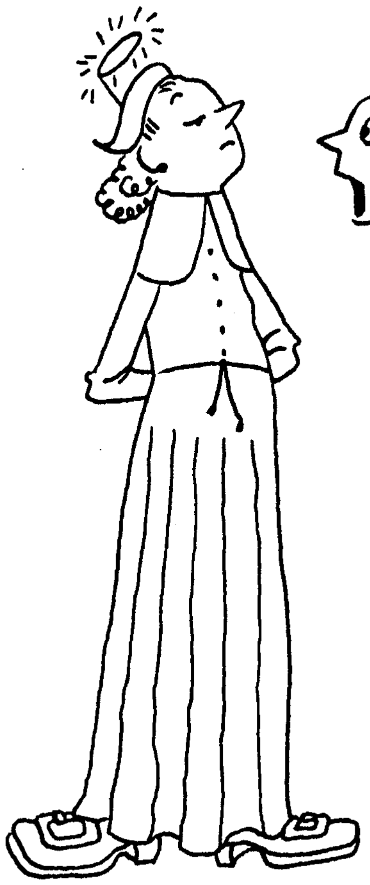


"YOU PINCHED ME!"

War Conscience: Certainly I pinched you, dearie. I'm your new Wartime Conscience. And if you keep throwing out perfectly good kitchen fats that way, I'll have you black and blue all over in a week.

Woman: Black and bl—! Why *you*—! I'll—

War Conscience: Tut, Madam! Do you realize that your Government needs that Waste Kitchen fat of yours so badly for ammunition that it's willing to give you two whole meat points, for just a pound of it? Do you—?

Woman: Certainly I realize it. But do you know I didn't sleep a wink last night, just because I had one measly cup of coffee for dinner? And do you realize maybe a person forgets her War Duty sometimes when she's tired or something?

War Conscience: Personally, Madam, I don't care how tired you get! Your Government needs you to do your War Job, and I'm here to see you do it. And as far as not sleeping goes—hasn't anybody ever told you about caffein-free coffee?

Woman: What?

War Conscience: Caffein-free, dear. Take Sanka Coffee, for instance. 97% caffein-free. Lets you sleep and sleep and *sleep.* And flavor! Madam, this Sanka Coffee is

the strawberry shortcake of the coffee world! It is the coffee that eliminates the man who says he can't get a good cup of coffee. It's the creme de la crème for the woman who's kept awake by caffein.

Woman: Really?

War Conscience: Certainly, dearie! Try it ...but remember this...Sanka Coffee may let you sleep, but *I* won't if you fall down on your Wartime Job! That's all, Sister!

For delicious iced coffee—make Sanka Coffee double strength (2 heaping tablespoons to one cup water). A product of General Foods.

Act of 1913, which established her department, she is bound "to foster, promote and develop the welfare of the wage earners of the United States" without regard to their union affiliations. She has repeatedly warned labor leaders that eventually the unions would be regulated by the government unless they reformed and operated in the public interest. She has proposed these reforms:

Regular independent and public audits should be made of all union monies. Unions should be conducted according to democratic rules and constitutions, and operated in a sensible parliamentary way by and for the membership. Union officers should be chosen by the whole membership, and only American citizens should be allowed to hold office. Unions should carry out fully all collective bargaining agreements, even though they turn out to be poor bargains. Unions should restudy such monopolistic practices as closed memberships and high dues combined with closed shops.

"Furthermore," says Miss Perkins, "the unions should disown excessive picketing and demonstration, the raiding of union memberships by other unions, stoppages of work due to jurisdictional disputes, and the boycotting of goods provided by the labor of other unions."

Now, these are reforms which every sensible student of the American labor movement knows are bound to come sooner or later in one form or another. If the fact that Miss Perkins advocates them could be generally known, her stature as a public official would increase enormously. She presented her view on labor relations in a speech to an American Federation of Labor convention three years ago, but thereafter made no effort to get them across to the people. Instead, she buried them in one of her annual reports. For this she has two reasons—she simply cannot bear the thought of pushing herself into public notice, and she is afraid that the cries of "antiunion" will increase.

Labor leaders have entirely ignored her recommendations. They ignore her, too, as much as they can. Whenever possible they take their troubles to the White House, where they know they'll get a sympathetic hearing and perhaps be the center of a dramatic incident. Failing in that, they seek out Mrs. Rosenberg, who is known in some Washington circles as the "unofficial Secretary of Labor." Mrs. Rosenberg is secretary to the joint A. F. of L.–CIO committee which meets regularly with the President, and she helps make postwar plans and fix the policies of the War Manpower Commission, of which she is Regional Director in New York. In many fields of labor relations she has vastly more influence than Miss Perkins. The result is that scant attention is paid to the Secretary's advice and suggestions, and thus the legend of her incompetency grows.

The Deadly Sin of Pride

John L. Lewis respects Miss Perkins' ability, but he won't admit it; his present line is to call her reactionary and incompetent. Once when she urged him to make peace with the A. F. of L. he roughly described her as "woozy in the head." On the other hand, while declining to reveal her personal feelings toward Lewis, Miss Perkins says she has a high regard for his gifts as a negotiator, and respects his fidelity to his given word as far as his miners are concerned. She recalled that Lewis loosed his first blast at the President as long ago as 1937, and simply because his pride had been hurt. Incidentally, Miss Perkins has often told Lewis that pride is his greatest sin, an observation which comes right out of a New England conscience. In this instance Lewis was miffed because he thought the President was trying to shun him. Miss Perkins tried to bring the two men together, but before she could succeed Lewis flew off the handle and issued a statement denouncing Mr. Roosevelt.

"Before that," says Miss Perkins, "the President thought Lewis was just about the finest sort of fellow. He never quite got over what Lewis said about him."

In the middle of the summer of 1940, a little while before he came out for Willkie, Lewis came into Miss Perkins' office and began a tirade against the President. She interrupted him to say temperately: "John, you know you shouldn't talk that way about the President. He has done many good things for you and the whole labor movement. Everything you say is destructive. Why don't you make a constructive suggestion?"

Lewis looked at her solemnly for a moment, then said dramatically:

"I have made a constructive suggestion. But I've heard nothing, nothing at all.'

He refused to explain, but later Miss Perkins learned that Lewis had proposed to Mr. Roosevelt that he be nominated for Vice-President on the third-term ticket. The President simply ignored Lewis' constructive suggestion, and Miss Perkins says she was not at all surprised at Lewis' subsequent actions.

An Unfounded Rumor

It is common gossip in Washington that Mrs. Roosevelt's influence is about all that keeps Miss Perkins in her job, and that the President's wife dictates Labor Department policies and frequently consults with Miss Perkins' subordinates. Miss Perkins says emphatically that all this is foolishness and a myth. It probably goes back to the time when Miss Katherine Lenroot and Miss Mary Anderson, heads of the Children's and Women's bureaus respectively, formed the habit of going over Miss Perkins' head and discussing their problems with Mrs. Roosevelt. They quit it when Miss Perkins gently but firmly reminded them that she was, after all, Secretary of Labor, and that she must be consulted first on all policy matters. Miss Perkins herself has enlisted the aid of Mrs. Roosevelt but once. That was when she was trying to resign following the election in 1940. Unable to get a decision from Mr. Roosevelt, she asked the President's wife to help her. But in fact, Miss Perkins and Mrs. Roosevelt are not particularly good friends; they are too fundamentally different ever to be close. For one thing, the sort of life Mrs. Roosevelt leads is, to her mind, nothing less than appalling. She once remarked that the President's wife lives in a goldfish bowl.

"She has to, I suppose," said Miss Perkins, "but I never could."

Many of Miss Perkins' most intimate friends say that she feels as strongly about the growth of bureaucracy and the dangers of regimentation as she does about anything that has ever appeared to interfere with the traditional American pattern. Although she strongly supports Social Security, she worries over the fact that this governmental agency has in its files the names, ages and other personal information about millions of citizens. She had hoped that some other system of coverage could be worked out because, as she put it, "too many other government agencies have personal information about our people."

But about the only public statement she has ever uttered about her passion for individual liberty was made last December at the tenth annual conference on labor legislation. Miss Perkins started these conferences so state labor commissioners could exchange views, go into administrative problems, and build up higher standards. She presides at the forums, but stays out of fights and arguments and expresses few opinions. But at the last conference the discussion turned on compulsory pre-employment physical examinations, advocated by some of the younger commissioners. Finally, Miss Perkins could stand it no longer. She jumped up and said:

"All you young men alarm me, and so much so that I want to warn you that among other things that are extremely precious in this country is liberty—individual liberty. I cannot find it in my heart ever to endorse any program of pre-employment physical examination by any employer or by any government. I don't know why the government, or this company or that company, should know the state of health of every individual in the United States. I mean this. The next thing will be universal fingerprinting, and then they'll be telling you, for your own good, of course, where you can best work, where you can best live, where you can best do this, that and the other."

Thus spoke New England and the shades of her Revolutionary ancestors.

THE END

Pin-Up Boy in Silks

Continued from page 19

bet on his other mount, a billy goat whose name is long since forgotten.

That night when she went to town to shop, she asked her bookmaker how her horse had made out. When she learned the bad news, she proceeded down the main street, as unconcerned as she had been on all the other days that Bobby's mounts had lost. But she didn't get far before she was surrounded by a crowd of Milfordites who sought to congratulate her. Thinking she was being ribbed, she didn't bother to ask questions. Then someone asked her how much she'd had riding on Bobby's 75 to 1 shot—Royal Silver—and she ran into the corner drugstore for a fast malted milk to keep from swooning.

Once the ice was broken, Bobby averaged a winner a day during the last eleven days at Garden State Park. It began to look as easy as falling off Here's How.

Permane's confidence was boosted tremendously when John L. Sullivan, Texas oil millionaire, picked him to ride Air Master in the Narragansett Special last fall. Bobby had never before ridden in a stake race and he was up against some good horses. But although Market Wise, with wise old Johnny Longden aboard, nosed him out of victory, Bobby pleased Mr. Sullivan so much that he was hired back to ride Air Master in the Governor's Handicap the next week. This time Bobby and Air Master led the procession.

Every successful novice finds out what beginner's luck is soon after the first flush of victory has faded. Bobby was no exception. At Hialeah last winter, he went for thirty weary days without a winner. Although show people are superstitious, Bobby doesn't believe in charms. Still, when trying to analyze the situation one night with his mother, he remarked casually that maybe his hard luck could be traced to the fact that he had lost the tiny gold horseshoe she had given him when he left home to become a stableboy.

Without a word, his mother left the house. She returned later and handed him a small jewelry box. Opening it, Bobby saw a gold horseshoe with a chain and pin attached. Next day in the jockeys' house, he pinned the emblem inside his skull cap and—unbelievably corny as this anecdote sounds—Bobby's losing streak came to an end that afternoon. He has never been without the charm since.

Once Permane's jinx was routed by Mamma's magic horseshoe, he was off on the sensational winning streak that made his name a household word among turf followers. Then occurred one of the strangest phenomena in turf history. There never had been a killer-diller among the ranks of the jockeys since Tod Sloan. Lovesick maidens had always skipped the turf as barren territory, for jockeys seldom conform to their dream specifications. But suddenly the bobby-sox set of Miami and environs discovered that Bobby had a terrific sock in the sex-appeal department. His wavy, blond hair made them overlook his abbreviated stature, and his sparkling blue eyes awakened in their hearts a feeling that only the moos of The Verce had once been able to engender.

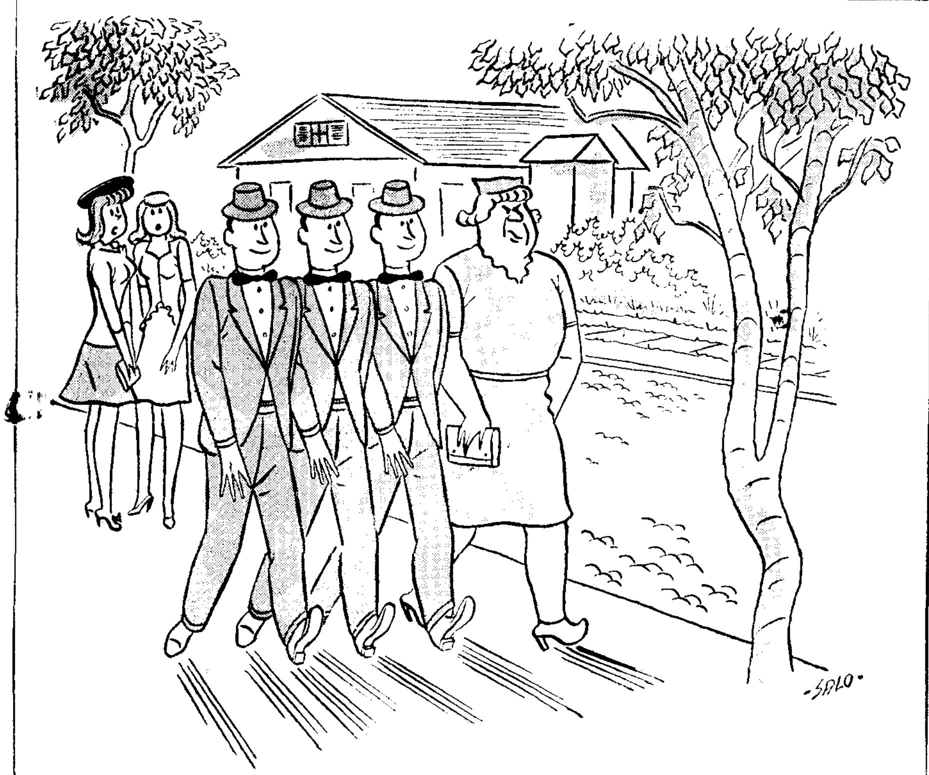
So, Miami race-track patrons were treated to the unprecedented sight of swarms of high-school chicks waylaying Bobby in the paddock for his autograph and fighting for the privilege of touching the hem of his gaudy silks. Miami sports writers, who have a genius for discovering the obvious, dubbed Bobby "the Sinatra of the Saddle." The system boys threw away their figures and formulas and started playing Permane instead of the ponies. And it was a lucky thing for Bobby's safety that he set his world's record of five winners a day for three successive days at the very tail end of the Florida season.

Rough Rider on the Track

Even though Bobby's mother keeps close tabs on him at the track, he isn't a mamma's boy. In the rough-riding department, the angel-faced kid can more than hold his own. During the Aqueduct meeting, in fact, his ardor to win with a favorite named Nebraska was so keen that he risked his own neck and those of a half-dozen other jockeys by cutting in front of them after breaking from the No. 7 stall. This bit of daredeviltry didn't win him anything but a ten-day suspension, as Nebraska finished third.

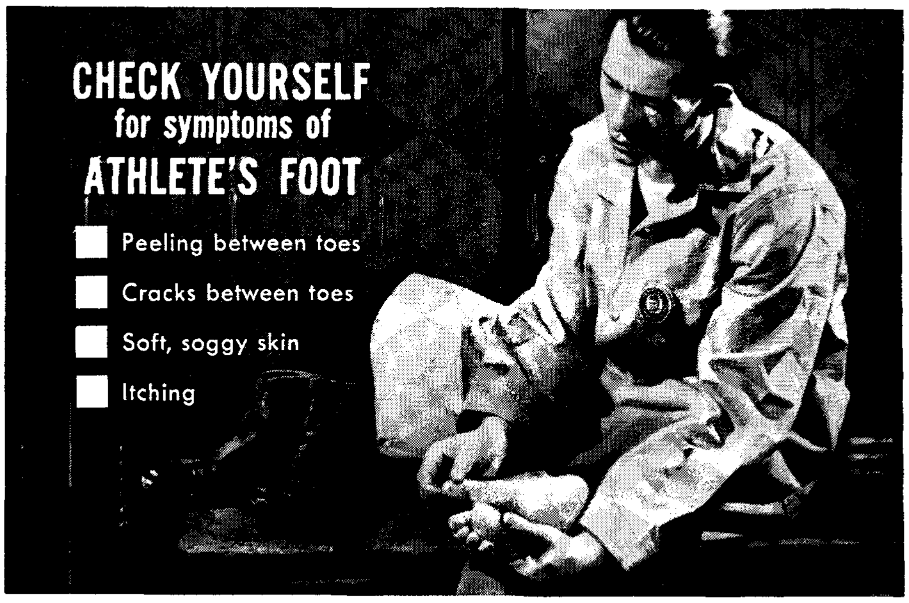
Last May, Jules Wessler sold Parmane's contract to the Lazy F Ranch, a Texas outfit owned by Mrs. William H. Farish, widow of the one-time president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Unspoiled by success and popular alike with fellow jockeys, fans and females, Bobby is giving Johnny Longden and Ted Atkinson a hot fight for leadership on the New York tracks. As the stable which employs him is both wealthy and generous, if Bobby doesn't make himself a cool twenty grand in his first full season on the turf, then no jockey will. In fact, life for Bobby Permane would be just like those last three glorious days at Tropical Park, if *it weren't for one thing—that comical middle name, Constantine.*

THE END



"I wanted to marry one of them once, but their mother wouldn't break up the set"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH



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IMPORTANT: The fungi which cause Athlete's Foot exist almost everywhere. For protection and relief, use Quinsana daily. Also excellent for excessive perspiration, foot odor. Pharmaceutical Div., The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J. (*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA)

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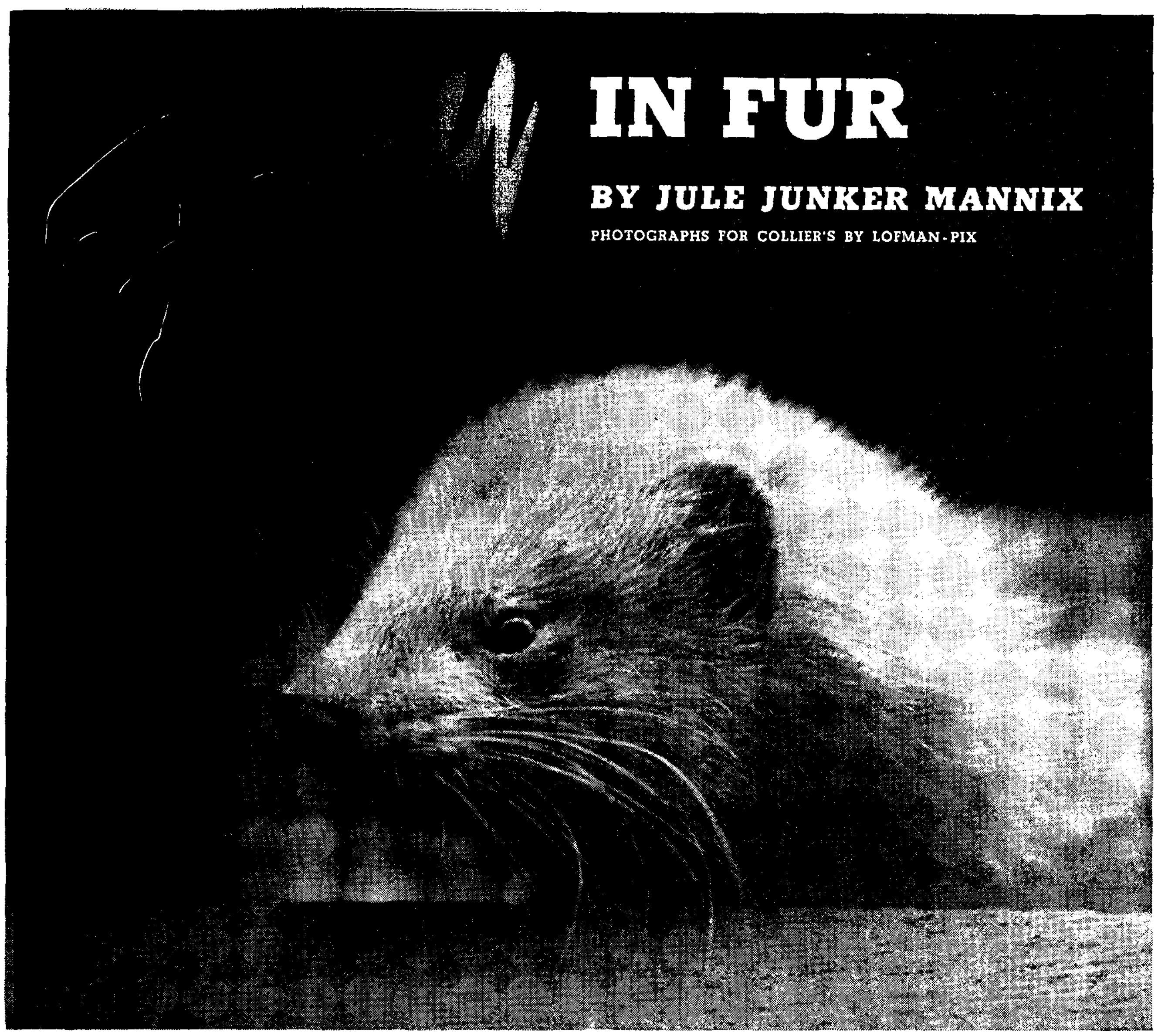


Pound for pound, ferrets are probably the world's most ferocious fighters. Here's how they wage relentless war on their traditional enemy, the rat

THIS is the story of Betty Fitch and her war in a strange, underground world man never sees. It is also the story of George Hosmer of Washington, D. C., who for forty of his sixty-two years has been training ferrets and the quick little ratting terriers that work with them.

Hosmer has never had any other means of livelihood and never expects to do anything else; he feels that he was born to the business of ferreting because his father and grandfather before him were ferreters. He has deratted the White House, the old Patterson Mansion in Washington, the home of former Senator Henry Cabot Lodge (where a necklace which a maid had been accused of stealing turned up in a rat's nest), and for three terrible weeks fought an outbreak of the dreaded, rat-carried bubonic plague in New Orleans.

Hosmer has forty ferrets and fifteen terriers, the latter being bred for their rat-killing powers rather than as bench dogs. There are two kinds of ferrets: the brown or fitch ferret, and the white or English ferret. The whites were originally bred so that the dogs and hunters could easily distinguish them from the rats when the two animals were rolling around in a death grapple. Hosmer prefers the fitch ferrets because he thinks they have more of the dash and courage of the wild African fitch, the ancestor of all domesticated ferrets.

Betty is the best of his fitch ferrets, a powerful little animal about eighteen inches long and standing some three inches high on her stubby legs. She is a jill, or female ferret. Males are called lobs and are generally too big for ratting, but they are often used in the West to clear out prairie-dog towns.

Betty has a round face with rather a wistful expression. Her coat is of the finest fitch fur, and it looks even better on her than it would on most ladies. She is so gentle, when not on a rat-hunting expedition, that children love to play with her, but she prefers playing with Nellie, one of the ratting terriers and her special friend.

After a long day in the field, Betty loves to curl up against Nellie's warm side and doze off, dreaming about the big rats that didn't get away. Nellie doubtless has her dreams, too, for she is one of the best terriers in the business. She won the national rat-killing contest held in New York not long ago, and Hosmer said that she was so eager to get at the rats she almost tore the cages apart.

Betty is the daughter of two famous rat-catching ferrets whose courtship, as with all ferrets, was brief and savage. Although the male is more than three times as big as the female, she refuses to yield to him and must be literally beaten into submission. About the time the agonized onlookers think she must be dead, the female relaxes with a little sigh of delight. Her fur may be in ribbons and her body a mass of wounds, but she knows this male has got what it takes. Pain is an important part of the wedding ceremony for her and she cannot reach the climax of the mating unless she is being half killed. If her husband shows any signs of relaxing the punishment, she bites him until, in self-defense, he is forced to turn on her.

Conceived of this union of savage ecstasy and fierce pain, the baby ferrets are born six weeks later, and in caring for them the wild little mother experiences her only period of tenderness. There were ten other baby ferrets in the litter with Betty, about an average number. Of these, only Betty and three others showed the courage and intelligence necessary for ratting. Betty can think faster than the others in a dangerous spot and she has discovered a number of fighting tricks that make her a deadly adversary, even to the giant wharf rats.

Early Education of a Huntress

Betty was seven months old before Hosmer allowed her to kill even a mouse. She spent these months playing with the dogs and the other ferrets in the big loft where the animals lived. Both Hosmer and his wife handled her frequently and in the evenings they would play a game with her and the other young ferrets. Drainpipes were laid across the floor, and the ferrets were urged to run through them. As soon as they came out the other end, they were petted and played with until they lost any desire to hide in the holes, as badly trained, nervous ferrets often do.

When she was full grown, Betty was allowed to kill first mice and then a small rat. Finally she was introduced to a big sewer rat. By this time, Betty had learned that rats have teeth and often outweighed her two or three pounds. She also discovered that rats tend to rear up when attacked, almost like a small bear. This was her chance to rush in and take them by the throat. She got several bites before she learned her lesson, and many of the other young ferrets developed a fear of the rats that made them useless as hunters. These were sold to a hospital where they are used to develop a serum against influenza. Ferrets are the only animals that can provide this serum and so are in constant demand.

Then Betty and the other selected ferrets were given their postgraduate course. A labyrinth of boxes and pipes was put up in the loft and rats were turned loose inside. The dogs were brought up from their kennels and the ferrets were sent in to drive out the rats. Choke leashes were kept on the new dogs to make sure they did not grab a ferret in their excitement, but some were so frantic they needed a few bites on their eager noses from the old lobs, to teach them manners. The ferrets spent a week at this battle practice before going out on their first job.

A coastal town had been having such a serious epidemic of rats that the authorities called in Mr. Hosmer and gave him carte blanche to clear up the water front. Not only had warehouse owners complained of nightly damage that sometimes ruined half their stock, but several children in the district had been attacked in their sleep by rats. A baby had been bitten so badly that she later died. A fire, believed to be caused by rats gnawing the insulated wires, had been reported, and an outbreak of typhus had been traced by the Board of Health to rat fleas. Cats had been introduced into the section, but the big wharf rats promptly caught and ate the cats.

Hosmer selected an old warehouse close to the docks for his first attack. The storerooms were filled with bolts of cloth, and the rats had chewed so many that the owner was counting on a twenty-per-cent loss on the shipment. Hosmer and his assistants first went around the building stopping up all the holes they could find with their "ratting spades," special spades made with sharp edges and topped with a spike for reopening a hole if necessary. On one side of the building was a paved courtyard and here Hosmer ordered the holes left open.

The Executioners Stand Ready

The men stationed the dogs along the warehouse wall, giving each of the terriers a hole to watch. Each dog was trained to stand by his own hole and never to leave it, even if he saw rats coming out of another exit while his own was empty. The ferrets were not supposed to kill the rats, but to chase them out to the waiting dogs. Two of the older, more experienced dogs were allowed to select their own positions after carefully checking the holes with their noses. Hosmer believed that an experienced dog can tell better than a man which hole rats are likely to use.

With the dogs stationed, Hosmer carried the boxes of ferrets to the top floor of the warehouse. The ferrets travel in four large wooden boxes, well provided with bedding and ventilated on one side only, so the animals will not be subject to a cross draft. The ferrets had not been fed for twenty-four hours, except for some warm milk, and were hungry but not weak or starved. Their master knew they would need all their strength if some of the big sewer rats turned at bay.

Betty had curled up with her friends in one corner of the cage before the journey started, and they had all slept

George Hosmer, who has been in the deratting business for 40 years, is shown here training one of his young ferrets on a somewhat battered r

EMERGENCY STEERING STATION on U. S. battleship. The helmsman gets steering instructions over a battle telephone. The two other men are intently watching their gauges.

The Big "Battle Wagons" Are Run by Telephone

There are more than 2000 telephones on just one battleship. And many, many thousands on all the ships in the Navy.

The needs of war have first call on the country's manufacturing capacity and manpower. That is why there is not enough telephone equipment to take care of all civilian requirements and why many people now have to wait for telephone service.

It will be some time before all who want service can get it. We'd like those who must wait to know that we shall continue to do everything possible to shorten that time.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"Give 7 to 10 to the Service Men" *and help their night-time Long Distance calls from the camps get through quicker to the folks at home.*

in one huge pile of softly pulsing brown fur. Ferrets in their deep sleep seem almost dead and will not move even if roughly handled. But by now the whole group was awake. The old ferrets knew what was coming and were trembling with excitement, eagerly running back and forth from one air hole to another to sniff. Betty ran with them, not knowing what was the matter but sensing the excitement.

Hosmer lifted the ferrets out quickly and surely. Ferrets are nearsighted and sometimes snap at a hand dangled over them, thinking it is food. Hosmer put an old lob to one of the ratholes. The lob was unusually small and the hole unusually large, but still he had to squeeze going down. He vanished, all but his plumy tail, and loud sniffings sounded from the hole. Then his tail began to fluff out like a bottle brush, and to lash furiously. With an eager wriggle he disappeared. His tail had hardly vanished before his head popped out of another hole ten feet away. He sniffed again and then ducked back. This time he did not reappear.

Then Hosmer put Betty to a hole. The little ferret was wildly excited and shivered as though with a chill. At first she refused the dark, mysterious passageway, but Hosmer urged her in, and finally she glided into the black pocket.

Footprints in a Maze

Months later when the old building was torn down, the story of Betty's adventures could be read in the soft dust of the maze of rat passageways that honeycombed the walls. At first she ran wildly, probably thinking the hole would end soon, as had the drainpipes in the loft at home. The thick tangle of scents that poured in upon her must have confused the young ferret as a whirling mass of bright lights would confuse and frighten a person.

Although she could see better in the dark than a human, the rathole was black as the inside of a buried coffin. Her footprints showed she soon learned to strike out with her feet against the sides of the wall to balance herself as she ran, and her whiskers must have warned her of obstacles, as though she were running with her hands outstretched in front of her.

Suddenly the hole came out in a room. Here Betty could see as well as a ferret can ever see, or about three feet ahead of her. She ran forward, probably sniffing loudly and trying to pick up the scent of another ferret or of Nellie. She crossed the fresh trail of a rat and stopped so suddenly she fell over herself as though she had been tripped by an invisible wire. She dashed along the scent, only to find it ended against a flat wall. Betty stood sniffing and puzzled.

Then in some distant part of the building someone opened a door, and a draft blowing through the tangled web of rat runways brought the hot body scent of a rat only a few feet away. The ferret rushed about desperately. Suddenly from a low beam right over her head, a desperate rat jumped over her and made a dash for a hole. He had been sitting there quietly and the nose-dependent ferret had never noticed him.

As he struck the floor, Betty whirled and grabbed him. The rat tore away, leaving fur on the floor behind him, and fled down the hole with Betty in pursuit. Knowing the system of subterranean tunnels, the rat kept ahead of her. They rushed down through the walls of the building, through a hidden world the humans who worked daily in the warehouse never dreamed existed.

Once they passed a rat's nest, a heap of string, rags and the bright shiny articles a rat loves to collect. There was a key ring, a bracelet, a wrist watch and a number of pieces of colored glass and gleaming tin. The skin of one of the imported rat-catching cats was laid out on the floor like a rug. In another rat's nest, the racing ferret passed a whole egg, brought in unbroken by some legerdemain, and the severed heads of some chickens from the poultry market four blocks away.

Ahead of them, the tunnel began to grow light, and Betty could see the outlines of her escaping prey. The rat reached the mouth of the hole and dashed out. Betty, right on his heels, heard him give a quick squeal and then saw Nellie worrying him. The terrier dropped the dead body instantly and whirled in time to grab another rat and drop him, too, after a quick shake.

GOOD LUCK
FLORIST
Don Tobin

COLLIER'S "And all I expected was violets!" DON TOBIN

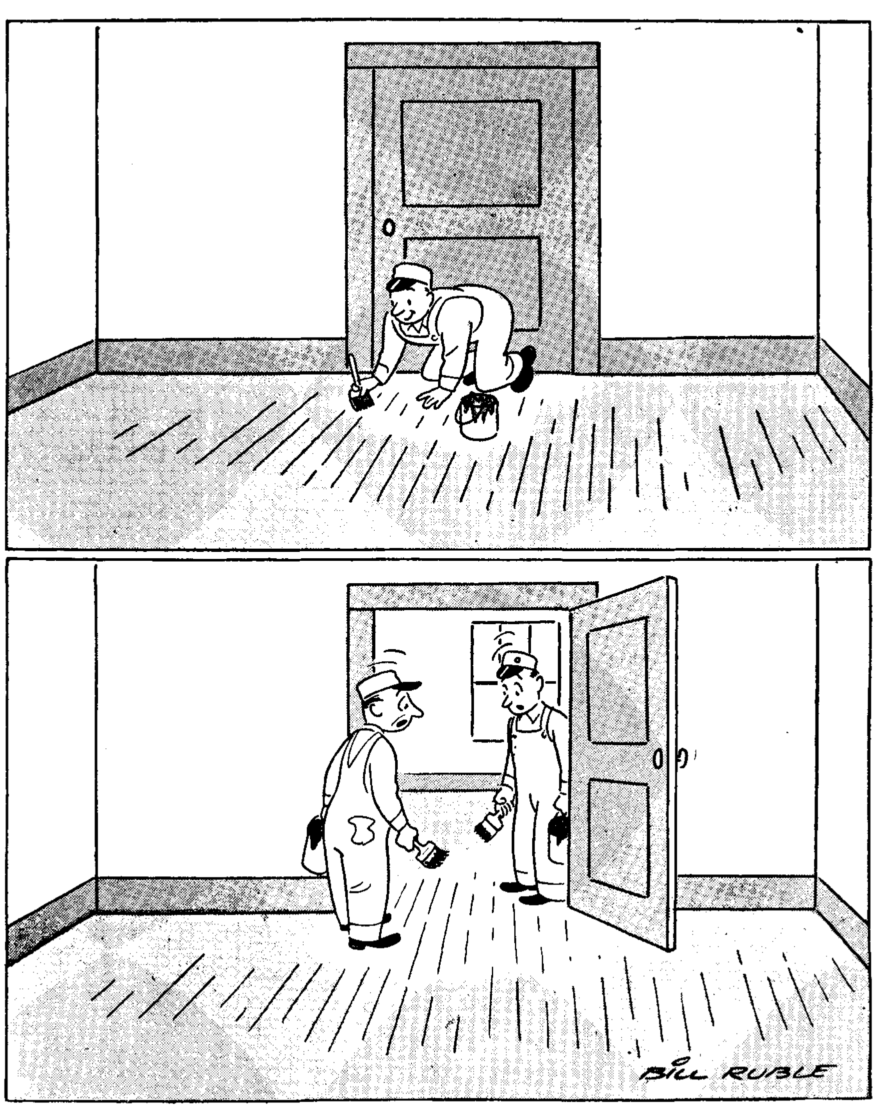
The yard looked like Walpurgis Night. Rats were boiling out of the holes by the dozen. The frenzied dogs were fairly dancing among them and, behind the dogs, men with spades and clubs were killing the rats that got past the dogs. One of the dogs, a little bull terrier, ran among the rats tossing them up one after another as he went. Sometimes he seemed to have several in the air at one time.

Wire cages had been set up over the mouths of some holes and these filled so rapidly with brown, squirming bodies that the men had trouble keeping them emptied. A low net had been stretched across the yard, curved in at the ends, and two men stood at these cul-de-sacs, clubbing the rats that bolted into them.

Hosmer picked up Betty and two other ferrets and ran with them into the building. They passed through a steam room where several huge cement tanks full of hot water stood on the floor. Rats were flinging themselves into the water and swimming until they drowned rather than come out and face the pursuing ferrets. On the steampipes running across the ceiling, other rats crouched until they fell dead from the hot metal. Hosmer put Betty to a hole and she descended willingly.

The ferret followed the passageway quickly and surely until she came to a rat's nest where the lob ferret lay drunk with the blood of a litter of rats he had surprised there. He would lie up now until the next day or until Hosmer dug him out.

Some ferreters put a muzzle called a "cope" on their ferrets to prevent them killing the rats, but sooner or later this means the death of the ferret when a rat turns on him, so Hosmer never uses it. But he might later send down another ferret wearing a harness and fastened to a long, light line to find the miscreant. The line is marked at intervals for length so that Hosmer can tell how deep in the hole the blood-gorged sleeper is when the guide ferret finds him. Betty was too excited to see the dead rats and rushed on, following the trail of the living ones.



COLLIER'S BILL RUBLE

As she went deeper and deeper into the underground world of the rats, the walls of the tunnel began to grow damp and slimy with fungi. For a long time now, Betty had not heard the chittering hunting calls of her friends or the muffled barking of the dogs. This was evidently a special escape passage the older, wiser rats used, that led deep into the foundations of the building.

Suddenly the tunnel ended, and Betty came out under a dock. The water was only a few feet below her. The oily scum on the surface threw back a shimmering, unnatural light over the rotten piling, heavily encrusted by a black gluey slime that was the precipitated essence of filth. The place was dark and foul with the acid odor of gasoline and fuel oil. Betty hesitated, having a catlike hatred of dirt and dampness. Then she started reluctantly across a stringer, greased with the slippery black ooze.

Suddenly in a dark pocket between two uprights, she saw a cluster of green eyes shining on her. Before Betty could move, three huge wharf rats had thrown themselves upon her. One seized her by the face with his long yellow teeth, and the other two fastened onto her body, trying to drag her into the water and drown her.

Hosmer was hunting for the lost ferret along the docks and fortunately he had taken Nellie with him. The terrier heard the sounds of the battle, or more probably felt the vibrations through her pads as she ran back and forth along the dock. Trained to hunt mute, she did not bark but tried desperately to go to Betty's assistance. Hosmer saw the dog's wild questing and ran to her. He slid a light metal bar through the planks of the wharf and by putting his ear to it was able to locate the combatants. Through a knothole he watched the battle.

Betty had one rat by the shoulder, but though mortally wounded he continued to bite convulsively with the steady monotony of a snake's tail twitching after death. Finally he dropped off, his jaws closing in a death shudder on a friend's tail and biting it clean through.

Then Betty turned on the other two. One rat jumped into the water and swam away. The other prepared to fight it out. Betty went for his throat, but she slipped on the slime and instantly the rat fell on her, tearing and biting.

The Fight to the Finish

Betty struck back, got only a mouthful of moldy pelt and went down. The rat tried to roll both of them into the water where he could hold the ferret under, but Betty pinned him against the piling. Betty was losing blood fast, but when the rat tried to slip away she rushed in, forcing him to stop and fight her.

Suddenly there was a mad scratching and Nellie was on top of them. She had dug her way up through the stinking mud to join in the fight. The rat probably never knew what killed him.

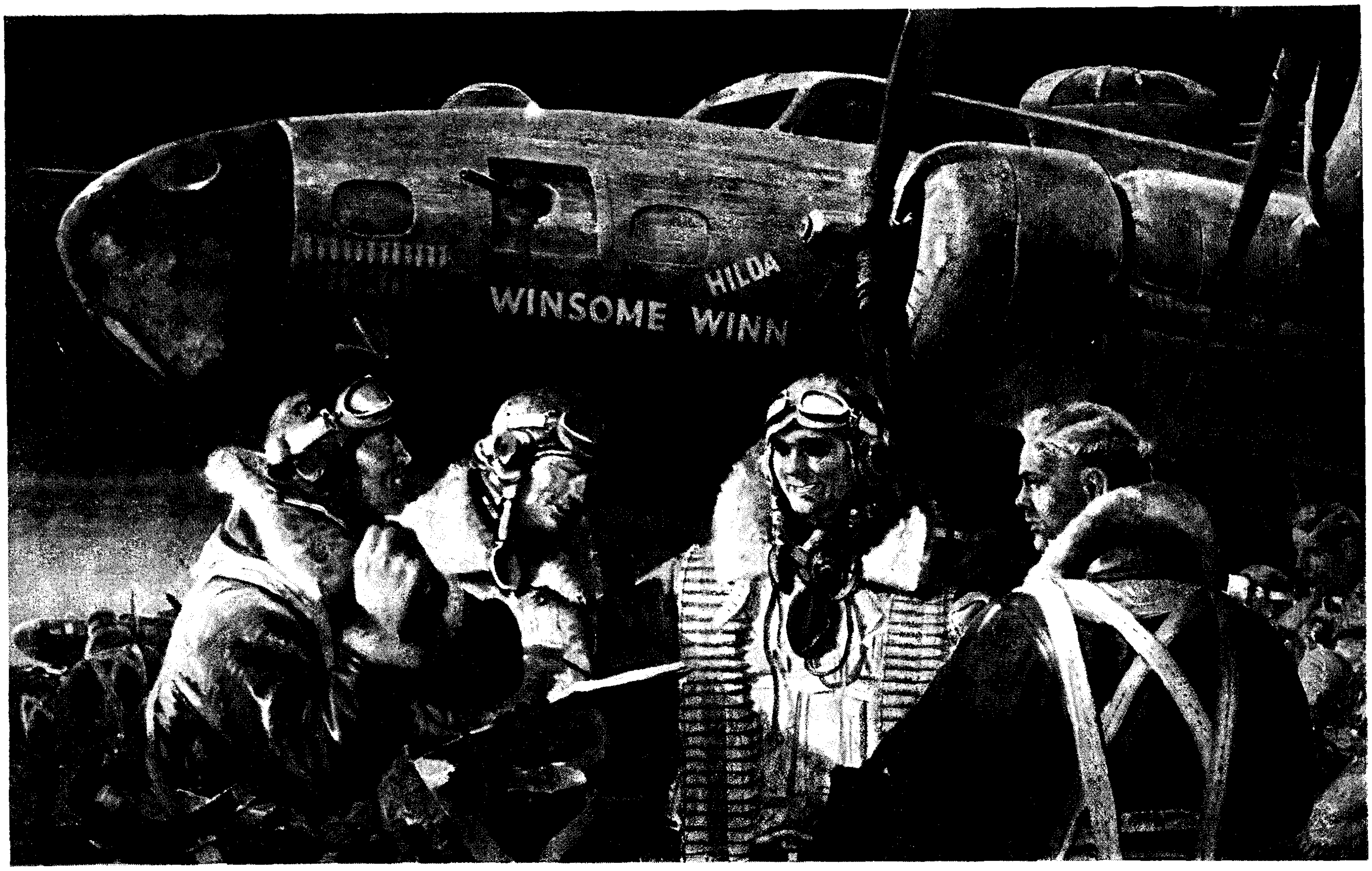
Betty was laid up for three months. Now she is back on the road again, an expert and more wary rat killer.

There is approximately one rat per person in America today. The amount of damage they do is about two million dollars a week. Many poultrymen and grain dealers have been literally ruined by a sudden rat raid. But terrible as this loss is, especially in wartime, it is actually small compared to the rat-spread diseases.

Anyone who has seen ferrets work is usually so impressed by the sight that he refuses to use any other method.

The Department of Agriculture has been forced to put out bulletins pointing out that there are other efficient, if less spectacular, methods of rat control. For few men have the incredible patience and skill necessary to tame the fierce little ferrets that have saved Americans millions of dollars and thousands of lives in their battles underground.

THE END



"You'll Go Places On This Team!"

1st Lt. Richard J. Niederriter, pilot, 1st Lt. Richard A. Carocari, navigator, Sgt. Richard W. Evans, tail-gunner, and 1st Lt. Lester A. Darst, bombardier, (left to right in foreground above) have hit most of Germany's "hot spots" in their Flying Fortress, the "Winsome Winn." Asked which was their most exciting mission, their answer was unanimous: "Anklam!"

"You probably never heard of Anklam," Lt. Carocari said. "Before the war it was just a little jerk-water town a hundred miles or so from Berlin. But the Nazis built a Focke-Wulf assembly plant there. And our assignment was to flatten it.

"I plotted my course for Berlin, to make Jerry think that was where we were heading. And we hadn't any more than crossed Denmark until the reception committee buzzed out to meet us. At least 300 German fighters hit our flight. They'd come barreling in from all directions at once . . . the fire from their cannons and machine guns making a solid sheet of flame along their wings. The going was hot and heavy for awhile."

"Hot and heavy is right," Lt. Niederriter said. "We were under fire for 3½ hours. But our gunners were too smart—and too good—for them. Evans here had his tail-gun knocked out, so he came up and fired the flexible gun in the nose. When the ball-turret got fouled up with oil from a damaged line, the ball-gunner adjusted it so it would keep revolving—to fool the fighters—and then he climbed out and lent a hand at the waist-guns. It was the prettiest piece of teamwork I've ever seen."

"That's what really licked 'em," Sgt. Evans said. "Teamwork! Lt. Niederriter had his hands full keeping the *Winsome Winn* on her course . . . yet all the time, he sat up there and called the shots for us gunners. We sure did work those German fighters over. We saw two blow up in mid-air."

"Finally," Lt. Darst said, "we changed our course and cut for Anklam. The F-W's gave us a breathing spell as we swung in over the town and we made a nice, smooth bombing run. I saw our eggs land square on that factory. And, brother, did we plaster it! They won't make fighter planes there very soon again!"

Lt. Niederriter grinned. "Sure," he said, "you go plenty of places in the AAF. And it's not exactly joy-riding, either. But we've got a job to do. And we work *together* to do it.

"And I think that's the important thing for any young fellow—who wants to win his wings as Gunner, Bombardier, Navigator or Pilot—to remember . . .

"You're on a *team* in the AAF—from the time you step into your first training plane until you get up there in action. And it's a winning team . . . an unbeatable team . . . the 'greatest team in the world'!"

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

"They came barreling in from all directions"

MEN OF 17... if *you* want to fly on the "greatest team in the world," an AAF air combat crew . . . go to your nearest AAF Examining Board . . . see if you can qualify for the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve. If you qualify, you will receive this insignia . . . but will not be called for training until you are 18 or over.

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For pre-aviation training, see your local Civil Air Patrol officers. Also see your High School principal or adviser about recommended courses in the Air Service Division of the High School Victory Corps.

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For information on Naval Aviation Cadet Training, apply at nearest Office of Naval Officer Procurement. This advertisement has the approval of the Joint Army Navy Personnel Board.

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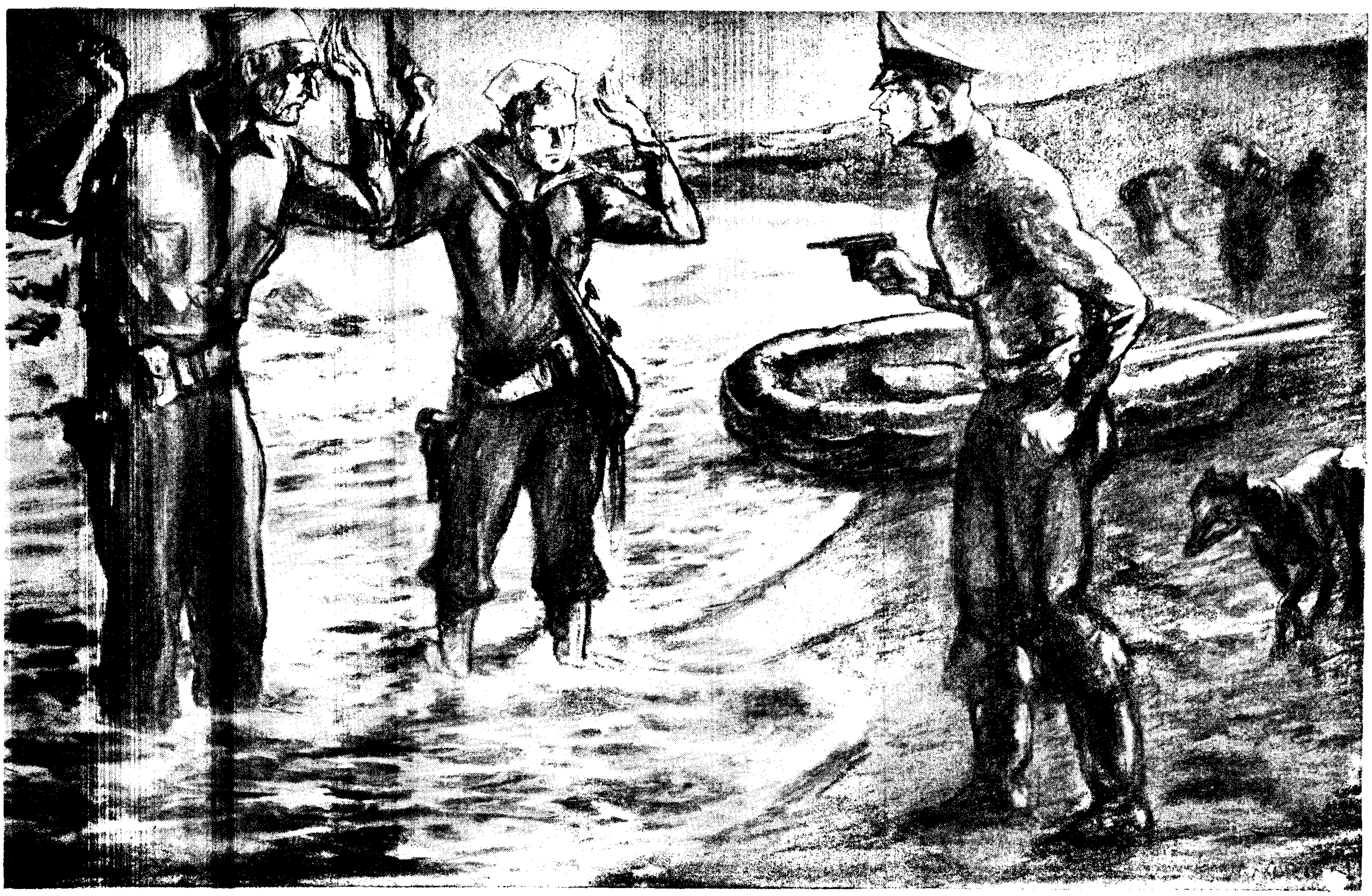

They both stood there in the water, their hands raised. The Doberman, silent, came out from the deeper shade of the bluff

THE AMATEURS

BY HARRY SYLVESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

Fondly they called him The Old Buzzard, because he was 70 and bald as a turtle. Two wars had passed him by, but when this war touched the Cape, he was there to meet it

AT SEVEN o'clock every evening the Coast Guard jeep would appear near the firehouse in the town and wait for the pair of temporary reservists who would go on duty at the station that night. The jeep was painted gray and had big sand tires on it. Usually the reservists—businessmen from the village—were waiting, but sometimes the jeep had to wait for them. The old man was always on time, though. Maybe it was because he had nothing else to do, because he had no family or because clamming was subject to the tides and he would frequently quit early, but he was always there, on the firehouse steps, smoking his pipe, the khaki uniform fitting him badly, the incredibly tall form bent by the even seventy of years.

"Hello, Pop," the regulars who drove the jeep would usually say. "They got you on again? You're only supposed to go once a week and this is the third time this one."

"Boats couldn't get in," he said indistinctly from around the pipe. "Fishermen got to fish." He straightened up, six feet five, but stooped, the face narrow and lined, and the men in the jeep almost always thought the same thing: Why, hell, he can't be under seventy and what do you know about the old buzzard getting around like he does.

"Who else?" they said tonight.

"I don't know," he said. "Fishermen ain't in, and two of them was on for tonight. I'm here and I don't know who else. Maybe Jig Nickerson or that other operations officer."

It was Nickerson. They saw him coming down the street with his slight limp, the stripes of a second-class boatswain on his sleeve. He looked annoyed and they began to kid him even before he reached them. "Dear Lord," he said, "the whole damn' fishing fleet is out in the middle of Cape Cod Bay dragging. I don't know who made up the schedules this week."

He climbed into the back of the jeep and the coxswain driving it said: "We got three men down sick and three more went out on sea duty today. The rest of them been doing beach patrol twice a day. Looks like you won't be on any tower duty tonight."

"I'll walk the sand as best I can," Nickerson said, and they were all quiet for a little while as the jeep turned the corner onto the wide road that here ran evenly to Eastham and the sea. The coxswain straightened out on it and began to drive fast. With the big tires, the jeep held the road as though glued to it, and the air began to stream through the car like a torrent. The old man lost his cap in the back seat and the high, bald skull gleamed in the last sunlight. The regulars in the front began to laugh.

"Going to sue the governmen'," the old man said around his pipe. "Blew all my hair off my head. Slow down."

"You been bald twenty-five years, you skinny old walrus," Nickerson said.

"Thirty," the old man said, and raised his hands vaguely to his skull. The hands were long, with the fingers curved and slightly hooked forever now, by something close to a half-century of digging clams and quahogs. It was as though a motif were repeated in them as it was in the body: the long fineness of both now curved by age and by the making of one's living as the Bible had said it was to be made. His hands protected his face from the heavy stream of air—the jeep did sixty here—and the curved and even hooked fingers touched aimlessly the skull. Then they were on the bad road and the jeep slowed down. The old man lowered his hands.

"Food any better?" he said.

The second-class seaman sitting next to the driver turned and nodded. "We went three hundred over the budget last month," he said. "Everybody doing two beach patrols a day, they got to averaging better than two quarts of milk a day."

"Don't blame them," the old man said. "Going to work, got to eat."

"Pushing through the sand," Nickerson said. "Nine miles, twice a day. Wonder they can do it."

"That's only the south patrol," the coxswain said. "North patrol takes that road that runs along the bluff over the beach, part of the way. It's human that part, anyways."

The jeep veered sharply to the right and they could see the station now, a big, white-gabled building on a great dune that looked out to Spain and the sea. Beyond it were the marshes and the inland waterways separated from the sea by the four-and-half-mile spit of sand that was the south patrol. The north patrol ran in front and to the left of where they now drove. They could not see it because of the bluff that, shorter or higher, ran cleanly along the fifty miles of the Cape's back shore.

"High tide," the old man said. "Walking will be tough."

"Been high tide all week," the coxswain said, "at night. Everybody's dragging their tail."

"Anything doing?" Nickerson said.

The seaman up front shrugged. "Thought they saw a sub two days ago. Some say it was probably only the Navy trying to see if we were on the job."

For the first time the old man looked at the second-class seaman directly. He saw that he was very young, really only a boy, not more than nineteen, although it was hard to tell, he looked so tired. They had all looked tired there at the station lately, the old man thought, and he wondered why. He himself had worked hard all of his life probably as hard every day as they were working now, but he did not feel tired.

"Take it moderate," he said to the boy.

"What's that?" the boy said.

"Take it easy, he means," Nickerson said.

"Why, they talk a whole different language here," the coxswain said, shaking his head

(*Continued on page* 50)

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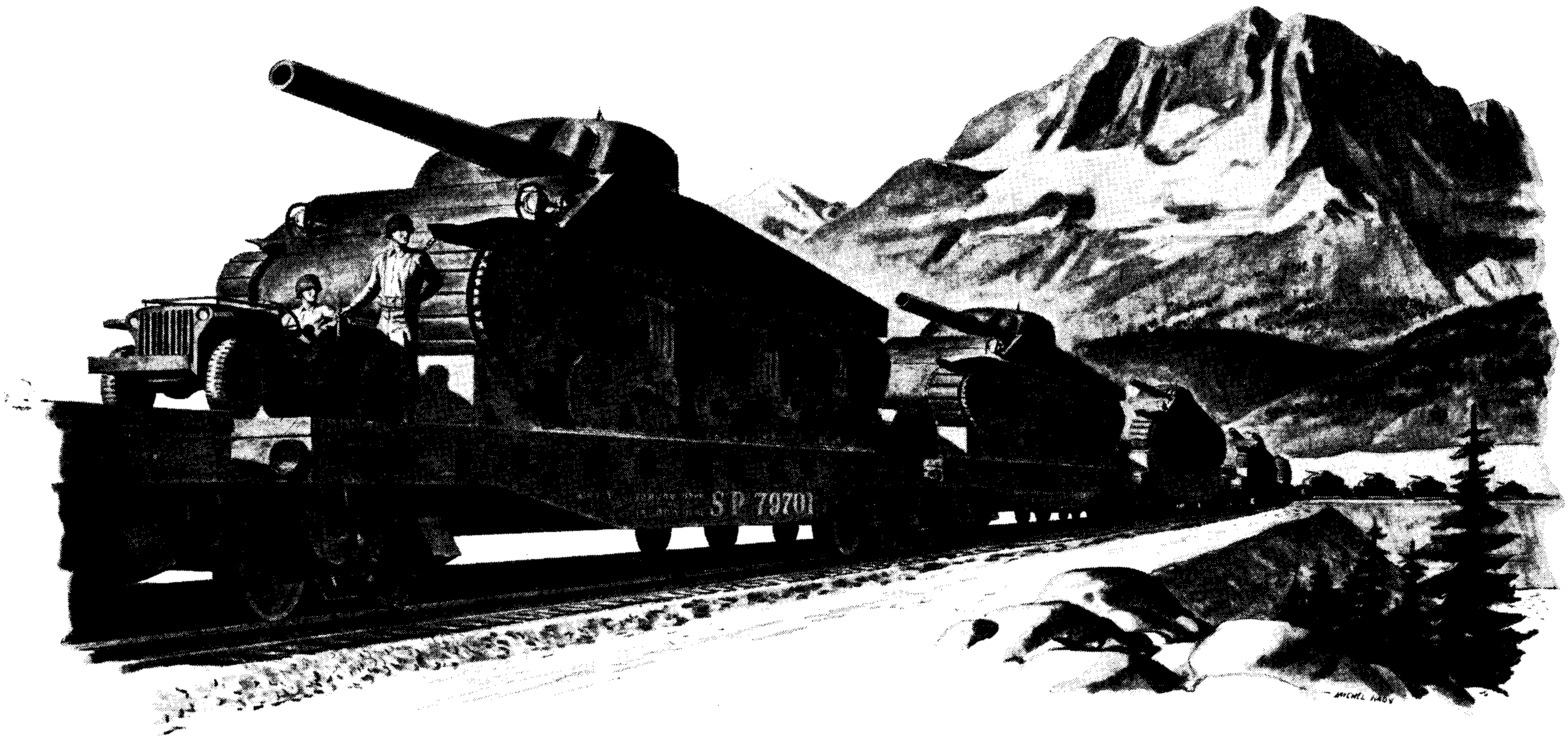

Hitchhiking over the Sierra

From north to south the mountains stand there like a crinkled pie crust rim magnified a million times.

These are the snow-capped Cascades, ranging down through Washington and Oregon . . . the rugged peaks of the Sierra Nevada chain, which mark a towering boundary line between California and Nevada . . . and farther south, Sierra Madre, marching into Mexico.

To the west beyond the mountains lies America's Pacific Coast with its busy harbors where the ship convoys gather. Beyond the harbors—across the great ocean—lies Japan.

To MEET AND WHIP the Japanese in their home islands, great quantities of war equipment must be moved over the barrier mountains and down to ships.

Tanks, for example — like those pictured here hitchhiking over the Sierra. Cannon. Raw steel, and steel in various stages of fabrication. Machine parts. Trucks and motors.

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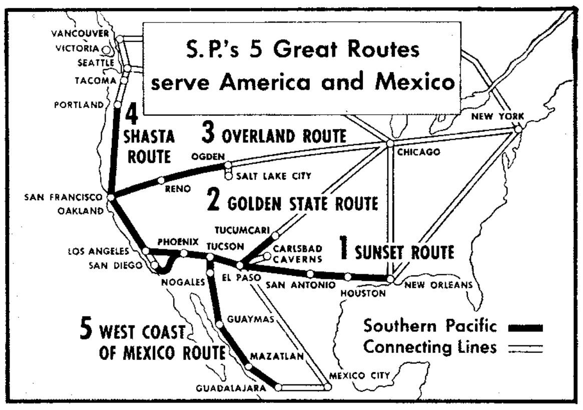
Day and night our locomotives thunder through the passes. Whistles echo from peak to peak. Flanges sing against the rails. A railroad toiling in the mountains to bring through its great freight loads is one of the inspiring sights of this war.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WILLIAM O'CONNOR

G.I. JAPYANK

BY GENE CASEY

When they were training in the United States, the Japanese-American soldiers from Hawaii had to take considerable kicking-around from professional Jap haters. In Italy they tried so hard to prove their loyalty to their country that fully two thirds of the battalion became casualties

★

Pvt. Mac Yazawa's double row of campaign ribbons is tangible proof of his loyalty to the U.S. Below, members of the famed 100th Infantry Battalion move up to a forward position in Italy

SIGNAL CORPS, U.S. ARMY

THE kid hesitated on the other side of the room, anxious to see how he stood, but when I said, "Hello, Soldier," he bounded across with his hand out and smiled all over his face. I never thought I'd shake hands with a Japanese, but I felt pretty good about it afterward, because this kid was a different kind. His blood was Japanese but he was all American.

I'm suspicious by nature and I didn't approach this kid with any social service worker's milk of human kindness bubbling in my veins. I wanted to talk with him because he was from the famous 100th Infantry Battalion, and dozens of big questions had been forming in my mind as to just what made that outfit tick. The Hundredth was composed almost entirely of Japanese-Americans from the Hawaiian Islands, and it was public knowledge that they'd licked the pants off Hitler's boys in Italy and had kept going in the face of terrific casualties. I was wondering why they'd fought like a gang of tigers.

The kid grinned. "It was so damn' cold and rainy," he said, "we got fighting mad. We didn't care a hell of a lot whether we lived or died. We just wanted to go after those Nazis who were keeping us there."

But that wasn't the whole answer.

The kid's background was typical of the rest of the battalion, all of whose enlisted men and half of whose officers were of Japanese descent. He'd been in constant action with them for six weeks in Italy and had had six months in hospitals to think things over.

"My first name is Mac," he said, "but I'd better spell the last one. It's Y-a-z-a-w-a." He stopped to light a cigarette. "I have to watch out I don't smoke too many. They got all the shrapnel out of my lung, but I'm sorta short of breath."

I could close my eyes and listen and he was strictly a G.I. Joe. He was an American kid with an unruly lock of black hair that hung down over his forehead, and he was still young in his ideas, even though he had been sobered by a large chunk of war. He looked more like an Indian from the Southwest than he did like a Japanese. He was short, just under 5 foot 5, and he only weighed 130 pounds with the shrapnel still in his right arm (which had been nearly torn off) and right foot. Normally, he said, he'd go 140 to 143.

He was wearing two rows of ribbons. There was the Purple Heart, and service ribbons for the European, Pacific-Asiatic, Mediterranean and American theaters of operation, and two battle stars—one for the Italian campaign and one for that one-sided scrap at Pearl Harbor. I'd never stopped to think before that there were Japanese fighting on both sides at Pearl Harbor.

The Story Behind the Decorations

Those Japanese-Americans of the Hundredth knew it, because most of them were there, and their battle slogan, "Remember Pearl Harbor," showed how they felt about the sneak attack. But that wasn't what kept them going in Italy after two thirds of the outfit became casualties. There were more personal reasons for the battle spirit which won them three Distinguished Service Crosses, 21 Bronze Stars, 36 Silver Stars and 900 Purple Hearts.

Pvt. Mac I. Yazawa was celebrating his twenty-fifth birthday the day I talked to him. He was born in Honolulu, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Tokuji Yazawa, who settled there forty years ago and raised eight children. He has an older brother, John (who is probably in the Army now, because he was in 1-A the last Mac heard), three older sisters who are married, and two brothers and a sister who are younger than he. One of his married sisters, who lived on the West Coast, is at the Gila Relocation Camp in Arizona, but the rest of his family are still in Honolulu.

Mac and about half of the other boys of the 100th Infantry Battalion attended Honolulu schools. Most of these kids never learned anything about Japan and weren't particularly interested in the country of their ancestors. Mac never even bothered to learn to speak Japanese. Honolulu was the only home they ever knew, and the United States was their country.

The only time they ever wanted to visit

One for the book

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In trim and ordered shape,
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You can't beat Texcel Tape.

And if a sharp knife slips and cuts
The oilcloth through and through,
Some Texcel Tape stuck underneath
Will make it look like new.

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Use Texcel Tape-no muss or fuss
With glue or bits of strings.

For Texcel is an improved tape
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It won't come off, it won't dry out,
It's one, like grass and lawn.

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Buy Bonds and Stamps 'til Victory
Returns it to your store.

Texcel Tape

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Japan was after the sneak attack, and then they wanted to go with a lot of other Americans in uniform. They were dying for a crack at the Jap army all the time they were fighting in Italy. Some of them couldn't understand why they'd been sent to fight the Germans when they had a personal bone to pick with the Japs who had attacked their homes.

Like many American kids, Mac left high school after his junior year to earn a living. He'd always wanted to be a pipe fitter and he had a chance to learn the trade at the Masaki Plumbing Shop. He became pretty good, too, and he got a Civil Service job as pipe fitter, engineer and general handy man at Fort Armstrong. He left this job by the Selective Service route on November 15, 1941, just three weeks before the attack on Pearl Harbor.

He was assigned to a former National Guard regiment made up of Oahu residents and was sent to Schofield Barracks for training. His company was composed of boys of Hawaiian, Chinese and Japanese ancestry, and they got along beautifully.

Guarding the Beaches

When the December 7th attack came, the airfield near their barracks caught hell, and Mac's outfit turned out with full combat equipment and was sent to Waiamanolo Beach to repulse possible landing attempts. There weren't any, but the morning of the second day on the beach, a sentry from Mac's company spotted something offshore that might or might not be a log. One of the company's strongest swimmers stroked out for a closer look, then splashed back to report to his captain: "It's one of those two-man Jap subs!"

The submarine was stuck on a reef, and Mac's company captured it with the aid of a dive bomber from Bellows Field which bombed it free. One of the crew died from bomb concussion, but the other was taken prisoner. Mac will always be proud of the fact that his company captured the first prisoner taken by the United States in this war.

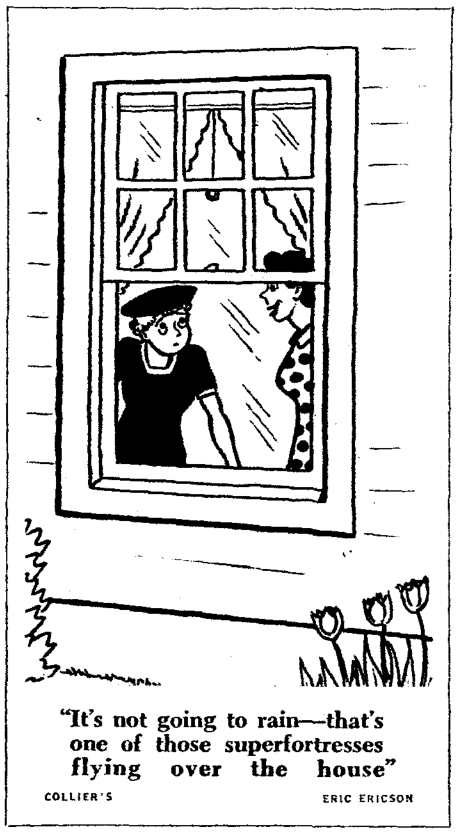
His outfit guarded that beach for seven months, then was called back to Schofield, and the Japanese-American boys in it and those in another regiment made up from all the other Hawaiian Islands except Oahu were sent to the United States for more combat training. There were hundreds of them and they formed the 100th Infantry Battalion.

On the mainland, they first learned of the problem that was making life difficult for great numbers of loyal Japanese-Americans. They were willing to take their government's word for it that there were Jap spies in this country, just as there were German spies. But they thought that most Japanese-Americans were loyal citizens, the same as most German-Americans. They couldn't understand why some folks in the United States were down on everyone of Japanese ancestry.

They trained at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, for six months, and all the white folks they saw treated them fine, but they worried about the sentiment that was arising against them in other sections. They'd never run into anything like it before, and they didn't know what to do about it.

Then Mac went to the Gulf of Mexico Command with some of his buddies for specialized training in the handling of war dogs. He spent three months at this, rejoined his battalion at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, for seven months, and then went on maneuvers in Louisiana. The G.I. Japanese ran into their first racial trouble in the South. It didn't turn out to be serious trouble, because they kept their mouths shut, but they'd never had anything like it up North. Some folks—soldiers and others—made dirty cracks about their Japanese blood. It hurt them.

The Hundredth went to North Africa and joined the 34th Division, becoming part of a regiment the other two battalions of which were made up of boys from Iowa. The white soldiers at first accepted the G.I. Japanese with reservations, but they didn't make any trouble.



"It's not going to rain—that's one of those superfortresses flying over the house"

COLLIER'S ERIC ERICSON

In all his time overseas, Mac never heard anyone make a slurring remark about his Japanese blood; nor, to his knowledge, did any of the others in his battalion. They got along increasingly well with the white lads in the regiment, and the Japanese-Americans and Iowans became very proud of one another after they'd been in action. The white soldiers got so they used to brag about their Japanese battalion to the soldiers from all-white regiments.

The Hundredth landed at Salerno about ten days after the beachhead was opened, and went right up the valley to take the lead in the Fifth Army advance. The kids were happy and they went ahead to establish a number of "firsts" in the Italian campaign. They were first to take German prisoners, first to destroy a German tank, and the first to charge and take a German position with bayonets.

"We weren't," Mac said, "like Japanese and German troops who fight only because they are sent somewhere and made to. We knew what we were fighting for—for our country and our homes and families, just like other American boys. We fought a little harder because we were anxious to let people know we were good Americans, so our families would be better thought of and better treated back home."

Brunt of the Attack

Mac's company was out in front, leading the way up the Salerno Valley, and it took most of the punishment when the first tough German resistance was encountered. Sergeant Joe Takata, who was a close friend of Mac's and one of the best noncoms in the company, was up ahead with his squad, and suddenly he became suspicious. He made his squad stay back while he went up a hill to reconnoiter. The Germans spotted Joe and opened up, and an 88-mm. shell landed near him.

Joe was killed, but his caution saved the rest of his squad. He was the first Japanese-American soldier to win the Distinguished Service Cross, but he never knew about it. It was sent to his wife in Honolulu, and because Mac and Joe's were in the same class all the way through grammar, intermediate and high schools, Mac wrote her a letter. It was a hard letter to write.

Mac was his company commander's bodyguard. (The company commander was Captain T. Suzuki, of Honolulu, who was wounded about three days after Mac, and is at Walter Reed Hospital.) The first they knew of contact with the Germans was when the Nazis opened up with mobile artillery and pinned down Mac's company for an hour.

It was their first time under fire, and most of them were pretty frightened. Mac knows he was, and some of the others told him they were so scared they couldn't move, but none of them were frightened very much after that They had their first casualties saw their first buddies killed, and all they wanted to do was kill Germans in revenge.

During the first two days, the Hundredth drove the Germans out of the valley and pushed them back six or seven miles, and the Nazis were beginning to wonder what breed of wildcats they were up against.

On the second day, Captain Suzuki sent Lieutenant Krive (later wounded) and Sergeant Kiyota (killed the night Mac was wounded) out with a squad to take prisoners. They brought back five, including a German officer who spoke English. Mac was standing with the captain when the prisoners were brought up, and he could see that the German officer was dying with curiosity.

Finally the officer asked, "You are Chinese?"

Captain Suzuki shook his head. "No," he answered, "we're Japanese."

The Germans gasped. The officer exclaimed, "Mein Gott! Is Japan fighting against us, now?"

The Hundredth took turns with the other battalions in leading the attack all the way up from Salerno to Cassino. They were attacked twice by German planes north of Naples, and both times were caught in the open, moving along the road. There wasn't much of any shelter, and one attack lasted twenty minutes. The Jerries bombed and strafed and several men were killed and wounded. The Hundredth got madder at the Nazis.

By mid-October, 1943, they were in mountainous terrain, and it turned rainy and cold. It was no weather for a bunch of boys from Honolulu. Between the cold at night and the Nazi artillery, they couldn't sleep and were pretty miserable. Overcoats and overshoes hadn't caught up with them, and they were half frozen most of the time, but they were hardened to outdoor life, and no one Mac knew became sick or even caught a cold.

They suffered a lot, but they kept it to themselves. They wouldn't even admit to one another that the weather could be too tough for them. Mac was pinned in foxholes by gunfire for days at a time. The longest stretch was three days, and there was a foot of water and mud in the foxhole. He had to keep stamping up and down to keep from freezing, and that made more mud. Bullets and shells were so close that the stench of cordite was always in his nostrils. Shrapnel rained so heavily around him that he gave up all hope of surviving, and he got so mad he didn't care.

Three times the Hundredth fought its way across the Volturno River, and three times was thrown back. The battalion jumped off the fourth time shortly after midnight on the morning of November 4th. Mac's company was in the lead and, for once, there wasn't any opposition crossing the river. But after they were across they slowed down and felt their way along, because no sappers had been out ahead to clear the mines.

At about 2:30 A.M. Captain Suzuki and Mac were up in front when they hit a mine field. They were about sixteen miles south of Cassino. The captain was lucky, but one of the mines got Mac. Shrapnel smashed into his chest and right foot and nearly tore off his right arm. Much of it went into his right lung, but he didn't feel any pain. He was just numb and losing blood, and after a while, as he lay there thinking this was it, he became unconscious.

The next he knew, he was in an evacuation hospital thirty miles behind the lines, and it was three days later. Medicos had taken some of the shrapnel out of his lung and were giving him blood plasma. They told him that his company had kept on going toward its objective, which was a hill, and later in the morning, after Mac was wounded, had charged the hill with fixed bayonets. It was the first bayonet charge the Germans had faced in Italy, and they broke and ran or surrendered. By noon the hill belonged to the Hundredth.

Leadership by Courage

Mac's company kept going and, farther along on the road to Cassino, Lieutenant Kin, a Korean from the West Coast, and his squad took six machine-gun nests. Lieutenant Kin was wounded taking the sixth nest, and he won the Distinguished Service Cross.

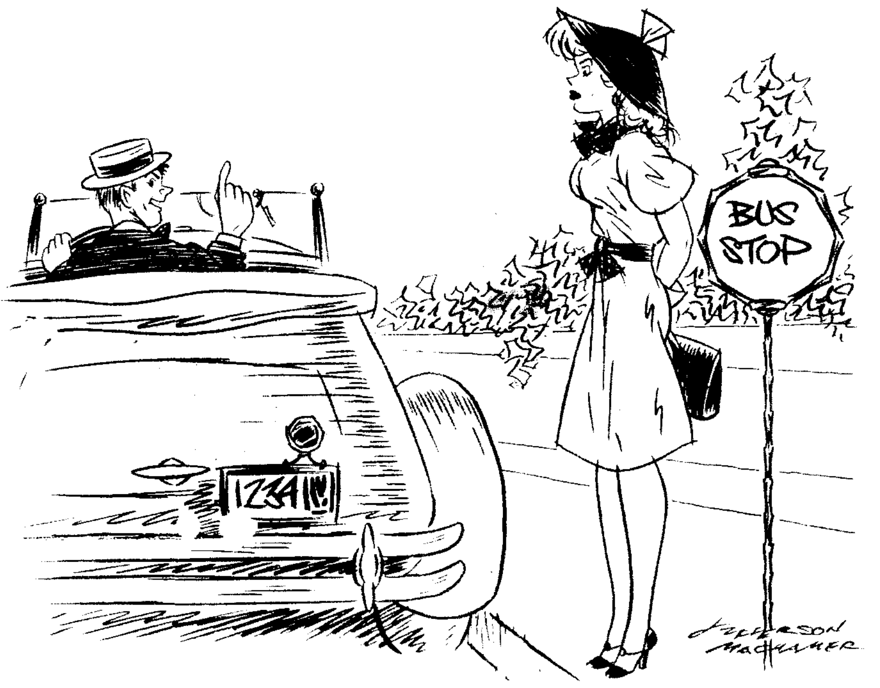
Mac spoke so proudly of Lieutenant Kin's achievement that I questioned him further. In Japan, the Koreans are a despised race; I wondered if the hatred had carried over to these Japanese-Americans. I asked Mac how the boys of his company felt about Lieutenant Kin.

"He was very well liked," he said, without realizing why I asked. "We had great faith in his leadership, and most of the boys were glad of a chance to go on patrol with him."

The Hundredth went on to greater deeds in the house-to-house and hand-to-hand fighting at Cassino, but Mac was sent back to the station hospital at Naples and then to hospitals in North Africa, where more shrapnel was removed from his lung. He arrived back in this country at the end of February and is now under treatment at Gardiner General Hospital, Chicago.

"I'm one of the lucky ones," he said. "I never expected to get back. I was very sick for three months. I couldn't talk or eat, and I was fed by injections. But I was given the best of care by nurses and Medical Corps men (all of whom were white), and they were very nice to me. Soldiers from the other battalions in our regiment, who were in hospitals with me, were always pointing me out to others and telling them what a swell job my battalion was doing. I was very proud."

THE END



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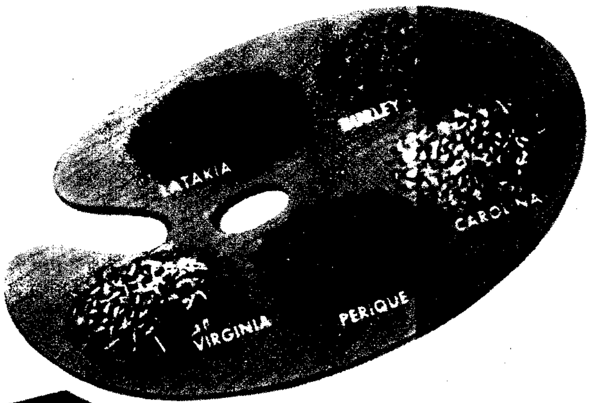

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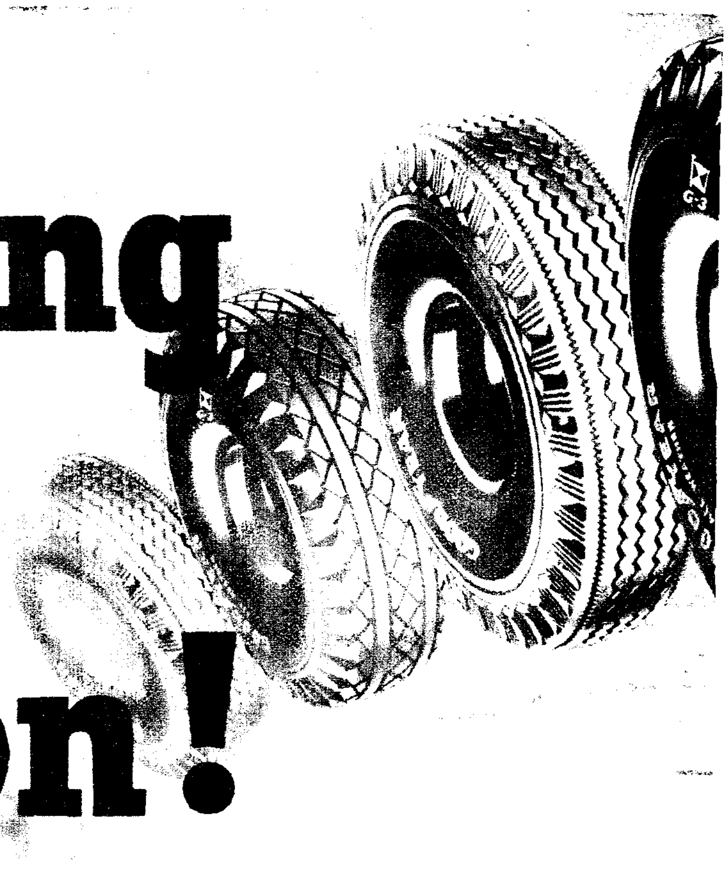

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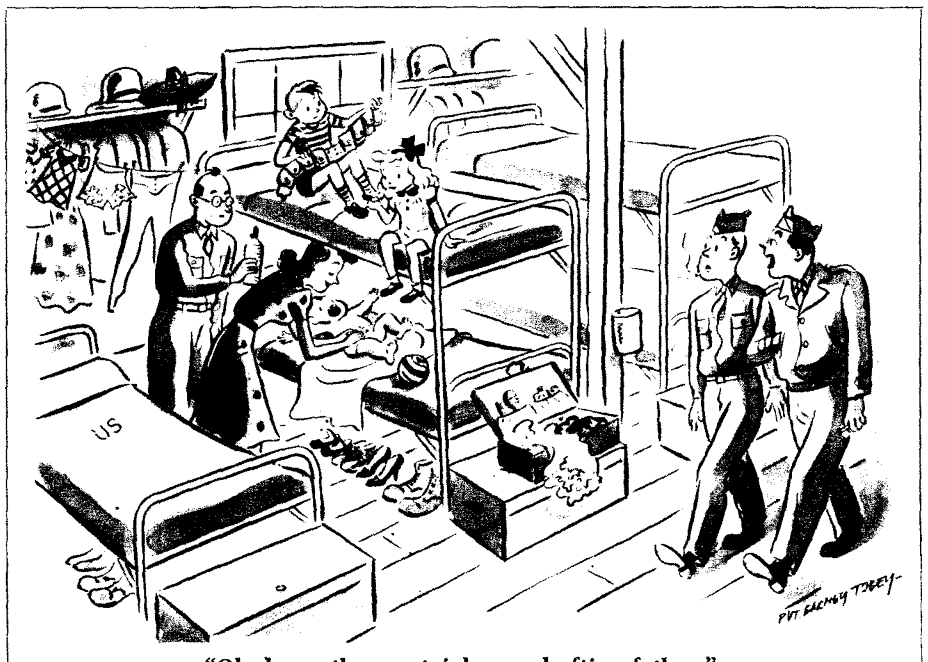


COLLIER'S "Oh, boy—they certainly are drafting fathers" CPL. BARNEY TOBEY

Sooner or Later

Continued from page 20

gray, flashed briefly over the room, over the somewhat time-worn double bed with head and foot sawed off to make it look like a couch, which took up most of the space in the living room. She walked quickly through the rest of the apartment, then came back and said to the young man in the doorway, "We'll look at something else."

He seemed uncomfortable and far too warm. "It's the only address they had, Deb. There's no place else to go. There's not even anything at the hotel."

Mrs. Devers sank restfully into the only easy chair. "You folks just come to town?" she asked. She looked at the girl. "You-all been Army-wifin' very long, honey?"

The girl said, "What?"

The man said hastily, "My wife and I—Mrs. Schuyler and I—have just been married and, of course, I knew this was a pretty remote post but I'd no idea housing was so—so—"

"Neat," said Bess suddenly, "but not gaudy." The words just popped out. She flushed hotly and tried to look invisible; the newcomers seemed abruptly and unpleasantly aware of her existence.

"You look real pretty, blushin' like that." Mrs. Devers inspected her with interest, then waved a languid hand and said to the Schuylers, "This is Miz Burke, she has the other room. A pity Miz Rader is gone—she was a picture here with Miz Burke, one so dark and the other so light, and both real pretty girls." Mrs. Devers looked critically at the new Mrs. Schuyler. "The girls hereabouts don't wear those little short pants right out on the street," she said. There was no expression whatever in Mrs. Schuyler's cool, gray eyes.

It was true enough about the shorts; you learned to look about you everywhere you went and you wore what the natives wore, or else were viewed with critical surprise from behind the window curtains of every house you passed. Bess smiled at Mrs. Schuyler. "It's like Rome," she said. "You know—you shoot Roman candles. Gladeville's a nice little town and nice people in it, but you wear wash cotton dresses."

Silence lengthened uncomfortably and finally Mrs. Schuyler said, "Of course." The remark was without inflection and did nothing about anything.

Mrs. Devers heaved regretfully from the depths of the easy chair and said, " 'Course," with a kind of massive dignity. She looked out the open door at the Schuylers' station wagon, which was parked at the curb. Bess was looking at it, too. It was a very handsome station wagon which managed somehow to look aloofly indulgent, like a station wagon on a slumming party.

Mrs. Devers said, "You-all could maybe sleep in that truck you got there if it suits you better'n this—looks like there's plenty room. A passel of Army girls is livin' in tents on the flats east of town, but they bought up all the tents hereabouts." Mrs. Devers looked again at the station wagon. "Maybe you got your own tent, honey?"

Mrs. Schuyler's eyes flickered once and the mouth smiled slightly; she glanced at her husband and said, "Have you got the checkbook, Tod?"

"Right here." He was suddenly as cool as she. He wrote the check, handed it to Mrs. Devers with a small and courteous bow, and went back to the station wagon for luggage.

Bess retired to the bedroom and closed the door. What manner of girl was this? Had Martha ever had to live with anything like this? And a bride, to boot. Every seasoned camp-following wife learned to view the brides with apprehension. They couldn't cook; food points were a Chinese puzzle. They were too bemused, too starry-eyed, to take any responsibility about the grisly clutter that stalks unnaturally crowded living quarters. You waited on them, cleaned up their messes and felt sorry for them because they were being cheated out of that which was their own, the traditional brightly colored things of brides. The little brand-new house with green shutters, or the shining small apartment with wedding presents about and all the pots and pans bravely gleaming in the kitchen. Their own personal, private firesides and time to get to really know each other. Almost always they were confused and rather pitiful now, the brides. But this bride was something else again. Her composure was monumental.

THE room was stifling. Bess and Martha had always kept the connecting door open to tempt the heavy air into moving around a little. But Bess knew that to the new tenant the connecting door was just a door, something you kept closed.

She dabbed limply at a beaded forehead and suddenly the thought of home was like a twisting knife. Of course in the summer it was warm there, too, but not with the terrible weight of the heat in this southern country. At home, in the cool Northwest, was the house on the river, with bright awnings and a brick terrace with steps going down to the water. And the garden with her flowers blooming now, and the pungent smell of the fir trees on the hill. At home, cool mist came drifting up the river from the sea and there was always dew in the mornings and such a green freshness that every new day was like a new world waiting to be found.

This was homesickness then, this feeling? She knew it was something else, really; a thing that lay heavy with cold pressure in her mind, waiting for an unguarded moment to rise and strike her down before her defenses were planned and ready.

But in the evening when Dave came in her spirits lifted to meet him, and for the moment she pushed panic back, delayed it again, pretended it wasn't there. He came tired and dirty and hot from a soldier's work, but he had his grin and his long reach for her and the kiss. And after a mighty splashing in the bathroom he emerged relaxed and clean, eying dinner preparations with approval and delight.

"The Gulf shrimp, I see, Wife. Very swell. Something to tell the folks back home, who think they know about sea food."

She began to set the rickety little table in the corner of the kitchen and she sniffed. "They're point free, anyhow. But if you think they come up to a fresh hard-shell crab—"

"Sure, I think so." He took a large mouthful and continued thickly, "There's something special every place you go. Here it's shrimp. but they can have their hominy grits. Likewise, you put a Southerner in our parts and watch him lap up Columbia River salmon but curdle over boiled beef with horse-radish. Everything cancels out. That's the way it is in the U.S.A."

"Oh, all right, if you're talking about food. But I don't see how anyone lives here, anybody human. The awful heat. The cockroaches—ugh—the cockroaches."

SHE remembered her first day here. Martha had been stretched out under the stove, busily spreading a noxious-looking sticky substance from a tube over a supply of crackers, which she arranged along the line of the baseboard on the floor and placed at intervals under the icebox. Martha had waved a cracker at her. "Hello—you the new tenant? I'm blitzing the roaches. This stuff is murder."

Bess had gone to some pains to explain that before she joined the Army she had never seen a cockroach.

"Well," said Martha cheerfully, "that sounds as if you didn't like the War Department much, Lady Vere de Vere. Or maybe you mean they just aren't very handsome."

Bess said, "What? Who?"

"The War Department. But never mind. This"—she waved the cracker at the kitchen—"is not so bad. In fact, it's a regular château, compared to some of the dumps I've lived in."

The two of them had managed to keep things under control with the sticky stuff on crackers, and the cockroaches receded into the background, sometimes sighted briefly but not in any quantity.

"Shucks," Dave said now. "They're only little bugs. It's the climate. Remember the one that kept crawling out of my cap every morning for a while? Little fellow had social ambitions—wanted to be a lieutenant."

At that moment Bess saw a cockroach flicker furtively from the crack under the door and she quivered with revulsion. Quickly she changed the subject.

"We've got new tenants. They went out to dinner."

"Yeah? Do they know about going out to dinner here? Did you tell them about the restaurants?"

"I did. I explained about no cooks and no waiters and no food and nobody to sweep the floor, let alone scrub it, and the flies, and—"

"All right, Wife, you're spoiling my appetite. What's the matter with these people? Haven't they been around?"

"No. She's a bride."

Dave said, "Ouch."

"Yes. Wait till you see them. I wouldn't know, except that she had to ask about a place to put her clothes. Of course there's *no* closet in the living room, you have to use that corner with the curtain hung across it. But I waited till she asked, so they had to take most of Saks-Fifth Avenue back to the station wagon."

"So it's like that. A station wagon, too. A good one?"

"A very good one. They're Philadelphia. They didn't say Mainline, but it stuck out all over *them* in lumps. Ancestors and things. D'you know what she said to *me*?"

Dave grinned at her. "You're making jungle noises, Wife, and I don't think I ever heard you do it before. But what did she say? Is that what's eating you?"

"Never mind about the jungle. I said they would find the Army life *not* all beer and skittles and she just looked at me and said there had been a Schuyler and a Corey in every war since 1775. He is a Schuyler and she was a Corey. See?"

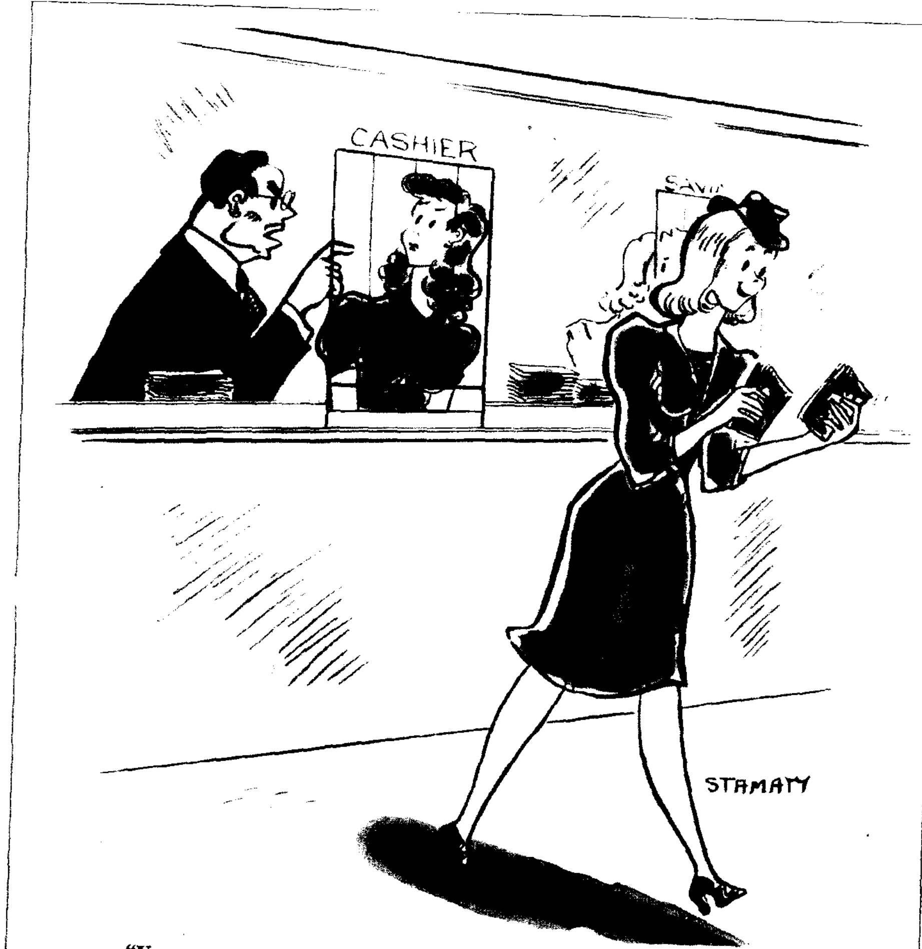
"Ah," said Dave. "The Schuylers and the Coreys. Were they always on the same side?"

"What?"

"Let it pass. So what did you say?"

"I said my family tree got slightly sidetracked in a covered wagon on account of all the Indians interrupting things so much, but I was pretty sure the twigs and branches usually did all right in any fights that came their way."

"Very telling." Dave nodded owlishly. "But why? Why is your back up like this?"



"You must stop playing favorites with your friends, Miss Staley. Don't give them more money than their checks call for"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY STAMATY

A treat from Mid-Summer Manhattan

Recipe for

Chicken Louisette by The Ritz Garden
Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City

CHICKEN SAUTE LOUISETTE

3 lb. Chicken
2 tbs. butter or salad oil
1 small onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, crushed
4 tomatoes, peeled, seeded and chopped
½ glass white wine
½ cup stock or canned tomatoes
1 tbs. flour
1 teaspoon chopped parsley

Cut chicken in 8 pieces. Brown in hot fat. Add onion, cook until onion is golden brown. Add wine, cook a couple of minutes. Sprinkle with flour, add garlic, fresh tomatoes and stock. Cover, cook 20 to 25 minutes. Remove chicken to another pan, strain sauce, add to chicken. Cook 10 minutes. Arrange in a ring of cooked rice and chopped ham. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serves 4.

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Available in 7 oz., 12 oz., and 32 oz. bottles. Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit 7, Mich.

"Why?—oh, you're dull tonight!" She felt it gathering in her again, the tight, strung-up feeling that made her snappish and waspish, the feeling that something would break and fly into bits and let her down flat on her face, revealed for what she was, a coward huddling away from something she had to talk about now, right now.

She watched Dave finish his coffee and settle back in his chair, looking at her quizzically, knowing something was wrong but not worrying, just waiting with that terrifying confidence in her, because she had never really let him down. Never before, she thought, but only because never before had there been anything really bad to let him down about.

He said, "Tough about Stan and Martha, because you'll miss her. But could be the new gal will work out. Probably she's just scared."

"Probably," she said, "this filthy war will be over at quarter of nine this evening, too." And to her horror she knew she was on the verge of tears again. The back of her throat ached with the effort to fight them back, but she made it and lifted clear eyes to Dave's brown, waiting face. "You see," she said, "I am sour as a quince tonight." She smiled, trying to make it the way she always smiled, knowing she was putting things off again, knowing that a smile is not much of a smile if you have to think about it first. "The cockroaches and I," she said, "are just nasty little bugs. It's the climate."

He got up and lifted her out of the chair. "Mug," he said huskily into her hair. "Mug with the soft brown hair."

IT WAS silly, she thought, that after a week she and her co-tenant were still calling each other "Mrs. Schuyler" and "Mrs. Burke." Bess said finally, as she cleared away their breakfast things, "My name is Bess. We are pretty formal, aren't we, for two women in three rooms?"

Mrs. Schuyler, who was pouring alarming quantities of powdered soap into the dishpan, looked up and sneezed violently into the acrid little cloud that the soap made as it came out of the box. She said, "Of course. Mine is Deborah."

Bess remembered that people in books were always saying "of course" like that. It was silly to let it keep you irritated, but she couldn't seem to help it.

"I keep waiting," she told Dave that evening, "for her to say 'of course.'" They were alone in the little kitchen because the Schuylers were eating at camp. "And I keep waiting for her to tell me again that there has been a Schuyler and a Corey in every war since 1775. She's only said that once, but I keep feeling as if it's coming up again. I get so I see all the Coreys and all the Schuylers hanging in the family portrait gallery and every one of them looks exactly like that movie actor—the one who is always George Washington or the Duke of Wellington or something very impressive and historical."

"Never sniff at those lads, Wife. They were very good soldiers."

"Who's sniffing?"

He said calmly, "You are. I admit she seems kind of jelled into a mold, but Tod is a good guy. He's been assigned to my outfit, the old 14th, and everybody likes him. He let me drive the station wagon in yesterday and is it a beauty!"

"Well," she said, "no need to snub our Wilfred for anybody's old station wagon. Wilfred's a good car."

He said, "Snub? Sure Wilfred's a good car. But the old boy's tires—"

He was looking at her tentatively with his black eyebrows beetling slightly across the bridge of his nose and she knew what he was thinking. He was thinking that Wilfred's tires would just get her home. And again she saw the back of the Raders' car at the corner of Elm and Fort, coughing a moment and recovering, and turning to disappear. But they couldn't talk about it. Never before had there been something they couldn't talk about.

She said quickly, fighting the familiar rising panic, "Pooh! That Tod. He's as frozen-faced as she is. I fixed her yesterday, though."

"You what?"

"Fixed her. I worked on surgical dressings yesterday so I let her shop for dinner and told her to get a nice young hen, and draw it, and I'd get home in time to cook it."

Dave choked on his roll. "My gosh—draw it!"

"Yes, and do you know what she did? She tried to peel it like an orange! She said it seemed simplest to her to take the outside off first and just not get involved with the inside. So when I got home the whole kitchen looked like the Murders in the Rue Morgue and she was in the bathroom, good and sick."

Dave looked at her carefully. He said, "You seem kind of pleased."

She put both hands, palms down, on the table and looked back at him. "I guess," she said, "I do." This time she had no warning; the tears welled up with a rush and it was as if a dam burst and she put her head down on the backs of her hands and sobbed with gasping, horrible abandon.

Dave got her into the bedroom and sat with her on the edge of the bed, holding her head quietly just under his chin, letting her cry. And for quite a while after the tears ran out she kept her head there with her face hidden, ashamed to lift it and look at him. Finally he pinched the back of her neck gently and said, "What happened? Booby trap?"

"Of course if the rabbit decides to adopt a pet, I'll put my foot down!"

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN

She choked and began to laugh, and struggled to keep from spilling over into tears again, and made the grade. Dave pulled her head back, held a large handkerchief to her nose and said, "Blow." But still she couldn't look at him. She looked down at his big, brown hands, wadding the handkerchief and then stuffing it back into his pocket. She said, "Booby trap is right," and looked at him, finally.

His face was very quiet and his black eyes watched her. "Take it easy, Bess," he said. "Everybody has to take it easy. Everybody."

He thought he knew. She looked at his face and knew he was thinking that she had let herself slip because POE was coming up, and soon. Orders. He only knew half of it, she thought wryly, and there was still the look of confidence about him that told her he thought this was only a momentary slip; Bess had never let him down. She was suddenly so tired that all of her ached, her bones and her blood and her mind. Bess *would* let him down this time. It was all through her, the knowing it, an infinite ache.

The night was hot and humid again, and she didn't sleep. Dave did; he was tired and he slept like a child, hardly moving the whole night through. She lay looking up into the dark and waiting for morning to come.

It came, and the alarm clock went off like Gabriel's trumpet as usual, and she could hear the Schuylers stirring in the other room. It was like any other morning; it was like any other morning on its face, that is, but it was different. She didn't know how she knew. But this would be the one.

THE phone rang at quarter to ten, and she had been waiting for it. It was a wall phone in the kitchen and she had to do a lot of delicate stepping about because Deborah, immaculate in blue-and-white seersucker, was mopping the kitchen floor with a great deal too much soapy water in a bucket. As Bess came into the kitchen she dropped the mop with a clatter and turned toward the ringing telephone.

"Never mind," Bess said, "that's for me," and had time to notice that Deborah nodded imperturbably, picked up the mop handle and began sloshing the mop around again in all the soapy water. The phone kept ringing and Bess slipped as she tried to pick her way around the edges and she thought: Dear holy heaven, doesn't she know you have to squeeze the water out of the mop once in a while— And she moved stiffly with the savage tension of her nerves.

Dave's voice said, "That you, Bess? I got the big one. Orders. I'll be in as soon as I can clear up here—I'll help you pack."

She had to wait a while for her own voice. "Yes," she said. "All right, Dave. See you—"

Now she had to get back across the kitchen and she stood there a moment, looking at Deborah sloshing around with the mop. She wanted suddenly to scream, to throw something, to break into the girl's maddening calm. This was the way Deborah would be when orders came for Tod. Not gallant like Martha, only inept and imperturbable, but entirely equal to the grim occasion, nonetheless. And both of them, Martha and Deborah, were better men than Bess.

She wanted to scream, but she just pushed her hair back from her face with two shaking hands and said, "That was Dave. He's got overseas orders. I'll have to start packing."

She started across the kitchen then, blindly, forgetting about all the soapy water, and midway between the icebox and the table she slipped again and both feet flew up as if jerked by a puppeteer. She landed hard, conscious of a faint cry from Deborah.

For a moment the kitchen blurred, lost in a cottony void, and she just sat there on the floor. Then she looked at Deborah and the blur lifted. Deborah was sitting on the floor beside her with soapy water splashed all over the blue-and-white seersucker. Her head was down on her pulled-up knees and she was crying with a sort of quiet, gasping agony.

"For heaven's sake," said Bess faintly. "Did you fall down, too?"

Deborah flung her head back and looked at her. She said, "No. I just s-sat down, because I couldn't stand up another minute. I can't stand up another minute because you're so b-brave!"

Sheer astonishment robbed Bess of her voice, and for a moment it was very quiet in the kitchen. Finally she said, "I am so what?"

"Oh, brave. That's what I said, brave. Dave's going, and you take it. Tod will be going in a little while and you'll be gone. I won't have you to watch and try to—to imitate. Oh, I know I'm dumb and can't do anything—like that—that—chicken. But I can learn *those* things; anyone can. It's just that you can't learn the big things, if you haven't any g-guts. And I haven't, and when Tod has to go—" Her head went down into her hands again and for the first time Bess noticed that Deborah's once-perfect manicure was gone. The nails were split and broken and the polish, carefully applied, seemed only to exaggerate the blemishes. There was something infinitely poignant about Deborah's ravaged manicure.

Bess reached and touched her arm. "Deborah," she said. "Remember about the Coreys and the Schuylers? There's been a Corey and a Schuyler in every war—"

"I know. You needn't rub—it in. I could see you thought it was silly. But I had to keep saying it to myself so much I just forgot and said it out loud to you."

BESS waited again, weak with the feeling of surprise that seeped all through her, of healing, vast surprise. Finally she said, "I'm sorry I thought it was silly, Deborah. I don't—now." Had it, she thought, been this way with Martha, too? Suddenly she knew it had. Martha, too, must have been whistling in the dark, but somewhere along the way she had learned not to depend on anyone; she had learned to wear her self-sufficiency as a queen wears a crown, as a soldier wears a uniform.

She said, "Look, Deborah, I'm not 'brave.' It was just a front. For two weeks now I've had the creeping, squirming charlies because I'm going to have a baby and I've been afraid to tell Dave because I knew I'd just fall flat on my face and make a scene about having it alone. Oh, of course, there's the family, and Mother will be thrilled to death, but it's not the same. That's how brave I've been."

Deborah looked at her and the clear, high curve of her forehead wrinkled into a bumpy little pattern. She said, "Oh. But you'll be all right, really. You'll be—safe."

It was a jolt. She waited for her voice again, and it seemed to her that for long light years she had been sitting on the floor trying to make her voice work the way a voice should work. She sat there, and the word, "safe," was twisting in her mind. After a long time she said carefully, "Deborah, do you mind if I say 'of course?' "

"Why—of course not," Deborah said.

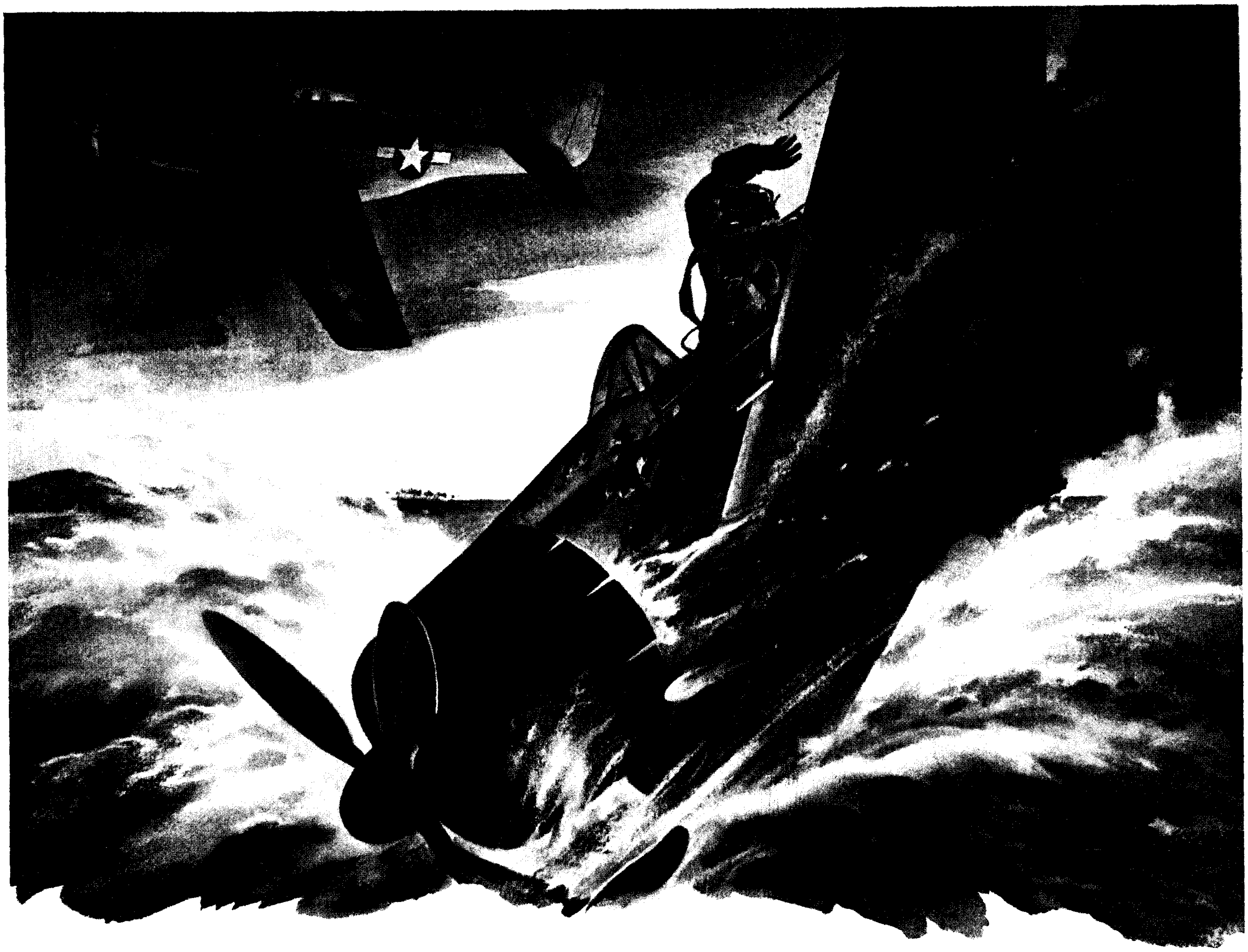
Bess began to laugh and in a moment they were both laughing, sitting on the kitchen floor in a brackish-looking film of soapy water. Deborah didn't know what she was laughing at, thought Bess, but she was laughing anyway. Deborah was coming on; [illegible]orah would do all right.

They looked at each other and down at the mess and laughed with occasional dangerous catches of the breath.

Finally Deborah rubbed the back of a wrist across her eyes and said, "This is really the wettest place I've ever seen. We'd better get dried up before Dave comes."

"Yes," said Bess. They got up soggily, clinging to each other to keep from slipping. Deborah went to work with a bath towel while Bess squeezed the mop out; and in her heart she wore what she had found the way a queen wears a crown, the way a soldier wears a uniform. "Yes," she said, "we'd better dry up."

THE END



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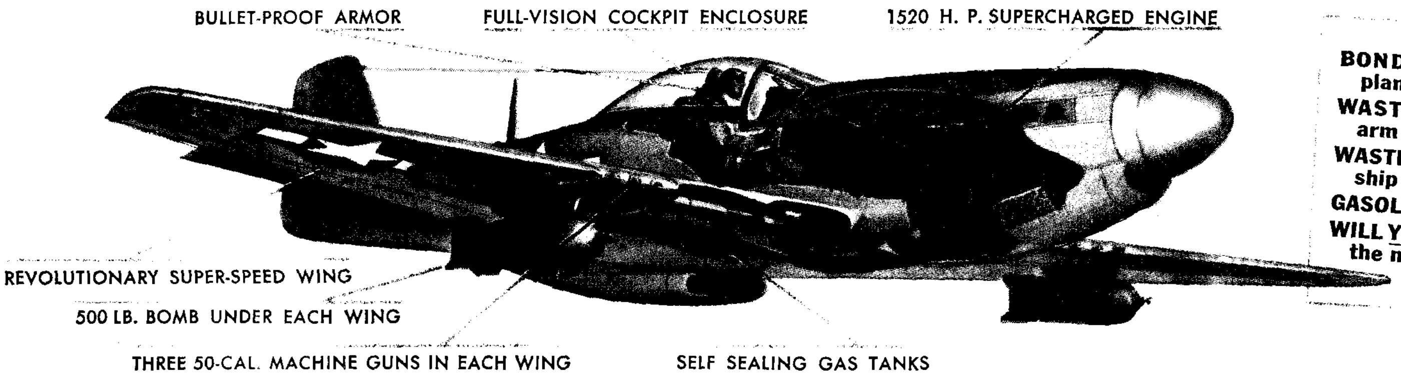
North American P-51 Mustang Fighter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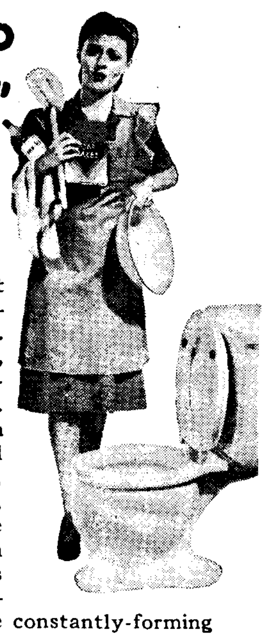
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The Amateurs

Continued from page 38

more in admiration than dismay. He turned, grinning, to the old man. "Don't look like a 'tempest' tonight, does it, Pop?"

"No." The old man shook his head. "You watch that road."

The coxswain thought it was very funny and was still laughing as the jeep came up a little rise to the station and he swung it around to the back of the big, freshly painted building. They had all been feeling good, laughing or smiling, but their faces sobered as the jeep stopped by the back entrance. Behind the building, behind the jeep now, stood the "duck," the amphibious tank. Against the last sunlight, even under its canvas coverings, it stood blank and grim, not unlike something prehistoric, but on its wheels possessing, too, some of the ridiculous dignity of the bird from which it took its nickname.

"You ever use that thing for anything but riding around in parades?" Nickerson said. It was an attempt against reality, a word against the night, although none of them, not even Nickerson, knew it. There was still in the man, as in all those native to the place, a reluctance to recognize—indeed, a kind of grief—that the war had come here, touching even the barren and peaceful dunes of the place.

"They had it out there the other night," the coxswain said. He didn't look at anyone as he got out of the car. "The night that plane towing the sleeve target for the antiaircraft range come down."

"They got 'em all, didn't they?" the old man said, with a kind of vicarious triumph.

"All but one," the coxswain said. He led them into the station. Behind them, in the kennels a hundred yards from the house, they could hear the dogs begin to yap.

Inside, they could hear three radios, each tuned to a different station, and they could smell fresh paint. It was an old, a model station, with some of the incredible neatness of a yacht about it. Only in the dining room, where at the long table three of the men played stud poker, the six or seven seamen were in undress blues or just T-shirts and dungarees. The fading light came in the back windows and touched all their faces, hollow-eyed and incredibly worn, and the old man felt sorry for them. It was one of the last emotions left to him and if he did not altogether treasure it, he did give it its proper value. He stood there, in the door of the room, chewing on the pipe with his remaining teeth, and staring at the young and the violent.

"They got you here again, Pop," they said. They always said it. Their humor was incredibly repetitive. "Why, come the first high wind, it's going to blow you out of that watch tower."

"Come in the office," the coxswain said, in a low voice under the talk. "I'll sign you up."

THE old man and Nickerson followed him into the office, with its typewriter, its desk, its metal files. The old man always felt uneasy in it. It was as if, perhaps, he felt they were an unnecessary increment, if not an incumbrance, to the work. An anachronism, a small slate, lay on the desk among the forms, the fountain-pen sets, the paper clips.

The coxswain sat at the desk and fussed. The old man could tell that the younger one was stalling because there was something unpleasant to do. "Look," the coxswain finally said, scratching his head as if there were a problem to solve, so that anyone would know there wasn't one. "You know how it's been here the last few days. Everybody's tail dragging. I could put you in the tower watch, one of you on the 8 to 12, another on the 12 to 4, but it really wouldn't do anyone much good. I don't like to put you on beach patrol, but that's where you can do the most good now."

"I don't mind," the old man said.

"Hell, that's all right," Nickerson said. Everyone knew it wasn't all right, because Nickerson limped.

"So what I'll do," the coxswain said after a little pause, "is put you both on the 8 to 12, so's you can sleep right through when you do come back. Nickerson, you go on the south patrol, with Kovici. You could even wait at the halfway post for him, if you wanted. . . . And, Pop, you go on the north patrol—" The coxswain bent over the slate, his tongue between his teeth. "You go with Coolwater. That's that kid was in the jeep with us."

He finished writing. "There's steak in the icebox, you want to cook something before you go out."

"I ain't had a steak in six weeks," the old man said. He started for the kitchen, unaware that behind him Nickerson and the coxswain shook their heads and smiled.

WHEN he came out into the dining room, twenty minutes later, there was grease on his chin and he was still chewing. "Ruin my teeth," he said. The poker players looked absently at him and smiled. At the other end of the table, on the bare wood, lay the .38 specials, their chambers swung open and empty. Over them, with almost weary gestures, hung Nickerson, Coolwater and Kovici. They had their webbed belts on, with the holsters. The time clocks lay on the table.

"You take the flare gun belt, Pop," Coolwater said. "I'll take the phone. I'd take everything, but I don't want too much on me for the leash to get tangled in."

"Take anything," the old man said. He picked up the remaining pistol, looked at its number, wrote it on a form in front of him and laboriously signed his name after it. Pieces of paper, he thought; damnedest war he'd ever seen. He strapped on the belt. It was too big and he had to adjust it. "Come on," Coolwater said. "We'll be late for the first plug-in. I'll go get the dog."

"Right along," the old man said. He picked up the greased cartridges and put five in the gun, closing it so that the empty chamber was against the breech of the barrel. He put five more cartridges—all that were left—loose in his pocket. "They figure if we don't do any good with ten shots, it won't matter no more."

The poker players smiled again, their faces distracted. "Why, we'll be down by that time, Pop," one of them said. "Soon as we see that old flare gun go off."

Outside, there was still light in the western sky, and a kind of horizontal and kindly luminance along the ground. The old man stood, blinking, in it. He saw Coolwater coming up from the kennels with Muddo, the Doberman bitch, on a training leash. Coolwater looked at once neat and ridiculous. The canvas leggings and white hat gave the sense of neatness, but around his waist and over his shoulder were the flare gun—he had finally taken that, too—three cartridges for it, the .38, a plug-in telephone and the leather-covered time clock. The Doberman, glad to be free of the kennels, strained at the leash, pulling Coolwater after her. "Heel," the boy said. "Heel, you devil." She minded him and heeled docilely as they came up to the old man. "Sounds like 'heil,' don't it, Pop?" Coolwater said. "Why, when the Army was up from Virginia one night and camped along those bluffs, we figured it was as much as our life was worth to say 'heel.' Heck, we were always challenging their sentries and them, us."

They were moving now away from the station on the diagonal path that led across the dunes to the shore. The first key post showed up whitely even against the eastern sky. It was on the edge of the bluff, and as they came up to it two girls in bathing suits stood up from just below the edge. The boy gave the old man the leash to hold.

"You're late, Albert," one of them said to the boy. Her voice mocked him.

"You leave me alone," Coolwater said. "I gotta go on patrol."

The two girls disregarded the old man, and as Coolwater fumbled for the key in the box on the post to register in the clock, the girls came up to him, one on either side. As if by plan, they each took and held one of Coolwater's arms and almost simultaneously kissed him on either cheek. "Lemme go," he said and flushed. "I gotta register here. I'll lose my liberty next week if I'm late again."

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"Why, Albert," the girls said, almost together. They had sharp, clear young features and you could see how clean and fresh they were even in that light. Coolwater struggled but not very much. They kissed him again and then they let him go. "What the hell you know about them, Pop?" he said.

The old man moved his head in a gesture of admiration and even approval. When they had started down the sharp slope to the beach, the girls now in back of them, he said: "That did me a lot of good, seeing them summer hussies like that with you."

"Why, hell's fire," Coolwater said somberly, "they knew they was safe now. When I'm on liberty, they'd start yelling for help if I did the same to them."

They came down to the edge of the surf. The tide was almost at the flood, and there was only soft sand to walk in. "Coming back, it'll be good enough walking," the old man said.

"I know," Coolwater said. "For a guy that grew up in a coal-mining town, I know more about the tides than my whole damn' family." He slipped the leash and the dog ranged easily from them, with a long, soft loping. "She's a nice dog," the boy said. "Too gentle for the work, though. I thought I'd run her. We ain't been using them much, only on the 12 to 4."

"You ain't never have no trouble here, though," the old man said. They had begun the heavy slogging through the sand.

"Only that one landing last fall. The way we get it, though, this is the best place in the whole northern coast for landings. They go in further, the sub has to come too near the mainland. They go farther along the Cape, up around Provincetown or Truro, the guys that land have that much longer to walk and carry their stuff."

"It's too early in the night, anyways," the old man said. "It's on that graveyard trick they come in that oncet, wasn't it?"

"I wasn't here, then," the boy said. He paused and looked around and ahead of him. Finally, he saw the dog—which the layman could not have seen—ranging along the foot of the bluff, no more than a faint, thin shadow moving among the clumps of beachgrass. The surf broke to their right and spume was wet against their faces. The water came creaming up fast along the shore, but they had anticipated and timed it unconsciously from the sound of the wave breaking, and had moved up out of reach. It was all shadow around them now, here black, the surf almost white shadow, but everything else gray in between the two. The air, their sight, was full of shadows and the spume on their hands and faces was like the feel of the shadows, for like the shadows it varied in intensity.

"That a box ahead?" the old man said.

"Yeah," Coolwater said. "Been there right along. I'm going to get rid of it. Every reservist thinks it's something."

The old man felt rebuked and they trudged along in silence. Ahead of them, with still a mile to go, they could see the beam of the light on the bluff as it revolved; the beam, but not the light, so that the faint, wide luminance that passed over them every seven and a half seconds, that hardly illumined anything, was like a presence of some sort. It was no help to them for anything, the old man thought irritably.

"Where the heck's that dog?" Coolwater said. He cupped his hands and called: "Heel, Muddo. Heel, girl."

They could hear, Coolwater could almost feel, the way the onshore wind whipped the words away from him. "She'll find us," he said. "She always does by the time we reach the substation."

THEY moved on, anticipating the light, for there they went up the bluff on steep wooden steps and took the packed sand road that ran along the top. Their thought of their intention was fixed on it, Coolwater's perhaps in weariness, the old man's in some nameless abstraction, perhaps of age, perhaps of custom, his lifelong familiarity here. So that the dog's almost imperceptible barking came to them only after a time and at first without meaning. They stopped to listen.

"What you think the matter with her?" the old man said.

"Probably some summer kids pitching a little woo on the beach," Coolwater said. "They know they shouldn't be there. Some night they'll be there when one of the Belgian police dogs or the great Dane is out, and it won't be funny."

They had started to move again. There was in all the night around them a sense of flying. There was the wind, the spume, the curious way patches of foam moved on the dark water. Then there was the pitch of darkness on the foam, too regular to be water, too lightly borne to be driftwood. . . .

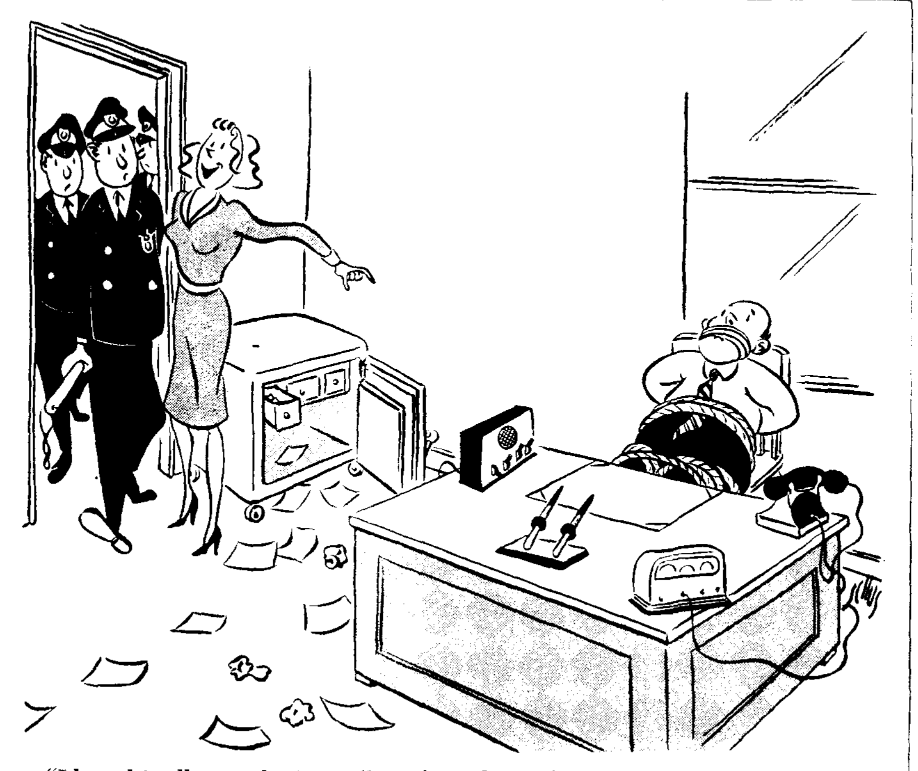
The old man stopped without having known that he did. He was too old to feel fear.

"You got that flare gun?" he said.

"What's the matter?"

"Look," the old man said and crouched, but when he himself looked he saw nothing. He started to straighten and then he saw it again, where it had bumped the shore. He could hear Coolwater fumbling and cursing, and they had both crouched on the edge of the wet sand, and the water had curled up around their ankles, but neither of them felt it.

"What we do?" the old man asked.

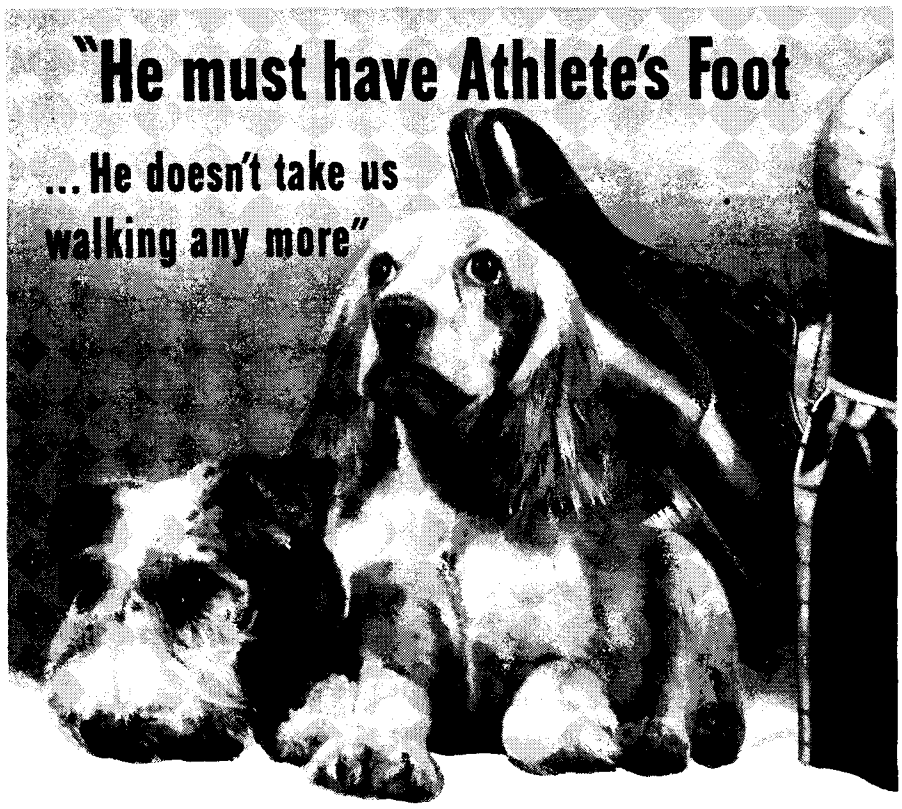


"I heard it all over the interoffice phone but I thought he had his radio on!"

COLLIER'S — ADOLPH SCHUS

"He must have Athlete's Foot

... He doesn't take us walking any more"

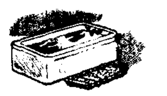


What Athlete's Foot is

Athlete's Foot is a skin infection caused by micro-organisms which thrive in the presence of dead skin and excessive perspiration between your toes. It produces a severe irritation often followed by splitting of the skin.

How you may get it

The micro-organisms which cause Athlete's Foot are carried through the air—are present on most feet at one time or another. They are also found on bath mats, in swimming pools, on floors and floor coverings. Thus you see it's almost impossible for you to avoid the risk of exposure to Athlete's Foot.



How you can tell if you have it

Before you go to bed tonight, look between your toes. Spread them apart carefully. Is the skin moist and cracked, tender and inflamed? Is itching present? Such symptoms usually indicate you have Athlete's Foot.

What you can do about it

Drench the cracked skin between your toes with Absorbine Jr. full strength—night and morning. Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

How Absorbine Jr. helps

1. Absorbine Jr. kills, *on contact*, the micro-organisms which cause Athlete's Foot!
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot organisms thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. It soothes, helps heal broken tissues.
5. It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

At all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle.
W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Also brings quick relief for sore, aching muscles, tired burning feet and sunburn.

Absorbine Jr

Dear Hazel:
I can see my hammock now—hanging in the orchard—

"I can see my hammock now, hanging in the orchard . . . with Brownie sleeping underneath . . . and the sound of the brook where the kids are playing . . ."

So his letters go—full of all the *little* things he misses so much.

For it's the small familiar pleasures he looks forward to enjoying when he gets back . . . the *little* things that to him, just as to all of us, add up to home.

It happens that to many of us these important little things include the right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer. Cool, sparkling, friendly, beer is a sigh of satisfaction . . . a forehead wrinkle erased . . . a firm-set mouth relaxing into a friendly smile.

Wholesome and satisfying, how good it is—as a beverage of moderation after a hard day's work . . . with good friends . . . with a home-cooked meal.

A glass of beer or ale—not of crucial importance, surely . . . yet it is little things like this that help mean home to all of us, that do so much to build morale—ours and his.

Men of the United States Navy
say letters keep up morale . . .
Write that V-Mail letter today.

Morale is a lot of little things

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

"Supposed to challenge," Coolwater said. "What would you do?"

"Shoot," the old man said.

"There," Coolwater said. The rusty catch on the canvas holster of the flare gun had come loose finally, and the awkward, futile-looking thing—not unlike a child's water pistol—was in Coolwater's hands.

The old man said, "Can't shoot 'em dead, just like that, though."

"I was thinking that," the boy said.

They crouched in the water and the old man found, to his surprise, that he was trembling and short of breath. He heard a click near him and then Coolwater swore. "The shells are bad," the boy said. "This damn' salt air here."

There was one of those moments of silence, not to be measured by ordinary time. Men were getting out of a rubber boat sixty yards ahead of them. They could see them in the starlight and they knew there were four of them although they could not count them. There were always four.

"What you think?" the old man said.

"Supposed to challenge," the boy said. They were both strictly amateurs.

"From here?" the old man said.

"We got to go closer," Coolwater said. He was trembling, too. "I'll try another shell." He tried two more, the remaining two, but neither went off. Maybe it saved their lives. Then he threw the flare gun away and pulled out his own .38, and still moving through the water that creamed over their feet, they started up the beach to challenge.

Already, at the foot of the bluff, one of the men was digging. They could see him bend and move, as tenuous and shadowy as the dog had been. Then someone spoke to them in English and quite close. "Please to put up your hands."

"I knew it," the old man said. His grief was dry and bitter. Coolwater swore savagely. They both stood there in the water, their hands raised, but each man still holding his gun, limply. A figure came to them from a position diagonally up the beach and about twenty-five yards away. Over its shoulder, the figure spoke in German to others beyond and behind it in the darkness. Deeper than the shadows and faster than anything else moved, the figure of the Doberman bitch, silent, came out from the deeper shade of the bluff. Coolwater saw her and started, so that the advancing figure said: "Be still or I'll shoot."

The dog moved as hard as it could, flattening out as it ran. It left the ground in an arc whose apex was the throat of the figure coming at them, and Coolwater found that he himself was crying in a kind of joy. The other man screamed and they could see the gun fall. Someone shot from near the bluff but the sound was cut off by the wind. Like that of a shotgun in the marshes, the old man thought, when the wind is blowing. He fired at the vague flash. It was the first time he had ever shot a pistol. He was surprised at the awkward kick it made. He knelt in the water and holding the barrel steady with his left hand fired again twice at the bluffs.

Near him, Coolwater was over with the dog and the man on the ground, and the old man could see the pistol butt rise twice. The falling was mostly in shadow and he could not see it.

Coolwater looked up. Someone was climbing the bluff. He raised his gun and then from the foot of the bluff they heard the sound, terrible by night, of an automatic rifle going off. They both fell, the old man with his chin in the water, Coolwater with his mouth full of sand. To his joy, Coolwater found that he was alive and no longer afraid. He raised the pistol from where he lay, aimed slightly over the climbing shadow on the side of the bluff to allow for the distance, and fired. The shadow fell brokenly, clutching at grass and beach-plum bushes to break the fall. Again the automatic rifle sounded.

The dog moved toward the firing, her belly touching the ground as she slunk. "Heel, girl," Coolwater said. He half rose in his concern for the dog, and a bullet took him in one shoulder and spun him twice.

HEARING the cry of pain and seeing the turning, crumpling figure, the old man experienced for the first time tonight his equivalent of fear. It took the form of a thought that it was curious he should die here, on this beach, a continuation of that sand in which for two generations he had dug a living. He wondered, curiously, just what he was supposed to do. He had seven cartridges, but there was no use firing them at shadows. The boy rolled and cried on the sand, on the edge of the water, and the dog was gone. Water washed all along the old man where he lay, and he wondered vaguely if it could hurt the greased cartridges in his pocket. He took them out and filled the four empty chambers of the gun. Then he waited.

He squinted but could see nothing. He started to edge over to Coolwater, when he heard the scream near the bluff. Shadows moved violently and the old man got to one knee and fired at them. The hell with waiting any more to be sure, he thought. The scream, or a similar one, was renewed on a different note. The old man stood up, terrible with rage; the rage was over having tried to save an enemy's life and having almost lost his own and Coolwater's.

Perhaps he sensed the change, perhaps it was only that the rage had made him reckless, but he walked over to where shadows still struggled, and someone—at first he thought it was the dog—whimpered. He stumbled over the man he had shot before he saw him, paused only a moment, then moved on to where someone whimpered. The Doberman had a man by the side of the neck.

The old man tried to think of the command appropriate here, but could not. "Heel," he said, "heel, girl."

The dog stopped moving, but did not release her grip. "Heel," the old man said again. The dog stood up and came toward him. The old man looked at her in a kind of pride and affection. The man on the ground moved and metal gleamed. The old man ducked, shot at the same time, and missed. The dog moved sidewise like a snake, her body curved in the dark air. Then the dog had the man again by the throat.

"What the hell you know about that guy," the old man said, in surprise. He raised his left hand and grasped lightly the place where the bullet had grazed his right shoulder. He had a sense of futility, of inadequacy. He couldn't hate that bad, he thought.

Still covering the man with his gun, he began again the formula: "Heel. Heel, girl."

Reluctantly the Doberman loosened her grip. The man on the sand lay there, with his hands to his throat, but the old man could see that the eyes were open.

"You talk English?" the old man said.

"Yes," the other said, hoarsely.

"What for'd you try to kill me just now? Couldn't've done you no good."

"I hate you," the supine figure said.

"Why, you ain't never had a good look at me," the old man said.

Over the wind he heard the sound of the duck coming along the beach; he had never heard it before but he guessed what it was. "All right," he yelled. "Don't shoot." He guessed they didn't hear him. The headlights of the thing went on and he stood in their light, waving his cap in his free hand in a gesture of assurance. They saw him that way and remembered him always so, the wet and shapeless uniform, the bald skull gleaming in the light, the angry dog and the fallen enemy both at his feet. And the long, curved arm waving in the gesture of assurance.

THEY were pouring out of the duck and someone was picking Coolwater up. Behind the duck came the jeep, and Nickerson was the first out of that. "That duck," he said. "Ain't good for nothing but parades." He held his sides and laughed.

"What goes, Pop?" the first-class motorman driving the duck said.

"Why, these ones here tried to kill us," the old man said.

"Yes?" someone said on the edge of the light. "What'd you think they were going to do if you caught up with them?"

The old man chomped his lips over the half-toothless gums. He couldn't think of anything to say. He guessed that after this he'd better stay in the tower when he was on duty.

It was this silence of his that impressed the others more than anything else: even those of them that were not sure what the silence meant. They stood there for a moment, awed by something that had no name, staring at the old man where he stood, pistol in hand, bald head bowed as in a kind of shame.

Then the first-class boatswain's mate in charge unslung the submachine gun from his shoulder, and said, "All right, you apes, start loading these guys into the duck." Like all good petty officers, he had a proper contempt for sentimentality.

THE END

Wing Talk

THE people who now produce 8,000 trainers, fighters, bombers and transports every month say America will be smothered with surplus planes when the shooting stops, and what in the world are we going to do with them.

"Burn 'em up!" is the suggestion of a few who remember bitterly that our technological progress was choked by leftover planes and engines from the first World War.

It was not until the last of them were used up nearly a decade later that funds began to trickle into the laboratories and factories for experimentation, development and hand-built production, which proved of little value to our preparedness when we were attacked But most aircraft people know that a wholesale destruction of valuable and expensive public property never would be sanctioned.

If you haven't thought up a constructive plan to handle this subject, then listen to Charlie Babb's ideas:

Charlie Babb, founder and sole owner (also proprietor) of the Charles H. Babb Company, International Aircraft Broker, of Glendale, California, buys and sells airplanes. If the sale of an airplane depends upon finding a purpose, Charlie can. Among a score of other Babb innovations was the rigging up of an old Curtiss Condor to carry mahogany logs, torpedo-plane style, out of and over the impassable swamps and jungles of Yucatan.

Neither Charlie Babb nor General Arnold knows how many airplanes will be left over after the war. The number makes no difference to Charlie; it's the uses to which they will be put—and quickly—that's important. Right off, he proposes that the government set aside the number of combat aircraft necessary for our national security, plus our obligations to maintain world peace.

Charles H. Babb

The remainder should go into reserve. If this number constitutes too great a supply to keep on hand, then these fighters and bombers should be stripped of their engines, propellers, accessories and instruments for current aircraft use, and the metal air frames should be melted down.

THE surplus noncombat aircraft, principally the many cargo and transport types, should be placed in a pool after the needs of the government are satisfied. Charlie Babb feels that steps should be taken at once to work out standards and specifications for overhauling and modifying the various types at present in war service for commercial use, so that at the war's end the procedure will be ready and the original manufacturers—and their employees—can have them back for this work.

Because this pool will be so huge, and the use to which the aircraft should be put is so important to the domestic and foreign air commerce of the United States for the years to come, Charlie Babb advocates the establishment of a Surplus Aircraft Corporation to handle this alone.

Under the government-administered pool plan, he visualizes, for instance, that a Latin-American nation holding a reciprocal trade agreement with us, might make application for, say, 300 surplus aircraft divided into C-54 Douglas Skymasters, C-46 Curtiss Commandos and C-60 Lockheed Lodestars, or even some of our bombers that could be used for cargo work.

The Surplus Aircraft Corporation representatives would investigate that nation's need and use for the aircraft and the qualifications of its operators, the object being to get the aircraft into productive activity and not just dump them on a good neighbor with no questions asked.

Once the application is granted, the customer nation would pay the cost of modification and a fixed sum against the original cost of the airplane under its war contract procurement. If it did not have sufficiently trained operating technicians, in the opinion of the S.A.C., we would agree to furnish the necessary number to insure safe and profitable operation and maintenance until its own crews could be trained.

The countries accepting these airplanes would be dependent largely upon the original American manufacturers for the necessary spare parts, which would mean that our American factory representatives would be in frequent communication with potential customers for new models as they are developed up here.

Domestically, the plan would work the same way; any responsible individual or business group producing satisfactory evidence of an economic usage for any surplus type would be permitted to draw on the pool.

A glance at the domestic field shows that there are applications pending before the Civil Aeronautics Board for the operation of 500,000 route miles of air mail and passenger service, and this is in addition to the 50,000 miles now operating and authorized, 10,000 of which cannot now be used because of the lack of airplanes.

Through the widespread employment of modified surplus warplanes immediately after the war, Charlie Babb sees healthy markets resulting for new models in a very few years, a larger aircraft industry, and a United States merchant marine of the air.... F. R. N.

Right on tap again...

Now that SCHICK BLADES ARE BACK!

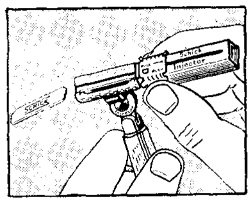
(Sorry—No New Razors Yet Except for the Armed Forces!)

Look, fellows! Starting tomorrow morning your Schick Injector Razor will be waiting by the pump—all ready to go to work for you! The reason is—Schick Blades are back again in force. So make sure you get those blades today—and tomorrow all will be smooth-shaving!

While we're still not able to get material for new razors, except for the Armed Forces, we are now able to supply civilian as well as military demands for Schick Blades. So get *your* Schick Injector Razor out of safe-keeping and once again enjoy these Schick Injector features . . . the only basic safety razor improvements in the past 40 years.

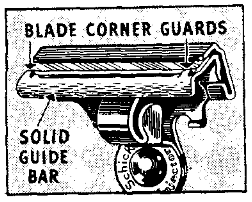
AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

...an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.



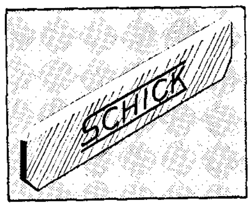
SOLID GUIDE BAR

. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.



DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.



SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn.

"D" Day's Back Room

Continued from page 24

and Training Division; Brigadier General Lucas V. Beau, assistant to the Commanding General; Colonel Ward Wheelock, Control Officer; Lieutenant Colonel Emmett J. Murphy, Executive Officer; and Colonel W. D. Dana, deputy chief of the Supply Division.

If a chart, map or figure shows up badly, the Control Room sends a letter to General Frank before the morning conference. Later, he meets with the division chiefs—Supply, Maintenance and Personnel and Training. When these officers reach the room, they study the charts in question and discuss causes and remedies. At twelve noon, General Frank comes in, tours the room, looks for red arrows, and asks the officer responsible what has been done to correct the trend.

Now Frank is not a polite general. He looks like a cowhide satchel with glasses on. Nature equipped him with the purr of a Bengal tiger at bay. His bite is about four times as bad as his bark. It is believed that the War Department would not want him to change his approach. He gets things done and correctly. He can holler loud enough to blister the paint off the walls. The words he uses come directly from The Mule Skinner's Thesaurus. The ASC charts—and there are hundreds—show that the efficiency of his organization is second to none in the United States Army.

He will not permit a problem to hang over more than twenty-four hours without solution. He will not permit himself or any other officer to skip the daily conference. He has one master chart that he never fails to study, called Analysis of Unsatisfactory Reports.

Physically, the room is impressive because of its almost holy silence, and the fact that the eyes cannot be torn away from secret air routes traced in blue lines across the world, and figures on bombers and fighters showing how many aloft, how many grounded, why, where and who. At the far left is a twenty-foot map of the United States, made of metal. Magnetized button symbols are placed on this map and stick in place. These symbols show where the many ASC depots are, and which ones are stored with belly tanks, for instance, as against another equipped with wings for Flying Fortresses.

To the right, near the big conference tables, is a square, opaque window measuring about three feet by three feet. Behind this is a movie projector, which, at a nod from General Frank, begins to show motion pictures still on the Army secret list. The most interesting wall map of all shows Air Service Command in Overseas Theaters.

Supply Lines to All Fronts

Both the Germans and Japanese would ache to have a photostat of this one, because it shows how many Air Service groups are in each area, which, in turn, is a tip-off on our actual aerial strength in that section. The blue lines show the exact routes for getting planes to General George Kenny, commander of the 5th Air Force, how we move similar stuff to Davidson's 10th Air Force in India. It also shows how we fly planes to Russia and China. If you take time to count, you will find that ASC is entrenched in 285 parts of the world.

Along the back wall is the Menu Board. It measures forty feet by twenty and it is hidden by rough-weave beige drapes. It is made of black felt with inserted white and yellow letters. Major Oliver presses a button at the left, and the drapes peel slowly back, revealing exactly what the major wants to show, and no more. When he presses the stop button, the whole board is showing except five feet on the extreme right. The figures pertaining to American combat aircraft which are now part of the air forces of the Allied Nations remain hidden.

"We don't mind committing ourselves," he murmurs. "But we do not feel that we can commit our Allies." During the entire visit of Collier's reporter, he was not permitted at any time to see those parts of the board which are secret.

On the left side is the Consolidated Summary. Under this heading, the over-all totals of bombers, fighters and gliders of all types are shown. On the bottom, an officer explains, is the sum, a little better than 80,000 aircraft. This does not include Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard or civilian ships.

Under this heading, you can see at a glance that we have 40,000 Army combat planes. The figure on trainers is high: over 27,000.

In the next column you read "American Air Force Plane Location and Operational Status." Then a subheading: "American Air Force Aircraft Overseas." Reading downward under this heading, much of the material cannot be breathed. One heading reads: "Very Heavy Bombers," and under that it states "B-29s," and then tells how many we have and how many are at present grounded and for what reason. Then come the "Heavy Bombers"—Forts and Libs—then the medium bombers and how many and certain modifications of old types, followed by light bombers and fighters, some of which (the R.P. 322 and the P-400 are examples) haven't been publicly announced. At the bottom are the big transport and cargo ships, the 45, 46, 47, 53, 54 and the U.C. 78. Reading across the tops of the columns, you can find the percentage of each category now fit to fly, the number grounded and then—most important to the ASC—the number of airplanes anywhere grounded for parts. This column is A.G.P. (Airplanes Grounded for Parts) and comes up in mustard-colored numerals.

Last fall, when the ASC began to roll in high, the planes grounded for lack of parts totaled more than nine per cent. It is now a little more than a third of that. In those days, parts were scarce, and many fine ships became Hangar Queens. A Hangar Queen is a plane which is stripped of parts by the crews of other planes until the H.Q. is no longer fit to fly and becomes a sagging heap of metal.

Farther to the right of the board, the analysis columns show that most planes are grounded for periods up to ten days, a few score for periods up to forty-four days, and one old Fortress over one hundred days. The last one is a Hangar Queen and couldn't be flown with Gabriel at the controls.

The charts are on racks occupying a full half of the Control Room. They'll tell you almost anything you want to know about our Air Forces. What is the life of a combat plane? Twelve months. How much does it cost to maintain it, exclusive of oil, gas, etc.? About twelve and a half per cent of its total cost. What is the incidence of venereal disease in the ASC? Under four per cent. How many persons work for ASC? Over 500,000 civilian and military. How many flying hours can a big bomber get in before major repairs are needed? More than 24 combat hours. How much wear can you get out of plane tires on steel-mat runways? Five per cent of normal. How many droppable fuel tanks were shipped to the Eighth and Ninth Air Forces this year? Slightly more than 275,000. How many items does ASC stock for the Air Forces? It stores 501,000, but obsolete aircraft and simplification will cut this to under 300,000. How much stuff is shipped to our Air Forces every day? Nearly one million pounds, in the first quarter of 1944.

In the same period, 14.52 per cent went to the Tenth and Fourteenth in the China-Burma-India theater. MacArthur's Fifth got 23.24 per cent. The charts show that we ship too many wings and too few tires. Should you want to examine this closer, you will note that each chart has a number in the lower left-hand corner. Look on the shelf under the chart and you will find a loose-leaf binder with the same number. The binder will give you the exhaustive low-down on what the chart tells. In this case, the binder says that plane crews, instead of replacing riddled wings with new ones, prefer to patch the flak holes.

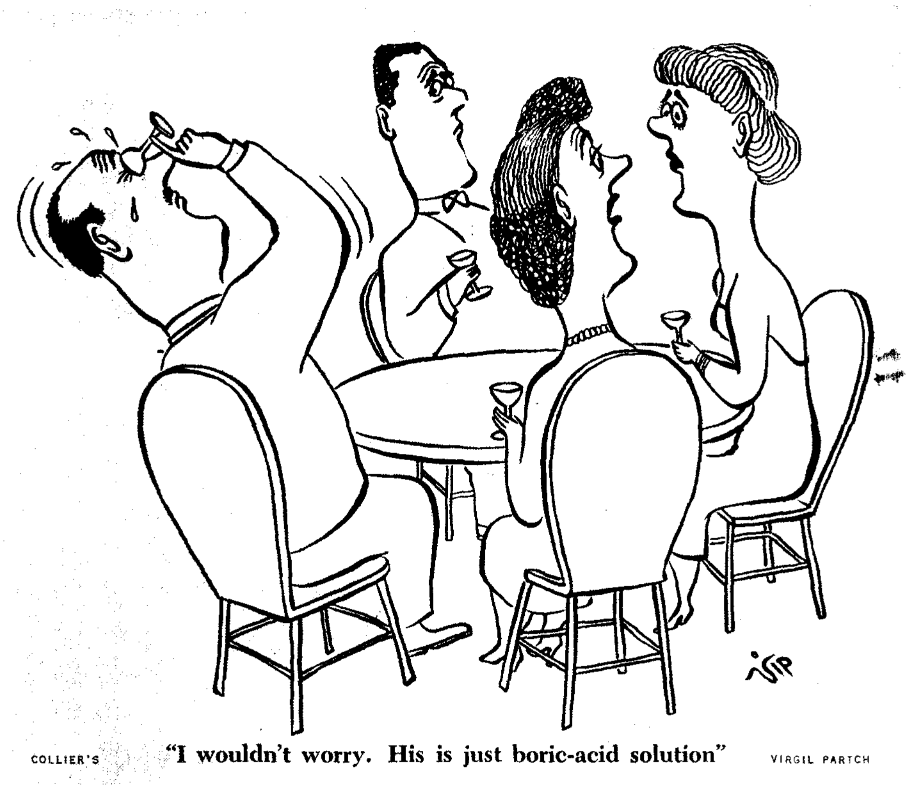
So far as tires are concerned, coral runways and steel mats are ruining them almost faster than they can be replaced.

Information by the Yard

The chart section occupies about a third of the Control Room and is so arranged that scores of them are recessed and can be pulled into view by the yank of a brass handle. Facts regarded as military secrets until now come to view so fast that the brain spins. The Air Forces use 500 kinds of ink, 300 kinds of pencils. ASC overhauls 7,800 engines per month and has rebuilt 120,000. By chrome-plating the cylinders, it was found that the cylinders often outlast the rest of the motor.

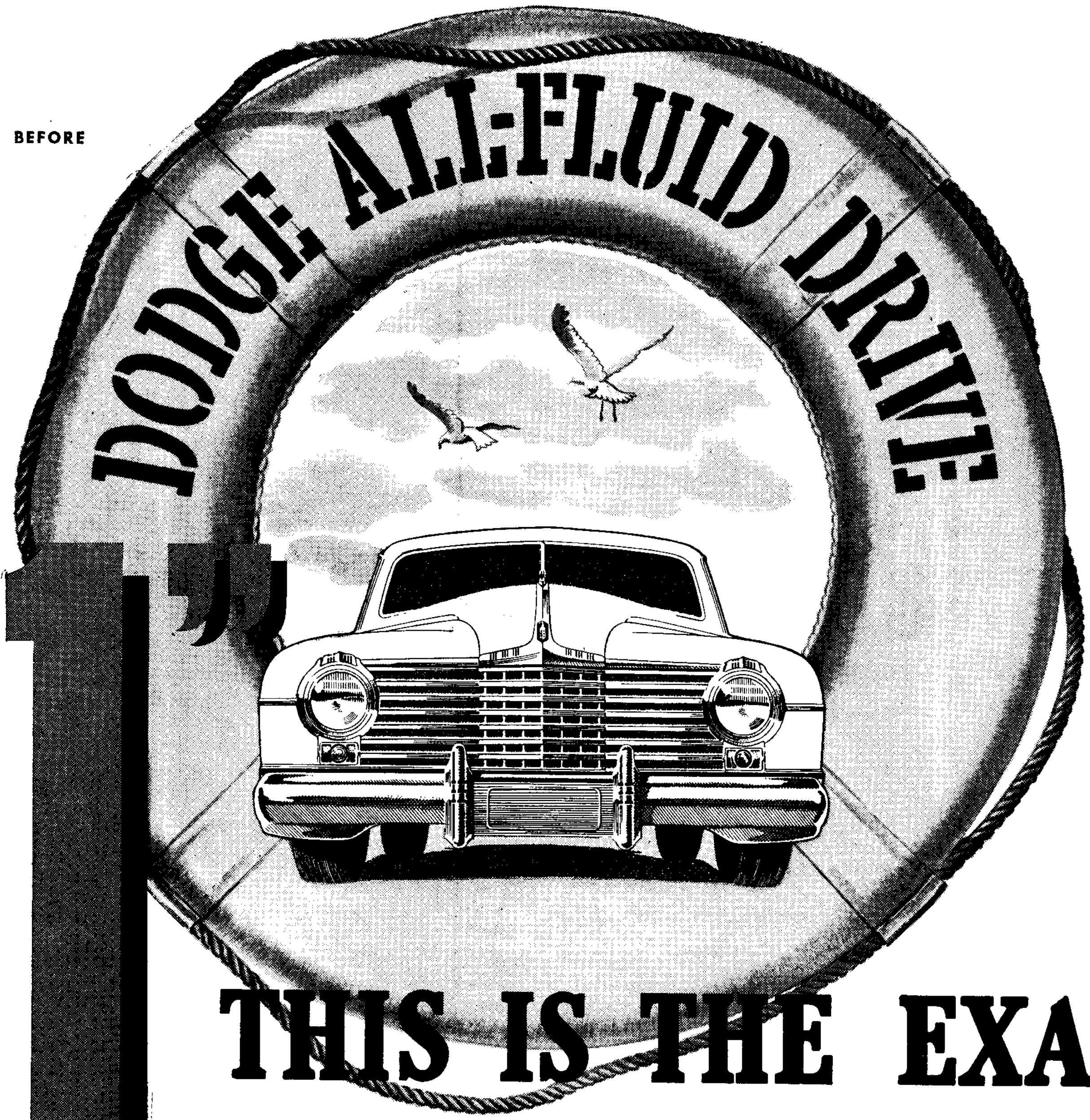
You might want to know something sort of silly, like how many parts there are in a Flying Fortress. *The binder doesn't smile.* It says 39,000. Each plane, fighter, bomber, attack ship, is sent overseas with 90 days' supplies and spare parts. If the plane is still flying near the end of that time, another three months' supplies go over.

There's one thing that most of the chart show quite clearly: Fairfield, Ohio, began t work on the invasion of western Europe early last fall. That's when the compak was born. The nature of the operation required that machinery be set up to move airports in seven hours. It couldn't be done. There were ALGs—Advanced Landing Grounds—in camouflaged British meadows almost on the edge of the Channel. Fighter planes were three minutes' flight from the Germans. The plan called for moving the airports over to the Cherbourg-Le Havre area immediately behind the infantry. It was desired that planes, personnel and equipment be able to move in lightning time. So the officers of the Air Service Command devised this compak, which is a crate about the size of an office desk. Filled, the compaks weigh about 200



COLLIER'S "I wouldn't worry. His is just boric-acid solution" VIRGIL PARTCH

BACK THE ATTACK — BUY MORE THAN BEFORE



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A LIFE PRESERVING CUSHION FOR THE VITALS OF YOUR CAR

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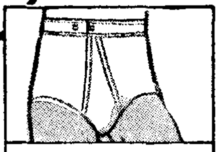
THE CAVEMAN
Tony Barlow

"They tell me that's a Scandal men like to get into"

CHANGE TO REIS Scandals
– the manly underwear



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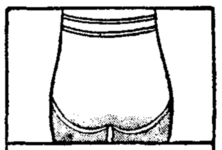

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pounds each and can be moved and shipped by two men. By packing them ingeniously, it was learned, 168 compaks will supply a group of 54 fighter planes for one month. So, when June 6th came, the ALGs were all set to move to France any time.

Under the heading of news, the Control Room shows that Brazil now has an observer force in Italy. The planes, parts, everything but the pilots, were furnished by the United States. We also supply the French Air Force in Italy under General Juin. The parts of the R.A.F. and the Russian Air Force which use American planes are supplied by ASC.

An average of 200 cablegrams per day come to the officers of the Control Room. These cables ask for items in a hurry.

Major A. P. Bondurant—a blue-eyed hunk of iron who looks like any fullback ten years later—walked around the room trying to find famous hurry-up requests. Suddenly he remembered that he had sent one in early in the spring. He was in England at an ALG and he saw a group of Mustangs come in. The canopies opened, but no pilot stepped out. Each one was carried out. They were all so seat-sore that they couldn't stand. Fighters, as you know, aren't built for comfort. These men had been sitting on the hard seams of life rafts and flying between eight and ten missions a day. On the same day, Major Bondurant heard that electrically heated flying suits were needed pronto. He went into a huddle with the matériel command.

His priority request reached Fairfield, Ohio, in an hour. Two hours later, the seats were rounded up and were being packed in a C-47. But flying suits and boots were hard to find. The ASC officers in the Control Room shake their heads sadly when they think of the bewildered expressions on those flying cadets in Texas as the flying suits were ripped off their backs and jammed into a big C-54. In the morning, General Farthing, Atlantic Overseas ASC commandant at Newark, cleared both planes for England.

When General Frank sits in at the 11:30 conference and feels like telling one on himself, he tells about his winter trip to Britain. General Henry H. Arnold, his boss, sent him there to find out what extra supplies the Ninth and Eighth Air Forces might need at the time of invasion. Frank browsed, burrowed and blew through England so fast and so thoroughly that, a few days later, he sat down and sent a long cable to Arnold detailing every item that both forces would need, and how many of each.

Then Frank waited in his hotel. He waited five scant hours. When he got no reply, he phoned Arnold in Washington.

"Yes, General," soothed Arnold. "I received your cable. I'm sorry that my reply hasn't been delivered to you yet. However, it merely says that everything you recommended has been approved and every item you ordered is now en route to England."

In the administrative control room, the supply chart shows that we shipped a tremendous number of bulletproof vests to all overseas Air Forces. But the combat crews wouldn't wear them. It was bad enough, they argued, hunching over a pair of guns for hours on a mission, without being further restricted by "a suit of armor." The vests were good. They were made of a heavy fabric; underneath were steel squares which overlapped like shingles on a roof.

One day a tail gunner, who was wearing one, stopped a Nazi 20-millimeter cannon shell with the left side of his chest. The shell exploded, splayed the vest fabric like the petals of a peony, dented the shingles, broke one rib and knocked the gunner on his back. He finished the mission working his guns. ASC Special Information Office got pictures of the gunner and sent them to all our air bases. The charts show that the gunners still do not like the vests. But before a mission they grouse, call it everything naughty they can think of, and then put it on.

The Quintessence of Order

Everything about ASC Headquarters symbolizes Frank himself. It is orderly beyond reason, it is strictly G.I. and everyone is ultra-efficient. The Headquarters building is so large that all the concrete upright posts have numbers and letters on them. The officers all have squawk boxes and responsibility cards on their desks. The squawk boxes are there so that when General Frank wants to speak to anyone, he can do so without leaving his desk. He depresses the proper key and speaks directly to the man he wants. That is, if the officer is at his desk. And it is considered a good idea to be there.

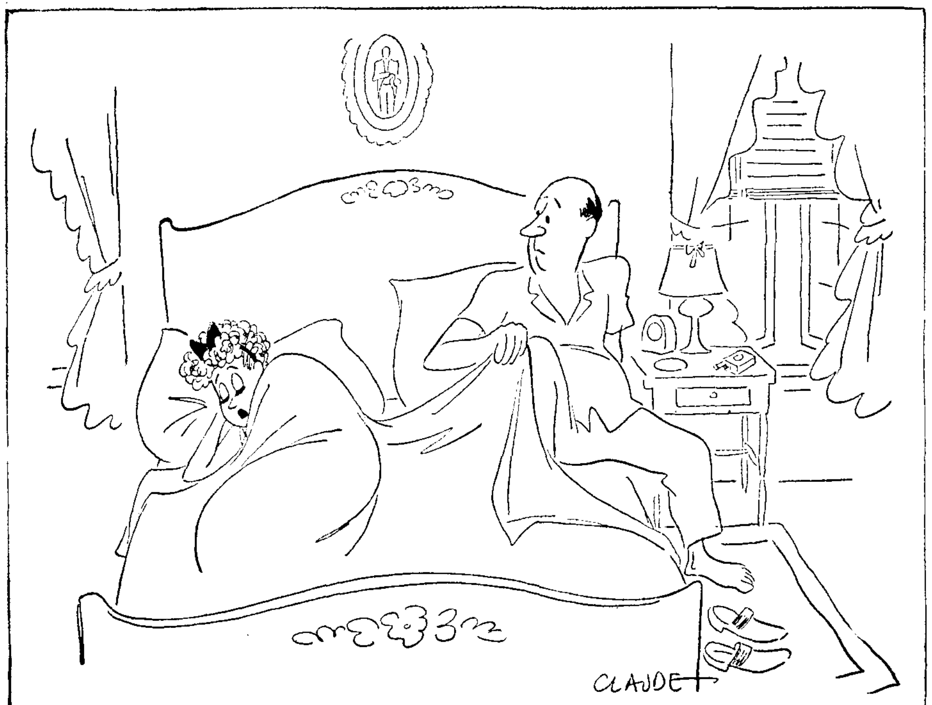
The responsibility cards were put up because the general found that some officers were not aware of their duties. These cards have a wood base with a groove. In the groove stands a piece of isinglass. In the isinglass is a typewritten sheet showing the name and rank of the person at the desk and enumerating his duties. On the obverse side is a large circle with the officer's name in it. Above it is a smaller circle showing the immediate superior of the officer. Smaller circles below name his subordinates.

Just in case anyone doesn't know who General Frank is, he has a responsibility card on his desk.

The Control Room does not show the general's pet peeve. He can't stand desks that face doors. He says no one can resist looking up every time the office door opens, and that wastes time. So, throughout Headquarters, all desks face away from the doors.

You may love Frank or hate him or fear him, but when the final gun barrel cools off, and this war's history is written objectively, he and his Air Service Command are going to rank high among the reasons why we won.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Is that you, George?" CLAUDE

Danger in Paradise

Continued from page 17

I was with, and she said she'd wait for me."

Max didn't seem convinced. He said, "That's an interesting story, Miss Randall. But it's yours."

Sonia Carrington spoke. She said, "I can verify that, Lieutenant."

He looked into the intense, black eyes of the boss' wife. "What is it you can verify, Mrs. Carrington?"

"That Margie *did* tell Iris she wanted to talk to her. That they arranged to meet in here. I heard part of their conversation. That's the way it was."

"Okay. So that checks." He returned his attention to Iris. "How come you picked Drake's office?"

"I felt more at home here," Iris answered. "Mr. Drake and I are old friends."

"No more than that?"

"Perhaps. But not as much more as you mean."

I got a kick out of that. It put me in a special niche. And I was also beginning to like what was going on. Max's sharp questioning was snapping Iris back to normalcy. She had quieted down. She was playing Max's game his way, and that meant that she was concentrating on his questions to the exclusion of herself.

"So," continued Gold, "Margie came to you a second time. She wasn't herself. She still looked worried. You said you'd meet her in Jimmy Drake's office. She came right in here. How long after Margie spoke to you did you join her?"

Iris pondered. She said slowly, "I don't know exactly, but my guess would be fifteen minutes. Just as soon as I could get away without hurting anybody's feelings."

"And then . . . ?"

"I told you. I came in here and my foot kicked the gun. I picked it up. Someone hit me on the back of the head and that's all I remember."

"Why couldn't it have been Margie?"

Iris thought that one over. She said, "Because the idea is preposterous. She wouldn't have any reason . . ."

"Skip it. Maybe you're right. But I got to consider all angles."

Gold sat down on the edge of the desk. He looked around the room. I did the same. It was the first chance I had gotten when my mind wasn't all full of other things.

So for the first time I noticed that things weren't as they were supposed to be. Every guy has got peculiarities and one of mine is keeping my office neat. I get kidded about it. It had been neat when I had left that afternoon. It wasn't neat now.

THINGS were shoved out of place on the desk. The two doors of my bookcase were open. The drawer to my little typewriter table was pulled out about three inches. The corner table wasn't in the place it was supposed to be. A flat-topped table against the wall opposite my desk was all messed up. There had been two stacks of pictures on there when I had left. They had been piled neatly. They weren't neat now. They'd been shoved around so that they covered the desk top. I began to get an idea. I said, "I'd like to talk to you alone for a few minutes, Lieutenant."

He sized me up and asked, "Why?"

"I've got a hunch. Maybe you'd be interested."

He said, "Let's have it."

"I think you'd rather it be just you and me. And Miss Randall."

He moved his head. "Okay. Where can we go?"

I told him that all of the offices along the hallway were vacant. But I suggested that this seemed like the best place. He told Robinson to take the others out of the room, but not to let them mix around. They went, and that left the three of us alone. Max said, "Cozy, ain't it?"

I said that it was. He was looking across the room at a door. He said, "Where does that lead?"

"Downstairs."

"What's downstairs?"

"Our private garage."

He said, "What's on your mind, Drake?"

"It ties up with last night. You know all the details of that. The other folks didn't. I figured you wanted it that way or you'd have told the reporters a different story last night."

"Right." I thought I detected a glint of approval in his eyes, but I couldn't be sure. "What's the tie-up?"

"This office has been messed up."

"Keep talking."

"When I left here this afternoon, it was neat. I always leave it that way. It isn't neat now. My guess is that somebody has been snooping."

"Who?"

"Whoever hit Miss Randall. My hunch is that it might be your friend, Claude Williams."

"Could be. But I don't believe it. Punk like that commits a murder, he lays low. He's scared of being picked up."

I said, "Look: We figured that last night Williams was after a box of cigars Miss Randall brought in from Havana. We didn't know why, and we still don't. What Williams didn't know was that she had brought in two boxes which she thought were duplicates. She gave one of those to me yesterday afternoon. That could have been the box Williams was after. If it was, he could have come after the second box tonight."

MAX said, "Did you say anything to him about a second box?"

I blinked. "No. Up to the time he left Miss Randall's apartment last night we didn't know that he had taken the cigars."

"That's what I thought. Presuming Williams went after the cigars in Miss Randall's apartment: he got 'em, didn't he? He got the only box that was there."

"But if after he got away he found the one he got wasn't the right one . . ."

"I don't see it like that. I'll admit that Williams *could* have come here tonight, but it's not likely. He wouldn't have taken the chance." Gold picked a cigarette out of the humidor on my desk and lighted it. He inhaled deeply and let the smoke out slowly. He said, "Miss Randall, let's go back over that business about your getting the cigars in the first place. And bring it right up to now."

So Iris gave it to him again, starting with her meeting Benigno in Cuba. The only thing to add was that she had bought another box of El Corsario Invincibles that morning and delivered them to Hernandez in place of the stolen ones. She stopped talking then and I said, "Maybe you'd better keep going, Iris."

She did. She told Max about Hernandez' visit to her that afternoon, and his eagerness to buy the box of cigars she had given me. Gold was plenty interested. He said, "What kind of a lad is this Hernandez?"

Iris looked at me. I said, "God's gift to women. Beautiful teeth. Trick mustache. Neat number. And tough."

"How tough?"

"He got tough with me. He wanted those cigars, but bad."

"Why wouldn't you play?"

"Two reasons: First, I didn't like him. Second, I got the idea there was something funny about it."

"What kind of funny?"

"It was plain he wasn't interested in just any El Corsarios. What he wanted was the identical box which Miss Randall's Cuban friend had given her. He knew maybe Claude Williams had it—though we didn't mention Williams' name—and he knew too, since Iris brought in two boxes there was a fifty-fifty chance *I* had the one he wanted."

"How did he know Williams got a box of cigars?"

"We told him. Before we suspected that there might be anything screwy in the setup. He was smooth as butter. He asked whether those were the same cigars Benigno had handed her in Cuba. It seemed natural for Iris to explain that they weren't. And why. She told him that the ones she gave him had been bought in New York."

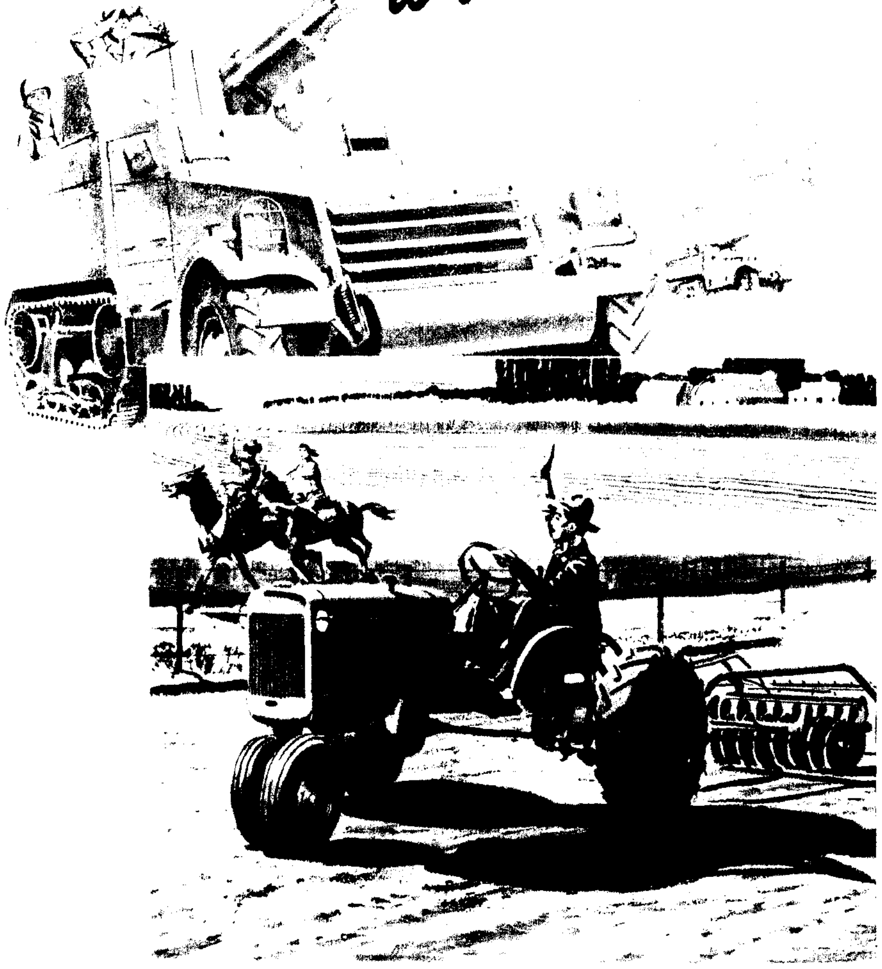
"Did you mention where your box was?"

"Yes."

Gold said, "Interesting. Hernandez wanted the cigars from Cuba and knew one box of

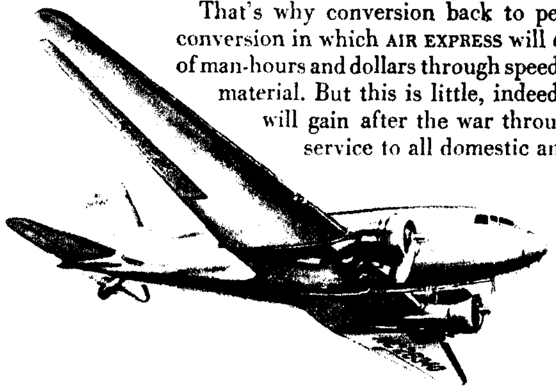
When industry converts

from Half-Tracks to TRACTORS



WE'LL win the war. We must win the peace! We must have jobs for our returning servicemen. We must produce colossal quantities of goods for domestic and foreign trade. And we must do it in record time, to lessen the strain on our peace economy.

That's why conversion back to peace production must be rapid—conversion in which AIR EXPRESS will continue to save industry millions of man-hours and dollars through speeding delivery of critical change-over material. But this is little, indeed, compared with what the nation will gain after the war through a vastly expanded AIR EXPRESS service to all domestic and foreign markets.



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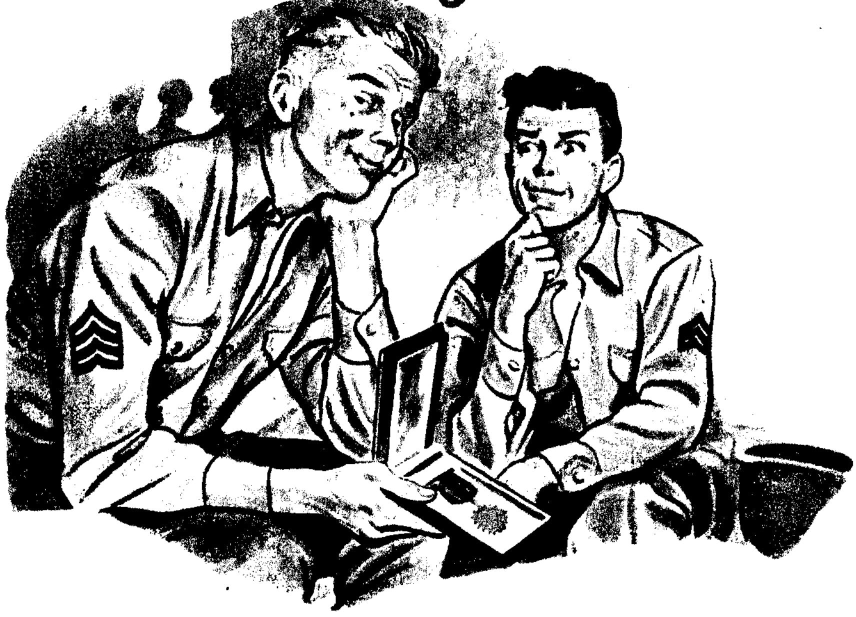
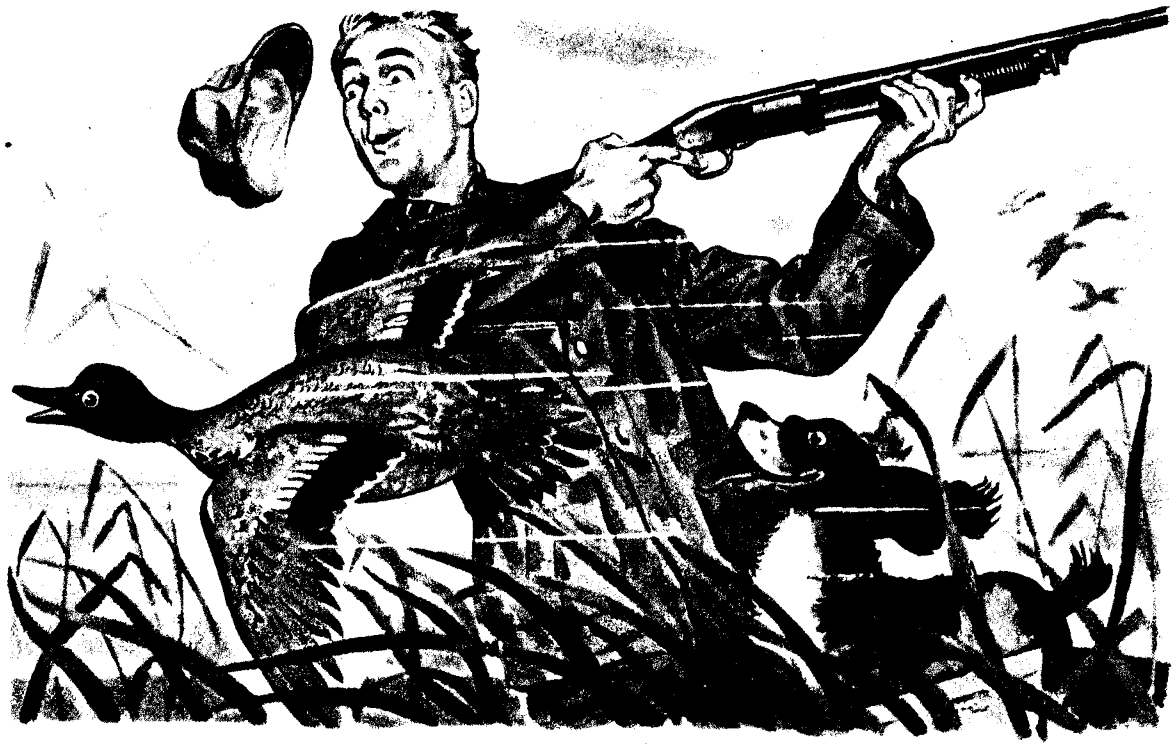
The medal that made the sergeant homesick



1 SGT. GUNNER CASSIDY looked at his brand-new medal and sighed. "Well," he said, "I guess now I'm officially a hot shot or a hero or something—being as how the citation says I knocked down a hatful of jerries. But gosh, instead of busting my chest buttons, I get homesick." "How come?" I asked.

2 "WHY," HE SAID, "because knocking down those kraut crates sorta reminds me of the duck hunting I used to do back home. I've got the sweetest-handling shotgun you've ever seen—same model the Army issued us for skeet shooting in gunnery school. It's a Remington Model 31, the one the fellows call 'the gun with the ball-bearing action.' And when I think of ducks and that gun . . .



3 "GOSH, HOW I WISH I was back home and it was hunting season right now! I'd take that Model 31 and a box of long-range Remington Express shells (what a combination *that* is!) and head for a certain marsh I know . . .

4 "BOY, THAT MARSH is a combination tourist camp and convention hall for ducks! Millions and millions of 'em—and all flyin' around every once in awhile just for the exercise, I guess." "Now you're getting *me* down," I told him. "You know, *I'm* a duck hunter too." "Look," he said, "if we ring up enough combat missions on the record so that maybe we can get back to the States by next hunting season, suppose we—" "It's a date!" I said. (*And it was—a swell one!*)

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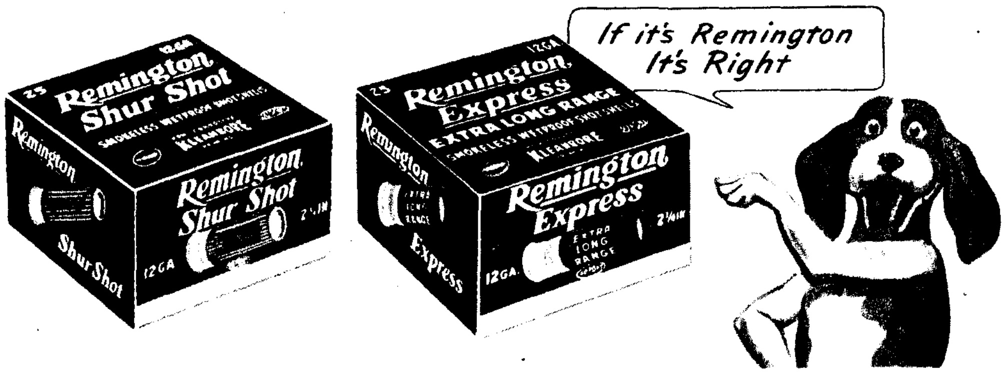
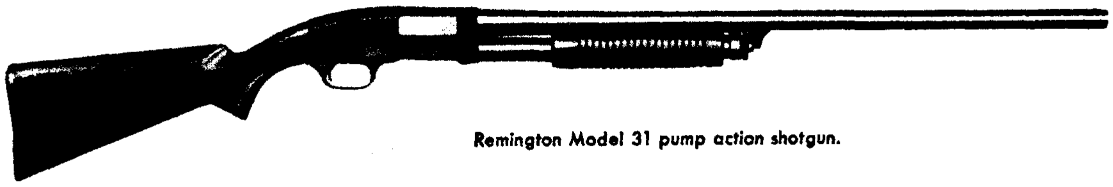


▶ Remington has produced vast quantities of military supplies—for months on end making, *per day*, 30,000,000 rounds of ammunition and more than enough rifles to equip an entire infantry regiment! And soon—we hope—we will once more be able to furnish sportsmen with Remington shotguns and rifles, Remington Express and Shur Shot shells, Remington Hi-Speed .22's with Kleanbore priming, and Remington big game cartridges with Core-Lokt bullets. *Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.*



Remington Model 31 pump action shotgun.

Remington

DU PONT

Express, Shur Shot, Hi-Speed, and Kleanbore are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; Core-Lokt is a trade mark of Remington Arms Co., Inc.

them was in this office. But even granting that—how could he have gotten in?"

"I don't know. We had a man at the door, but this was a big party and he couldn't have known everybody. Even so, my guess would be that Hernandez didn't come as a guest."

"This wasn't a masquerade, was it?"

"No. Just costumes. And Hernandez knew he wouldn't be very welcome."

"And so . . . ?" Gold had his ideas, but he was waiting for mine.

"I thought I'd better give you the cigars I've got. Maybe they mean something and maybe they don't. I'll be glad to get rid of 'em."

"Okay. Let's have 'em."

I walked around my desk. I tried not to look at Margie. I reached down to the bottom drawer and opened it.

No cigars.

I opened the other three drawers of the desk. Still no cigars. I rummaged around, but I knew that didn't make sense. They were either where I had left them, or they were gone—and they certainly weren't where I left them.

Max Gold was watching me. He said dryly, "Gone, huh?"

"Yes . . . I can't figure it. I put them here myself. Right in this drawer."

Max said, "Maybe it was your boy friend Hernandez who was here. Maybe Margie walked in on him and got killed for it. Maybe he sapped Miss Randall. Maybe he's got the cigars." He turned to Iris and asked where Hernandez lived. She gave him the address and he noted it down in a little book. He said, "We'll have a chat with the gent."

He went to the door and opened it. He called the others back into the room: Wally and Sonia Carrington, Hal White, Ernie Robinson. He told Ernie to circulate around and ask whether anybody had noticed a tall, handsome, swarthy stranger among those present.

WE SAT around the office. The technical department wanted to come in and their stuff. Max assured them they could leave the office to themselves in just a few minutes.

I happened to be watching Iris when I saw her expression change. Her eyes widened. I followed the direction of her gaze. I pointed, and the others looked, too. Max Gold's hand slipped under his left armpit where I figured he carried a gun.

The door leading down to the garage was opening. Opening slowly. It moved forward, inch by inch. We waited, stiff with apprehension.

Then we saw. We saw something that fitted in with things that had been happening.

Framed in the doorway was a man. A small man. He stood with one hand on the knob, staring at us. Just stood there.

He wasn't pretty.

Somebody had knocked him around, and done a thorough job of it.

The little man stood rocking in the doorway. He didn't look ghastly; just sick. He had his left hand pressed against the back of his head and he stared at us with glassy eyes. I don't believe he was seeing much. His jaw sagged and his knees didn't seem any too steady.

Wally Carrington moved fast. He took the little man by the arm and led him to a chair. The man dropped into it heavily, as though he'd been thrown there. He kept his hand pressed against his head and he made a pitiful little sound that was like a groan.

Hal White left the room without so much as a by-your-leave. Hal was a bearcat in an emergency. I knew that he had gone for Dr. Beckwith. He didn't ask Gold whether it was okay, and the lieutenant didn't try to stop him. In fact, Brother Gold was busy. He walked over to the man in the chair, made a quick inspection of his head, and looked up at Carrington. He asked, "Who is this?"

Carrington said, "George Lee. He's night man in the garage downstairs."

"Down these stairs?"

"Yes."

"Who uses the garage?"

"We do. The studio employees and guests."

"Nobody else?"

"No."

Hal White came back. Beckwith trailed him. George Lee sat patiently while the doc did some probing. He moaned every once in a while the way a dog does when he's been injured and someone is trying to help. The doctor said, "He's not badly hurt. But he's got a bad bruise. He either fell or he's been attacked."

GOLD looked at George Lee. He said, "Which was it, George?"

Lee blinked watery blue eyes. He said, "Somebody hit me."

"Who?"

"I never seen nobody. I just got hit. When I come to, I was lyin' on the floor. I come up here as soon as I could walk straight."

Gold said, "They should have staged this show in Madison Square. Miss Randall gets slugged. This gent ditto. Two clean knockouts. Whoever did it wasn't no amateur."

I said, "You think it was the same man?"

"Why not? Suppose somebody wanted something—like we were just talking about. If it's important—and it shapes up that way—he's got the joint cased. He slips into the garage, slugs George Lee, comes upstairs and finishes up on Miss Randall and Margie. Then he goes out the way he came. It fits."

COLLIER'S "What's cooking, Pop?" GENE CARR

"Then you don't think it could have been someone in the studio?"

"I sure wouldn't bet it was. But we'll check all the angles." He got up and straightened his coat. He said, "Let's get out of here. The boys from downtown are getting impatient and I got things to do."

We cleared the office and the regulars trooped in. The medical examiner, the fingerprint lads, the engineer whose job it was to take measurements, the bored photographer with his pockets full of flash bulbs.

Gold assembled everybody in the gallery. It was a scared, sickish crowd. He and Ernie Robinson took down the names, addresses and telephone numbers of all the guests. He checked with Wally Carrington about knowing all of them. Then he told them they could go.

He didn't say they mustn't talk to reporters. It wouldn't have done much good, because, human nature being what it is, some of them would have talked anyway.

The women went upstairs to the models' dressing room to change back into regular clothes. The men went into the locker room.

When Iris came downstairs, Max Gold joined us. He said, "Where will I be able to find you tomorrow morning?"

Iris said she'd stay at her apartment. I said I'd be at the office, though I couldn't imagine myself working with any degree of efficiency. Gold said, "I wouldn't mention the cigars to anybody if I was you," and we said we wouldn't.

It was plenty cool outside. I helped Iris into a taxi.

She was game. Almost too game. I could tell by her eyes what she was thinking and how she felt inside, but she didn't talk about it. Neither did I. I got her home and went into the apartment with her. It was a pleasant surprise when nobody jumped at us with a gun.

I announced that I was going to remain overnight. Iris shook her head. She said, "I won't need you, Jimmy. I've passed the point of being jittery. A taxi trailed us here. And I'm sure you'll find one of our police friends sitting in the hall."

I did a little arguing, but got nowhere. She was taut as a fiddlestring and I knew it, but she wouldn't let me help.

I put my hands on her shoulders. I said, "You've sure been taking it on the chin, honey. I hate it."

"I hate it too, Jimmy."

"You still say I've got to go?"

"It's better that way."

My hands slipped down from her shoulders and went around her body. It was a warm, pliant body. I liked the feel of it. I drew it close to mine. I bent my head and let my lips find hers.

She didn't resist. Iris never played cute with me. I wanted to kiss her, so, okay, I could kiss her. The hell of it was that there usually wasn't any response.

But this time was different. It was different with me and with her, too. Something hit me hard. Something that made me feel so sorry for her I wanted to cry. I caught her to me hard and kissed her hard.

HER arms went around my neck. She started to cry. It wasn't loud crying, but it turned me inside out. I didn't dare hope she was any more in love with me than she ever had been—which definitely wasn't much. But I was a friend she could hold on to, someone who was trying to help when she needed help. It wasn't much from my angle, but it was better than nothing.

I quit trying to play the lover. I stood there holding her close and letting her get it all out of her system. When she finally stopped crying, I kissed her again. But it was one of our regular kisses. Not like the first one.

"All through now?" I asked with an attempt at lightness.

"All through."

"Promise you'll be a good girl?"

"Cross my heart."

I told her good night and left. One of Max Gold's men was sitting near the elevator. He was in a position to watch the elevator, Iris' door and the fire steps. That made me feel better. I felt better, but still lousy. I went down to the street level and started to walk to my own diggings.

I got home and took a cold shower. It helped, but not enough. I took a drink and an aspirin. Then I crawled into bed and snapped out the light. I lay there staring into the darkness thinking about too many things I didn't want to think about. I finally went to sleep. . . .

WHEN I woke up it was morning. The weather was dull gray and nasty. A sharp, steady rain spat at the windowpanes. I didn't like the looks of it, nor the thoughts that started crowding in on me.

I had some coffee, showered, shaved and dressed. Then the house phone rang. It was Max Gold. He sounded bright and chipper. He asked whether he could come upstairs for a few minutes. I said he could.

He got there fast. I opened the door and he walked in. There were two other people with him. One was Iris and the other was a man I had never seen before.

Iris was looking better than I could have expected. Her eyes weren't good, and the lines about her mouth were tight, but she was still Iris and that was all I could ask anywhere, any time. I took her hand and said, "How's the head?"

She said, "It doesn't bother me." She turned to the stranger: "This is Jimmy Drake. Jimmy, this is Dan Crowley."

Max Gold said, "Federal Bureau of Investigation."

I took another look. So this was the lad who had planed up from Havana with Iris. This was the F.B.I. boy she had told me about.

He was a big guy: just under six feet tall, hefty around the waist and broad across the shoulders. He had sandy hair and wide, blue eyes. He looked as mild as a glass of milk, but you didn't have to be smart to know he was on the ball. He held out a big hand and said he was glad to meet me. I said the same thing and invited them to have chairs. So we all sat down.

Max Gold took over. He said, "What goes on here is strictly among the four of us. I'm laying a lot of cards on the table. What I say ain't to go any farther."

I promised that it wouldn't. Iris didn't say anything. Obviously she had been through the routine already.

Max said, "I haven't been to bed. Crowley and I have been doing a lot of talking. My boys have been finding out things. Some of what we've uncovered I can tell you. In fact, I've got to."

He passed a pack of cigarettes around. I accepted a smoke and he took one. Dan Crowley grinned and shook his head. Iris never smokes.

Max said, "Item one: We found Miss Randall's fingerprints on the gun that was used to kill Margie. We know it was that gun because our ballistics man checked it. We expected to find those prints. But what surprised us was that there weren't any other prints on it."

I must have looked startled because he talked straight at me. "Keep your shirt on, Drake. It probably doesn't mean a thing. If we're on the right track, last night's fiesta was staged by a smart cooky. He wouldn't have left fingerprints."

He took another deep drag and continued: "We haven't found anybody that saw a stranger enter or leave the garage. But that doesn't mean that somebody didn't. We also haven't found any trace of Claude Williams. We did some checking on your friend Pedro Hernandez. He hasn't a shred of an alibi. That's negative, too. Lots of people don't have alibis. So I wouldn't attach too much importance to that angle. Also we got a chance to case his apartment. We didn't find a thing."

I said, "What kind of a thing didn't you find?"

"Nothing that would indicate that he wasn't simply a wealthy playboy from South America. We did a thorough job. We were inter-

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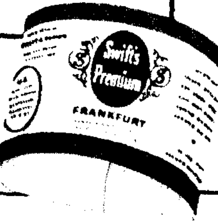

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ested . . . for many reasons. We finally located him at the bar of a swank night club. He said he'd been making the rounds all evening. Alone. That's as far as he tried to establish an alibi. It could be a dumb play, or it could be smart. I don't think we tipped our hand too much. And that's where I bow out." He jerked his head toward Dan Crowley. He said, "Your cue, Dan."

Crowley wasn't easy to hear at first. The F.B.I. lads all talk so softly that they seem to be whispering. But they manage to make their points.

He smiled at me in friendly fashion. "I've been over this whole thing with Lieutenant Gold," he said, "and with Miss Randall. They assure me that you can't add anything to what they've told me, but just the same I'd like to go over it with you too."

I said, "Anything I can do—"

"I'm taking you into my confidence, Mr. Drake," Crowley said. "We know a good deal about you. We know that you're a good loyal American citizen. We know that you've broken your neck trying to find a spot in the Armed Forces. We know you have done, and are doing, a lot of first-rate civilian work. We know you are keenly aware that there's a war on. So we don't hesitate to trust you with this information."

I said, "Thanks," and let it go at that.

NOW Crowley was all business. "Apparently," he said, "a tough young ex-convict named Claude Williams was hired to steal those cigars from Miss Randall's apartment. Apparently he got the wrong box; so he might have gone to the studio last night to get the right one. It's a nice theory, but it doesn't hold. There are several things wrong with it."

I said, "As for instance?"

"In the first place," Crowley said, "if you assume that it *was* Williams, you've got to try to figure who might have hired him. In this connection I'm sure it will interest you to know that Pedro Hernandez isn't a Bolivian at all. He's a German. He lived in Bolivia for fifteen years. He had learned Spanish before he ever went there, having lived in Madrid for a while as a youngster. His real name doesn't matter. What does matter is that we have been interested in him ever since he came to this country a few months after Pearl Harbor. I don't believe that Hernandez knows that he has been under surveillance. It is better that he should never know that the bureau is interested in him. That's clear, isn't it?"

"Yes." I was turning things over in my mind. "You mean he's connected with organized subversive activities?"

Crowley's face told me nothing. His words didn't tell me much more. He said, "Maybe you can do a little guessing, Mr. Drake. A German posing as a Bolivian in a country with which his government is at war. How would you figure it?"

"About like you do. And I can understand why your outfit should be interested. But I don't see where it changes the picture of the two murders."

"It does—and for this reason: Major subversive groups in this country are not as stupid as the movies would have us believe. Hernandez is important and brainy. He wouldn't take unnecessary chances. We do not think, therefore, that he would have hired a man like Claude Williams, who is wanted by the police, to do a job for him."

He let that sink in. I said, "You mean you don't think the two murders are tied up?"

"Something like that."

"But the cigars . . . ?"

"That is a connecting link, of course. But the tie-up is probably not as tight as you might figure it. Put yourself in Hernandez' place for a moment. He knew that the cigars were being sent to him. We will presume that they had a peculiar value. He and his associates had planned carefully. They had selected Miss Randall as the unsuspecting messenger. Things worked out beautifully. She arrived with the cigars. Isn't it reasonable to suppose that Hernandez would have waited for the next obvious development? That he would have waited for her to deliver them to him as she had promised her Cuban friend to do?"

I nodded. "You mean that Hernandez wouldn't have worried at first, and that there would have been no point to his hiring someone to steal them from her."

"Precisely. It would have been taking a foolish risk. There would always have been the chance that his burglar would be caught, and that the police would get hold of the cigars. Of course, they would look like ordinary cigars and their real value might never be discovered. But even in that event, Hernandez and his friends wouldn't have them."

I said, "What was funny about the cigars?"

Dan Crowley shook his head. "Frankly, we don't know. We'd like to find out."

"Go ahead."

"If we can presume for a moment that Hernandez would not have risked a burglary to get something he was going to have delivered to him within twenty-four hours anyway, we might also presume that if he had been so foolish as to take this extra chance, he wouldn't have done business with a man like Claude Williams. The obvious conclusion, therefore, is that Williams knew about the cigars and undertook a little hijacking job. Unfortunately, we don't know whether or not he got the cigars which Hernandez wanted. And we don't know where Williams is. We do know this, though—and it isn't a pleasant thought:

"Hernandez wanted a certain box of cigars and didn't get them. The ones he got were bought by Miss Randall yesterday morning. It is a fifty-fifty bet that Claude Williams didn't get the right cigars, either. Therefore, either man would have plenty of motive for attempting to steal the box of cigars which were in your office, Mr. Drake."

I shook my head. "That doesn't jell, Crowley. Claude Williams didn't know anything about any other box of cigars."

"Right. Unless he had other sources of information."

"Such as what?"

"That's something else we'd like to find out. The important point is that we do not believe at the moment that the two murders were in any way connected, or even that Williams and Pedro Hernandez know each other."

"Then," I said, "since Hernandez knew that there was another box of cigars in my office, and since he has no alibi . . . why wouldn't that point to him?"

"It does. Indirectly. But the chances are that he himself would not have tried to steal them from your office. He would have sent someone. And we're not interested in arresting Mr. Hernandez; knowing him, we can check his activities. If we arrested him, his work would be taken over by someone we might not know. But we *are* interested in getting the cigars."

I said that I could understand that. I said that it looked like a mess. It seemed that two criminal outfits wanted those cigars and one of them had succeeded in getting what it wanted.

"Check." Dan Crowley was speaking in that same calm, whispery voice. "But if our idea is correct, one of those two groups still connects you and Miss Randall with the cigars."

THAT one didn't penetrate immediately. And when it did, I wasn't too happy. I said, "What you're trying to tell me is that perhaps Miss Randall and I haven't heard the last of this?"

"Precisely. We'll continue to do our best to forestall any further trouble, but, frankly, I don't like the picture."

I looked at Iris. She said, "What can we do about it, Dan? I mean, what can we do to help?"

That sounded awful good to me. Max Gold said, "Ain't you scared, Miss Randall?"

"Of course I'm frightened. But where I've been for the last five months I've learned to understand that we're at war. If this thing really means something, my personal safety doesn't seem very important."

I saw Dan Crowley looking at her. There was a nice light in his eyes. Professional and personal approval. Then he glanced at me. He said, "How do you feel about it, Mr. Drake?"

I said, "Don't shove me. I hate pretty speeches. But you can count on me, too." . . .

Nature being what it is, people recover—even from the shock of murders.

Fortunately for almost everybody concerned, the studio was swamped with work starting the day after the barn dance. There were some rush color jobs which had to be sent to Rochester by special messenger for processing. There were several pages of retakes. There was an important new client who selected that particular time to swing into line, and we had to see to it that he got extra special service without letting him know that it was extra special service.

Iris was going back on the air in a little more than a week. She did a lot of rehearsing, a lot of shopping in behalf of her depleted wardrobe, and she had lots of no fun keeping reporters, sob sisters and officials out of her hair. On the last count, we all took a pushing around.

There were a couple of inquests and a heap more questions flung at us by detectives. There was Margie Brett's funeral. That was in Jackson Heights and we were all pretty sunk by the time it ended. Margie wasn't the sort of person you can check out of your mind. You couldn't believe she was dead. Even after attending the funeral. Her passing made a hell of a dent in that studio.

DO YOU KNOW ABBREVIATIONS?—No. 6

Test yourself on the following list of abbreviations, symbols and foreign words and see how you rate. You probably have run into most of them innumerable times in newspapers, magazines and books. If you guess 15 of them correctly, you may consider yourself fair; 18 or above qualifies you as above the average; and anything over 20 is superior.

1. Rt. Rev.
2. mm.
3. USC
4. Je.
5. ODT
6. Sq.
7. hdqrs.
8. OWI
9. insp.
10. F.B.I.
11. Apt.
12. WLB
13. C of C
14. ct.
15. #
16. A.P.O.
17. Q.M.C.
18. Hon.
19. Apr.
20. A.D.
21. &
22. soc.
23. Br.
24. R.N.
25. ASTP

(Answers on page 62)

—Charles Prout

Iris and I didn't have time to see much of each other, but when we did get together we worked hard at returning to normalcy. We didn't talk about the two tragedies any more than we had to, and we didn't see anything of Claude Williams. We did, however, get more or less accustomed to being tailed [illegible] various plain-clothes gents who looked like cops in spite of their best efforts not to.

On Sunday afternoon Iris telephoned to ask whether I'd be interested in a delicatessen supper at her place. I said that nothing could make more of an appeal. She told me that Dan Crowley, her F.B.I. boy friend, would be there. I asked, "Does he know you're inviting me?" and she said it had been his suggestion.

I showed up at 7:15. I had been invited for seven, but I had read the book and knew just how late to be. Iris and Crowley were stacking olives and tossing a mixed green salad. A table had been set up in the dinette. It looked cozy and intimate. Too intimate for my taste.

I liked Crowley. That's what made me feel discouraged. I could understand any girl going for him. An overgrown, pink-cheeked, good-natured kid who took things in stride and got a big kick out of life. You had to know a lot about him and his job or you couldn't take him seriously.

We had a nice supper. Everything about it was fine. Crowley had played football at Boston College and he knew I had played, too. So we talked football, even though the baseball season was on the way. Iris understood the lingo and joined in. It was a neat, sociable session. We all cleared off and all pitched in on the dishes. We got everything shipshape before settling down in front of the fireplace with smokes and domestic liqueurs.

It was Crowley who brought up the subject of the two murders. He didn't do it that way exactly, but he did let us understand that he had things to discuss. He still talked like an F.B.I. man; his voice so low and soft that at times you had trouble hearing it. He said, "I've got permission to tell you a few things that I wasn't at liberty to explain the last time I saw you."

I said that was fine. He said, "It concerns Pedro Hernandez."

I waited. So did Iris.

"When Hernandez came into the picture," Crowley explained, "I told you that the bureau was interested in him. I didn't say why."

"You said he was a German. There was some talk about his being a member of a subversive group."

Crowley nodded. "It isn't quite that conventional, Drake. So far as we know, Hernandez wasn't sent to this country either as a spy or a saboteur."

"What is his job?"

"I'm going to tell you as much as I can, because if you understand you might be of greater help:

"Before the war there was a lot of international trade; that is, big financial interests in this country were tied up with equally important financial interests in other countries, including Germany.

"But as you know, trade between the two countries has now stopped. Under the federal law, Americans are not allowed to trade—or negotiate—with the enemy. Most of the big industrial and financial figures in this country obey that law. Some do not."

THIS was a new and interesting angle. It wasn't as exciting as spying or sabotage, but it seemed chock-full of substance.

"It is our belief," Crowley continued, "that Hernandez is in this country for the purpose of contacting, and negotiating with, certain influential Americans who want to be ready to move in the right direction the day we make peace with Germany. They're not guilty of actually trading with the enemy, but they are making arrangements to trade with Germany the minute it ceases to be an enemy. In other words, they are negotiating, and are, therefore, breaking the law which prohibits that.

"You probably gather that Hernandez must be rather important. We don't know half as much about him as we'd like to know. For one thing, we've only scratched the surface of his contacts. And we're interested for this reason: If an influential American citizen is willing to negotiate at all with Germany today, we cannot be certain that he wouldn't carry that beyond the point of simple negotiation. In other words, when a man will break a wartime law in wartime, he is suspect. We want to know who he is. Once we know, we can keep an eye on him. And we hope, if we play it right, that Hernandez will lead us to these pals of his. Is that clear?"

I said, "It's clear enough. And you think the cigars fit in?"

"I feel sure that those cigars contained messages. Hernandez' actions from the beginning indicate something of this sort. To whom the messages were, or what they were, I don't know, but if we could get hold of them they might tell us a lot."

Iris said, "Williams knew about the cigars."

"Yes. And that's the angle that worries us most. The Hernandez angle we understand, even though we haven't any specific

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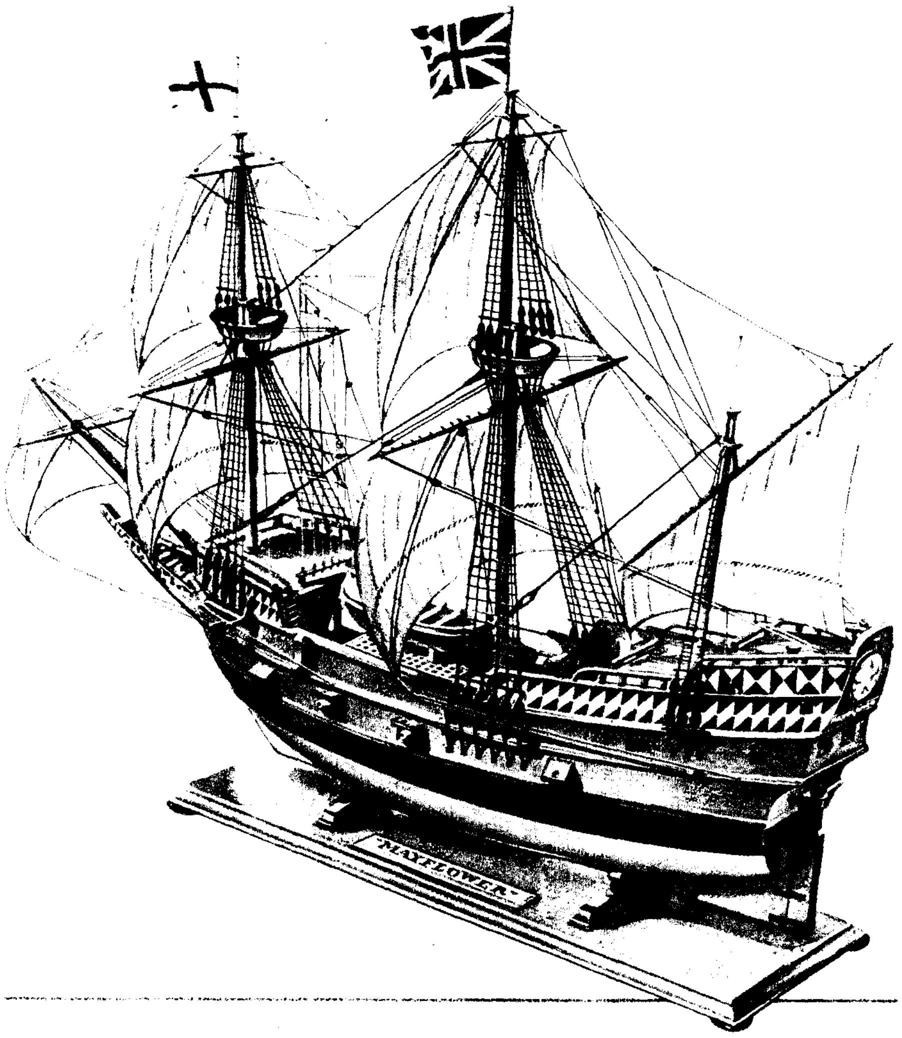

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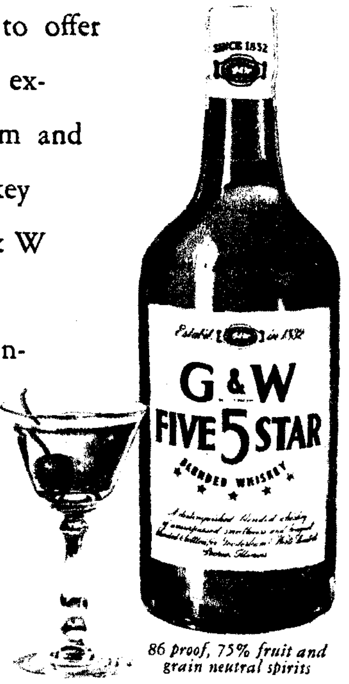

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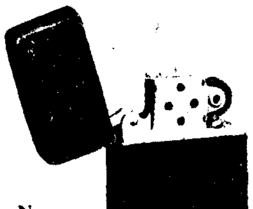

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dope on it. It's the Claude Williams thing that's got us bewildered. We can't make him fit. But I feel reasonably certain of this . . ." Dan Crowley raised his voice just a trifle, as though to emphasize his next statement: "As I told you, I believe that someone engaged Williams to hijack those cigars in order to get whatever it was they contained. That person must have known all about them. He knew that the cigars had to be stolen that night if they were to be kept away from Hernandez. In other words, the group or person for whom Williams was working sizes up as being antagonistic to Hernandez' group."

I said, "I don't get it. If there were two pro-German gangs . . ."

"I don't get it, either, Drake. But I mean to find out."

Iris said, "What do you want us to do?"

"Nothing at the moment—except to understand, and, of course, not to talk. The bureau believes that one of you will eventually hear something from whichever of the two groups has not succeeded in getting the important cigars."

I thanked him for letting me help. He grinned at me and said some nice things. Then he started talking about something else, which was his way of announcing that he'd be just as happy to close the subject. So we closed it.

We sat around talking a while longer, and then got into a three-handed game of gin-rummy. I played my best and came out third. At midnight Crowley hoisted his big body off the chair and said he was going. I said I thought I'd stick around for a while, and Iris didn't protest which made me feel swell.

AFTER Dan had gone, I motioned her to a spot on the couch alongside of me. I said, "First, and most important: I like your boy friend."

She said, "He's awfully nice, isn't he?"

"But definitely. I'd love to hate him. I'd love to think he was a wolf in sheep's clothing. But the way things are, I couldn't blame any gal named Iris if she fell for him."

She passed that one up, so I went on. I said, "I'll lead with my chin. Have you?"

"Have I what?"

"Tumbled for him?"

"Not the way you mean."

"Okay." I was keeping it light, but that wasn't how I felt. "Then I can make my pitch."

"I'm waiting."

"I'm being noble—or sappy—or something. It just happens that I don't like the idea of you walking around with your neck out. It's a nice neck, but that isn't what it was meant for."

"So-o-o . . . ?"

"I've got a yearning to be here if trouble shows up again. But I've got a conventional mind. I've always figured that the lad who sleeps in the house every night should be a husband. Get it?"

"You're asking me to marry you?"

"Approximately. The platonic angle. Every night I'll pace the living-room floor torn by desire. Except that little Snow White will never know it. When things have cleared up, I'll check out."

She was looking at me peculiarly. She said, "Is that how you want it?"

"No," I said emphatically, "it isn't. Being a reasonable facsimile of a human being, I'd like the works. But since that isn't the way the cards are, I'll take the next best thing. All holds barred."

She said, "You're sweet."

"That gets me nowhere."

She moved close to me and put her hand in mine. She said, "I don't know what the future holds for us, Jimmy. But if you're ever my husband, it won't be that way."

I said, "Wow! You feeling all right?"

"I'm feeling very much touched by your offer. I'm also saying 'No, thanks.' I'll yell for you when I need you. And until then I'm not afraid."

"You should be."

"Maybe I am, then. Maybe I'm just whistling in the dark. Maybe it is that my common sense tells me that if somebody wants to make trouble for me, they'll find a way to make it."

"So we aren't engaged?"

"No."

"I didn't expect it to work. But it was worth a try."

I lighted a cigarette and tried to blow smoke rings. No luck. I started talking about Iris' new radio program. I looked at the clock and saw that it was getting on toward one. I said I'd better be getting out before I was kicked out.

She helped me into my coat. She waited for me to kiss her, but I didn't. I wasn't keen about the sort of kisses she let me have.

I said, "I'll be at the office bright and early tomorrow morning. Begins a new week. Begins a lot of things."

I was just talking along. I was sure the office would be just the same old routine.

BUT it didn't turn out that way, however. Because when I walked in Monday morning, the first thing I ran into was Gloria Sherman.

Gloria Sherman was guaranteed to knock your eye out—any time, anyplace and under any conditions.

I entered the studio building through the unimposing little door next to the garage entrance. I walked up the dark steps, anticipating the pleasant surprise which always hit me on entering the gorgeous reception room. I barged into the room, gave it my customary scrutiny, felt the customary pleasant reaction and then let my eyes move to the PBX.

ANSWERS TO ABBREVIATIONS QUIZ ON PAGE 61

1. Right Reverend. 2. Millimeter. 3. University of Southern California. 4. June. 5. Office of Defense Transportation. 6. Squadron. 7. Headquarters. 8. Office of War Information. 9. Inspector. 10. Federal Bureau of Investigation. 11. Apartment. 12. War Labor Board. 13. Chamber of Commerce. 14. Court; cent; county. 15. Number; pounds. 16. Army Post Office. 17. Quartermaster Corps. 18. Honorable. 19. April. 20. Anno Domini. 21. And. 22. Society. 23. British. 24. Registered Nurse; Royal Navy. 25. Army Specialist Training Program.

(All abbreviations have been checked with Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition, except a few recent, unlisted ones which were checked with various other sources.)

Until recently, a little visit with Margie at the switchboard had been a daily ritual. Our matutinal kidding had become a habit . . . the sort of habit that isn't easy to break. But just the same, seeing someone in her place came as a surprise.

I don't know what I expected. Certainly if I had thought about it at all (which I hadn't) I'd have known that today there would be a new girl on the job. And even having figured all that out in my massive brain, I'd still have been surprised by my first vista of Gloria.

The initial impression of Miss Sherman was blondness. A blondness like sunshine. The second impression—and the one that stuck longest—was that if Hollywood was looking for sweater girls, it had passed up the world's best bet by allowing this young lady to work at a switchboard. The third impression was a mixture of blue eyes, milky complexion, fluffy golden hair and a manner which was not precisely reticent.

She pulled a couple of plugs out of a couple of little holes, looked up at me and said, "Good morning." I blinked and said the same thing. She raised one delicately penciled eyebrow as though to invite me to state my business and I told her that my name was Jimmy Drake and that I was sales manager.

She beamed. You'd have thought that all her life she had been waiting for this moment. She leaned across the desk—which was all right with me—and said, "*Mister* Drake! So you're Mister Drake!"

I couldn't put up any argument about that, so I admitted that I was Mister Drake. I wanted to ask where they had found her, and if her eyes meant what they said. But I didn't do anything of the kind. I merely said, "Are you the new operator?" and she nodded and smiled, as though being the new operator was the grandest thing in the world.

I said, "It's a nice job, but it isn't easy."

"I'll love it. I know I will." Her voice was full and warm.

I said I certainly hoped so, and would have gone on to my office, but the new girl wanted to talk. She was friendly as a kitten. She said, "I'm Gloria Sherman."

I said that was fine. In trying to keep my eyes from the most obvious points of interest, I suppose I left them stray to her left hand. She caught the look and smiled coquettishly. She said, "No. I'm not married."

I didn't know what that had to do with the price of eggs, but I remarked that a girl with her looks must have had lots of chances. She said that she was hard to get, and I said that I didn't doubt it.

She checked my extension number and expressed the hope that I wouldn't have any fault to find with her service. I told her I was sure I wouldn't and she said that she was sure I wouldn't, which seemed to indicate that we agreed on at least one point. I asked whether Wally Carrington had come in yet, and she said yes. She also asked me whether I didn't think he was a wonderful man, and so handsome, and I said that I thought he was.

I had a feeling that she would have liked to go on talking indefinitely, but I had things to do. I grinned at her and she gave me her very best smile, which seemed rather torrid for this early in the morning. I walked up to the mezzanine where Wally had his office. I shed my coat on the way up, pitched that and my hat on an easy chair opposite his desk, and selected an easier one for myself. I said, "Is it true, really?"

AT FIRST he didn't get it. Then he began to smile. He smiled with his lips and with his eyes. Even behind his glasses, it was a nice, warm smile. He said, "Oh! Gloria?"

I nodded. "She looks like someone it might be pleasant to dream about."

"I've seen worse. She's probably a trifle too decorative, but that's not a drawback, is it?"

"You meet her in a night club?"

"No. She was recommended."

"By whom?"

"Howard Lawton."

I conjured up a quick mental picture of Brother Lawton. Our assistant business manager didn't look like the type to play around with girls like Gloria Sherman. But then, I figured, you can't always sometimes tell.

I asked, "Where did he find her?"

"I didn't ask. But she evidently knows her job."

I agreed with that. I remarked that perhaps it was better to have a real personality at the switchboard. With a colorless operator we'd be all the time remembering Margie Brett, and that meant remembering a lot of things we'd all prefer to forget.

I discussed a few business matters with Wally. He took off his glasses, polished them, and replaced them on his thin, finely shaped nose. He had a clear, concise manner of talking and the words to talk with. He shoved a couple of sketches at me and asked me to talk them over with the client for whom they had been made. I got up, took my coat and hat and walked downstairs again, along the hall toward my office.

The way led past the cubicle which Howard Lawton occupied. I wasn't crazy about the guy, but we were friendly enough, and it was part of my policy not to let him suspect that he wasn't too popular with me. So I dropped in for a minute.

Lawton was a tall, dignified lad, but he looked even taller than he was—and more dignified—sitting behind his desk. He was definitely the serious type. He unwound himself slowly and got up in spite of my sugges-

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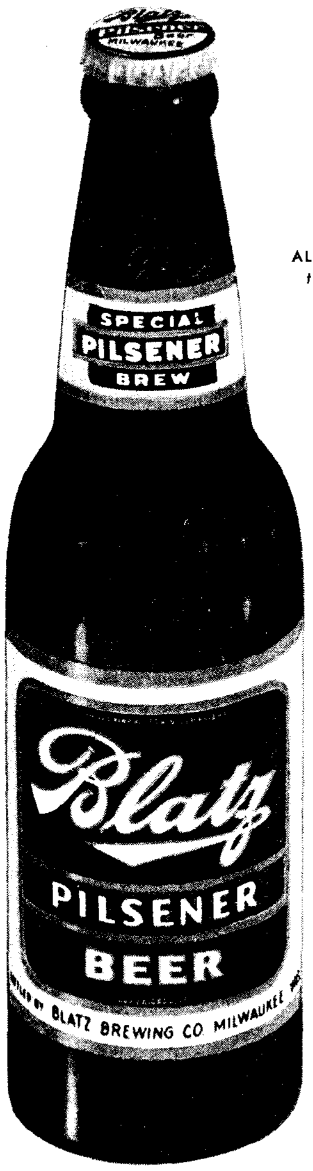
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tion that he remain parked. I said, "Wally tells me you discovered the new switchboard operator."

He came as close to smiling as it was possible for him to do. He said, "She's quite picturesque, isn't she?"

"That's a conservative appraisal."

"Don't let her fool you, Jimmy. She's a hell of a good operator, too."

I made a couple more comments. They were rather on the inane side, but that wasn't entirely my fault. Howard Lawton isn't easy to kid with. He's got a dead pan, and you never know whether he's getting the point. So I escaped as soon as I could, and traveled on to my office.

The week-end mail was piled up on my desk. I buzzed for my secretary and started wading through it. Another business week had commenced—a week which I fondly hoped would be less exciting than the previous seven days.

During the morning I had occasion to make a half-dozen telephone calls. I got instant service. Service with a smile. Service with an "Oh, it's you again, Mr. Drake. Why, of *course,* I'll get your number." It was too true to be good.

At noon I drifted downstairs to a cozy little restaurant which was better than it looked. Everybody from the studio ate there. On the way down I met Gloria Sherman and she fell into step alongside of me. She was in a talkative mood. She told me how much she loved her new job, and how she hoped she'd please everybody.

Inside the lunchroom, I pointedly said, "See you later," and went over to join Hal White, who was lunching with Penny Atkins. Penny's clear gray eyes were laughing. She said, "You're a fast worker, Jimmy."

We glanced over at Gloria who was inspecting the menu which was tacked up on the wall, and being inspected by the lads who worked as studio helpers. I had a hunch that Miss Sherman wasn't going to lack attention. I said, "Can I help it if I'm irresistible?"

AT SIX o'clock I was through for the day and ready to go home. I wasn't very enthusiastic about it because Iris had another date. With Dan Crowley. And this time it was social, not professional. I had always wondered about the personal life of F.B.I. agents, and now I was adding worry to my wonder.

At six a couple of customers came in and I sat around and talked to them just to kill time. I didn't have anything else to do. I made a lot of beautiful resolves. A simple, quiet dinner—alone. Perhaps one hour at a newsreel theater. Then to my apartment for a session with the evening papers, to be followed by a hot tub and a long, restful night. I felt so virtuous it hurt. I hoped I'd be sleepy by bedtime. I wasn't keen about lying awake wondering how Iris and Dan Crowley were getting along.

Everything worked fine, up to a point. I had the lonesome dinner. I sat for one hour in a newsreel theater. I reached the lobby of my apartment building a little before ten o'clock.

The doorman said, "Somebody waiting for you, Mr. Drake." He nodded toward a man who was sitting near the elevators and the man got up and walked across to me.

He was tall: perhaps two inches taller than I was. He was thin, but he had broad shoulders, and I judged that he was a rather powerful gent. He wore a gray Homburg hat and a checkered overcoat which was quite a bit on the loud side. I couldn't see the suit, but the necktie was also calculated to make an impression.

He walked over to me and said, "Mr. Drake?"

I said, "I'm Drake."

He held out his hand. "My name is Ellis. John Ellis."

That seemed reasonable enough. I told him I was pleased to meet him, which was somewhat of an exaggeration but socially correct.

He studied me with level gray eyes and asked whether he could have a few minutes of my time. He said it was important.

I said, "Business?"

"Not exactly."

"What does that mean?"

"If we could go up to your apartment . . . ?"

I hesitated. He said, "In a way, Mr. Drake, this has something to do with Miss Randall." His timing was perfect. I told him to come along.

When we got upstairs, John Ellis made himself at home. He took off his coat and hat and dropped them on a straight chair near the door. I put mine in a hanging closet. He walked over to a chair. He sat in it, and his legs stretched way out.

He had a lean, narrow face and a square jaw. He was bald as a coot. He caught me staring at the shiny expanse on top of his head and he smiled. He said, "My friends call me Curly."

I shoved a humidor at Mr. Curly Ellis and parked myself opposite him. I was trying to figure him out, and he was doing the same with me. I had an idea that he was doing a better job than I was.

I said, "What about Miss Randall?"

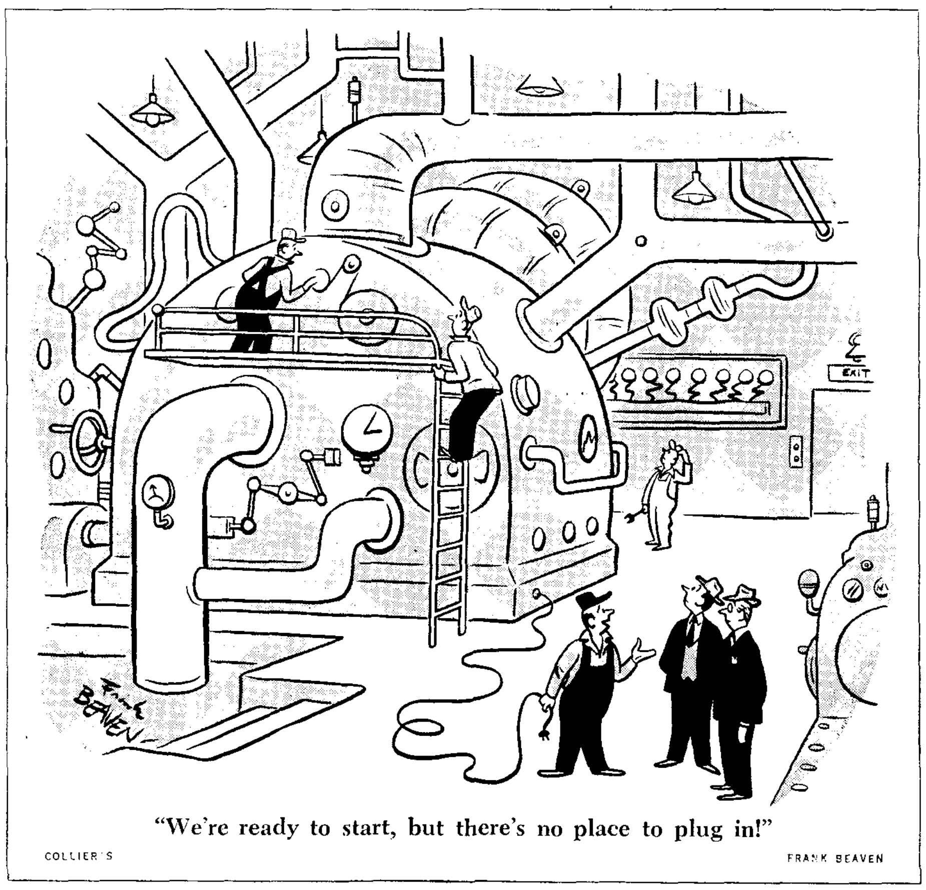
He took his time about answering. Then he said, "It isn't directly about her, Mr. Drake. It's about you, too. And things that have been happening."

"What sort of things?"

"Murders."

The guy was good. He didn't bother to diagram things. I said, "What murders?"

"Al Brenner's, perhaps. More specifically, Miss Margie Brett's."



"We're ready to start, but there's no place to plug in!"

COLLIER'S FRANK BEAVEN

I asked, "Are you a detective?"

"No."

"Then where do you fit?"

"I know things. Important things. Isn't that enough?"

"It all depends."

He reached for a cigarette. I took one, too. Mr. Curly Ellis looked more and more like a man who knew his way around.

He had lovely hands with long, slender fingers. He caught me looking at them. He said, "They're useful in my business. I'm a gambler."

I didn't say anything.

"I've always been a dealer," he went on. "I probably always will be. Right now I'm working at a swank joint over on the Jersey side." He gave me the name of the place. I had heard of it. "My specialty is blackjack."

I STILL didn't see what that had to do with Iris, myself, Brenner or Margie. He said, "There are things you don't understand, aren't there?"

"Yes. . . . But I still don't see where you belong."

"I'm coming to that."

"I'm waiting."

He let me wait. When he spoke again it was in the same quiet, flat voice he'd used ever since meeting me down in the lobby.

He said, "I believe I know who murdered Margie Brett."

He had me. I made no attempt to conceal my interest. I said, "Who do you think it was?"

"I believe—" he said slowly, watching the effect of his words, "I believe she was killed by a man who works in your studio. A man named Howard Lawton."

I WASN'T very quick on the uptake. I felt stupid, and probably looked it.

Curly's eyes never left my face. He said, "You think I'm crazy, huh?"

"That's one way of expressing it."

"You got the right to think anything you want."

I said, "How did you happen to pull Howard Lawton's name out of the hat?"

"I didn't. It was out all the time, only you were too blind to see it."

I said, "I think there are too few of us here. We ought to call the cops."

He shook his head. "I think different. Cops would only louse things up. I've got you pegged as a lad who is interested in doing what's best for Miss Randall. And, for her, it's best that you should play ball with me. On the side."

"Why?"

"Because the more you know, the better chance you've got of protecting her."

"Couldn't the cops do that?"

He made an impatient gesture. "Sure they could. But would they? The answer is 'No!' They'd grab me and give me a going over. They'd want to know everything I know, and they'd keep on wanting. In the first place, I wouldn't tell them, and, in the second place, they wouldn't believe me if I did."

"If you'd tell me, why wouldn't you tell them?"

"That's a fair question. The answer is that I ain't going to tell you. Only what I want you to know."

"Where do you come in?"

"That's something else you aren't going to know. But you tag along on my side of the road and maybe you'll get somewhere."

I said, "How do I know you didn't kill Miss Brett?"

"Don't be silly. Would I be here if I were mixed up in it? My nose is clean or I'd have stayed out."

"You've got to have some reason."

"Sure I've got a reason. But it's a reason that doesn't interest you. What I mean is, it ain't got anything to do with these murders. It's personal."

"You mind explaining that?"

"I do. All I'm willing to say is I've got a little personal feud on with Howard Lawton."

"Does he know you're in on this?"

"Nope. And he shouldn't. He'd right away start spoiling things."

"Even if the cops arrested him?"

"That wouldn't mean a thing. Maybe they'd pick him up for questioning, but that's as far as they'd get. Lawton's a smart cooky. The only way you can pin anything on him is by tricking him."

"Why me?"

"Because you work with him. He takes you for granted. With you, his guard wouldn't be up."

I got the idea. But I wasn't tumbling too quick. I said, "You're asking a lot, Curly. I don't know you from Adam. You're asking me to do things independently of the police. It doesn't sound sensible or healthy."

Mr. Ellis stretched his legs out a little farther, which made them very far indeed. He said, "Maybe you'll have more confidence if I tell you a few things. For one thing, you're off on the wrong foot. Way off. You're thinking that Margie Brett's murder is tied up with that box of cigars. Well, it ain't."

Socko! Right on the button! I said, "What do you know about cigars?"

The smile he gave me was bleak and mirthless. "I know a lot. Miss Randall brought two boxes in. A punk named Claude Williams hijacked one of them. Miss Randall had another box, which she gave to you. They've disappeared, too. Your police friends are running around in circles thinking cigars. It won't pay off. You're the only person—besides me—who knows that those murders were personal. Williams' killing of Al Brenner was personal: he didn't want a third felony rap. Lawton's killing of Margie Brett was just as personal."

I said, "You're a persuasive talker, Curly; but your theory isn't sound."

"Why not?"

"I'm convinced that Margie was killed by somebody outside the studio."

"Because the garage man was sapped?"

I DID some more blinking. Mr. Curly Ellis knew a lot. I said, "That's right."

"Maybe yes. Maybe no. But if you like to play with ideas, why not stew over this for a while? Suppose it *was* Lawton. What could be smarter than for him to slug the garage man? If he went into the garage and Lee spotted him, he didn't have to make his play. But if he could sneak up behind the guy and sap him, it would have the effect of making you and the cops think exactly what you are thinking."

"Is that what you think?"

"No. I think Lee was hit by someone who didn't have anything to do with the Margie Brett affair. One of those coincidences that happen all the time in real life."

He ground the light from the end of his cigarette. Then he said, "I'll talk some more if you'll trail along with me."

I said, "I'm not promising anything."

He nodded. "That's good enough. If you promised, sight unseen, I'd be suspicious of you. So I'll talk anyway. Then if you're dopey enough to tell it to the cops, that's your funeral."

He stopped talking. I guess it was my cue to ask questions, but I didn't. I waited. And after a few minutes he started again.

"Item one," he said. "Did you know that the Cuban gent who gave Miss Randall the original box of cigars introduced himself to her on the basis of being a friend of Lawton's?"

I nodded. "She mentioned that. But, frankly, it hadn't registered."

"A lot of important things haven't registered. That's why I'm telling you. Now, second: Did you know that Lawton and Pedro Hernandez are pretty good friends?"

"Are they?"

"They certainly are. You don't have to take my word for it. Even an amateur could check that. And that being so, chances are 100 to 1 that Lawton knew about those cigars coming in from Cuba."

"Here's another thing you might check. Some time ago—I don't know just when—Claude Williams applied for a job at the Carrington studio. He was recommended by Howard Lawton. Carrington finally said no

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EATS POORLY

try giving him Ovaltine

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when he found out that Williams had a prison record."

"What does it mean?"

"It means that Lawton knew Claude Williams, too. He knew just about everything that was worth while knowing."

I said, "It's all pretty circumstantial, isn't it?"

"Yep. From cover to cover. But you stack up enough circumstantial evidence and you've got a good case. Trouble is, it usually ain't good enough. That's where you come in. My idea is for you to play around with Lawton. I happen to know he's got something that'll hang him higher'n a kite. Only somebody who makes like a friend would have a chance of getting it."

"What has he got?"

"That's one of the things I'm not telling."

I got up and poured a couple of drinks. Mine tasted good. Curly refused his. He said, "I told you before. I'm a gambler. That's why I'm here. I'm gambling on you."

I said I was flattered. Curly picked that time to let fly with another haymaker.

"Maybe," he suggested, "you'd like to talk it over with your little playmate from the F.B.I."

Mentally, I picked myself up off the floor. I said, "Where do you figure the F.B.I. in on this?"

"I don't," he answered promptly. "But I do know that you and Miss Randall have become friendly with a pink-cheeked lad named Crowley who's an agent. The F.B.I. boys are smart. They play in their own back yard. You'll see; when they find out they got no interest in this thing, they won't mix in with what ain't their business. Also, you'd probably talk to him anyway."

I fished another cigarette out of my pocket. I decided that I was smoking too much, but one extra wouldn't hurt.

This was the first thing Mr. Ellis had called wrong. However much he knew—and he knew plenty—he didn't think it had anything to do with the Federal government. Certainly not with any part of it that would require the services of the F.B.I. I tried to make my face inscrutable, and I suppose I did a good enough job, because Ellis didn't follow through on that angle. Knowing he could be wrong on even a single item gave me a feeling of confidence.

He said, "There's one more thing you ought to know about Howard Lawton: A little more than four years ago your friend Lawton was tried for murder."

I gave up. My expression showed clearly enough that I hadn't known.

"He murdered his partner. Elderly guy named Arthur Robbins. They had a printing and engraving firm in Atlanta, Georgia. I was living there at the time. At the trial, Lawton turned up with a foolproof alibi and was acquitted."

"Maybe he was acquitted because he was innocent."

"Could be. But it wasn't. He did the murder, all right. The cops in Atlanta still believe he did." Curly took an envelope out of his pocket and tossed it on the coffee table. He said, "Those are newspaper clippings. They'll tell you all about the trial, and more about Lawton, too. Very interesting and dramatic. Lawton couldn't be touched for the murder now, even if it were pinned on him. It's just another thing to add to everything else I've told you. Think it over. You know where to find me. I'll wait until I hear from you."

He unfolded himself and reached for his hat and coat. He said good night and didn't offer to shake hands.

He walked out, went downstairs and into the clear night air.

I stayed in my apartment—in a fog.

TUESDAY morning I telephoned the Federal Bureau of Investigation and asked for Dan Crowley. They told me he wasn't in, but that he was expected soon, and I asked them to have him call me.

At 11:20 Crowley called. His voice was gentle. He sounded as though he'd had a very good time on his date with Iris the night before. I asked him whether there was a chance for us to have lunch together. I said I had something interesting to tell him. At 12:15 we were facing each other in a crowded Broadway restaurant. There were a lot of people and they were all making noise. But we had a booth against the side wall and weren't bothered.

I ordered a corned-beef sandwich, a lettuce-and-tomato salad and a cup of coffee. He said he'd take the same. I asked him about Iris, because it would have been silly not to, and he said she was fine. His eyes were bright and eager when he said it, and it began to look to me as though the guy was overboard. So who was I to be surprised? I was overboard, too.

Then I came down to brass tacks. I said, "I'm full of information. I've got it all wrapped up neatly and I want to lay it in someone's lap. You've got a good lap."

He smiled and invited me to go ahead. I went. I told him about Curly Ellis. I started at the beginning and went right through to the end, taking my time. I wanted him to get the picture clearly. When I had finished, I said, "Somebody official had to know about this. I'm no detective—not even an amateur one. This is the first time I've been mixed up in crime of any sort. Maybe Ellis was right. Maybe it might be foolish to tell Max Gold. That's for you to decide. Anyhow, I've told somebody, and my conscience is clear."

HE WAS regarding me gravely out of his quiet blue eyes. He had finished his salad, sandwich and coffee and was starting in on a second cup of Java. He lighted a cigar. It wasn't a very good cigar, but he had to smoke it, and so I didn't worry. He said, "It's interesting, all right."

"I thought you'd find it that way."

He said, "Do you remember my saying that Claude Williams might have an inside source of information?"

"Yes."

"Howard Lawton might be the answer. He seems to know everybody: the people at the studio, Ellis, Hernandez and Williams."

"It ties up neatly."

"Perhaps too neatly." Crowley drummed on the table with big fingers.

I said, "Well, I've told you. That was the purpose of the lunch. And then there was the hope that you might make a suggestion as to what I should do about Ellis' plan for me to get next to Lawton."

He said, "How well do you know Howard Lawton?"

"Not at all well."

"You work with him?"

"To a certain extent. We both help to handle the business end of the studio. He's only been there about a year. I looked at some papers he filled out when he applied for the job. He had been a partner in a printing and engraving plant in Atlanta. The business had failed, but he said it wasn't because of him. Anyway, Carrington needed someone with business experience, and Lawton was hired. He didn't say anything about a murder trial."

"It wasn't necessary. The fact that a man has been tried means nothing."

"But where there's smoke—"

"—There's not always fire. Perhaps that very fact may have thrown Curly Ellis off balance. Ellis told you that the Atlanta police were sure Lawton was guilty—even after he had been acquitted. Undoubtedly, Ellis thought so, too. So he might have added a lot of correct facts together in order to arrive at a wrong conclusion."

"You're very discouraging, Crowley."

"I'm trying to look at it from all angles. Believe me, there are plenty of them. The killing of Al Brenner by Claude Williams was motivated by hatred and fear. But if Williams was after the cigars—and he apparently was—he was sent to Miss Randall's apartment by someone who knew all about them.

"It might have been Lawton, but we have no right to assume that as a fact. It might keep us from suspecting someone else who ought to be suspected. Of course I'll check on Lawton. That will be simple enough."

I tossed the envelope of clippings across the table. He looked them over quickly and expertly. "Nice circumstantial case," he said. "Lawton was a partner of a man named Arthur Robbins. Each partner carried a $100,000 insurance policy on the life of the other. Premiums were paid by the business. When Lawton's partner died, Lawton got the hundred thousand. Investigation showed that the business was in a bad way. So instead of being a partner in a failing enterprise, our friend suddenly was the sole possessor of a lot of cash." Crowley looked across the table at me. "He has a lovely alibi, too."

I remembered that part of it. Mr. Howard Lawton had produced three unimpeachable surprise witnesses who testified that he had been playing poker with them in an Atlanta hotel suite at the time when the killing was known to have been done. The three witnesses scarcely knew one another, they were men of standing and integrity, they lived in three different cities, they swore that Lawton had not left the room for a minute. On the strength of their testimony, Lawton had been acquitted.

DAN CROWLEY was thinking. He said in his polite whispery voice, "Notice anything odd about it, Drake?"

I shook my head.

"According to these clippings, Lawton went on trial almost two months after his partner was found murdered. During all that time he didn't mention an alibi. The papers speak of 'surprise witnesses.' I'm wondering why the surprise? Why didn't he tell about them in the first place and save himself a couple of months in jail and a nasty trial?"

I got the point, but couldn't think of an

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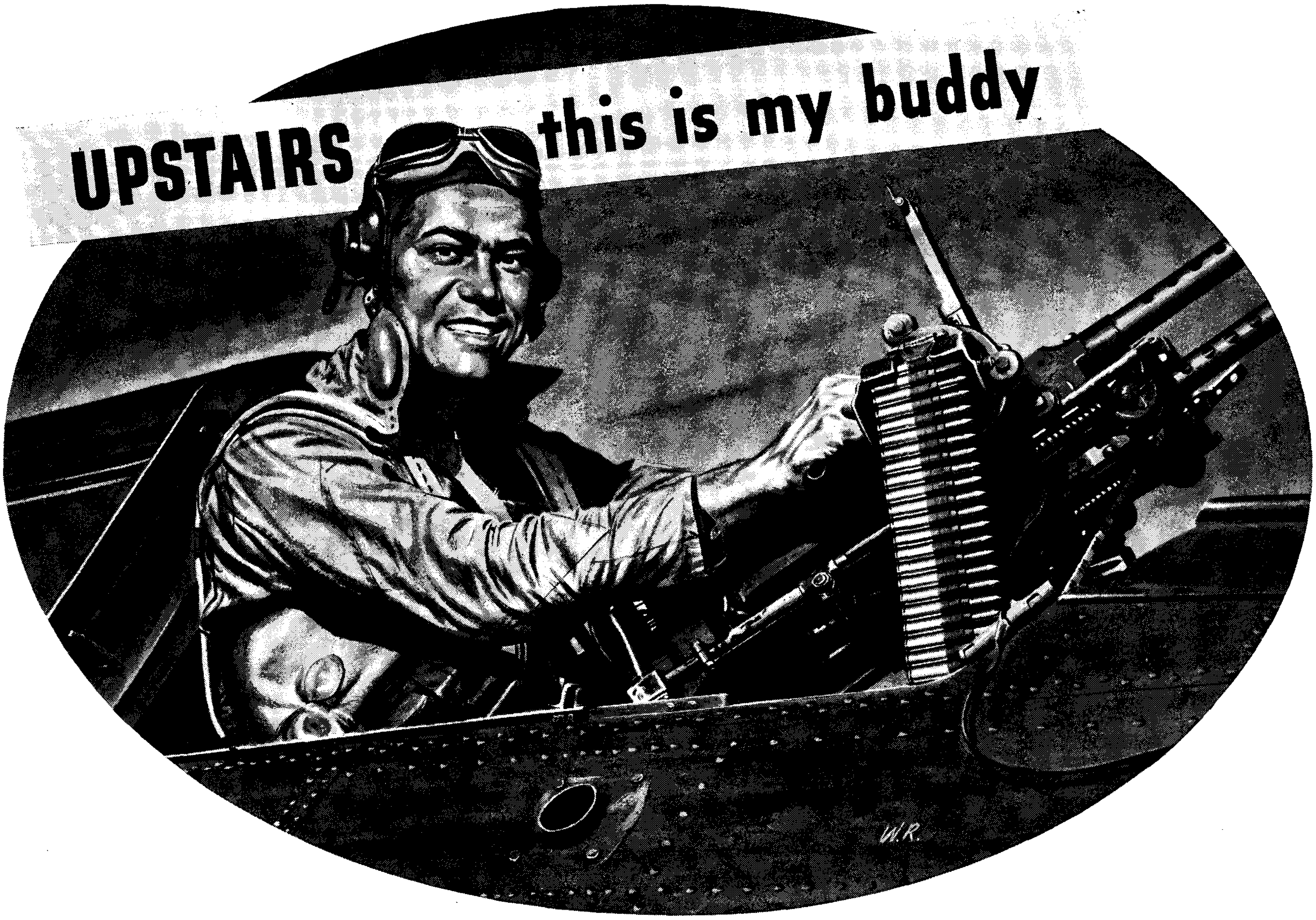
The St. Louisan who called his wife a "nitwit" at bridge	**Divorce**
The metropolitan mayor who called a heckler a "gin-mill bum"	**$100,000 court suit**
The minister in the East who called his wife a "dumbbell" in company	**Divorce**
The New Jersey teacher who called her pupils "nincompoops"	**Discharge**

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

UPSTAIRS this is my buddy



A GOOD WEAPON speaks to men in a language beyond words. Far back in the air-gunner's memory, as he waits with his machine gun in the cold void, are other things that spoke the same language. His first set of electric trains, perhaps. Or his first dog.

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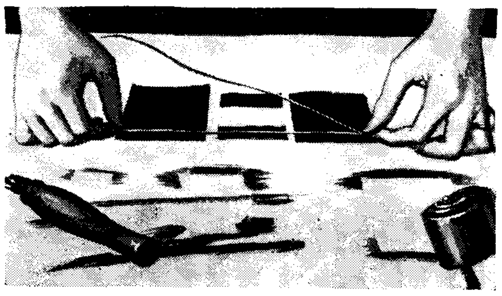
SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE



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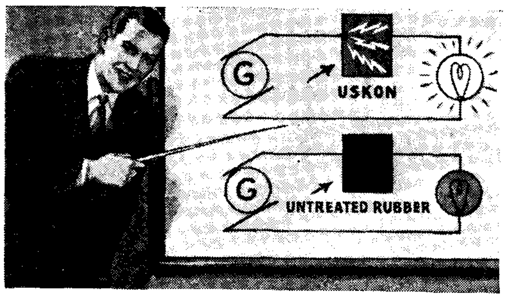
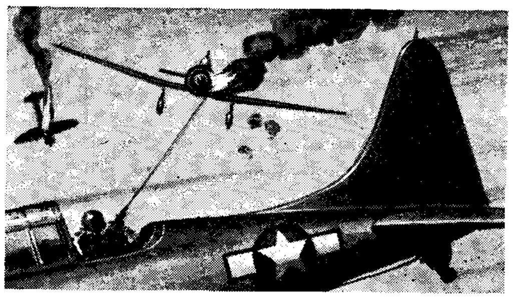


WHEN THE LIGHTS COME ON! Two electric circuits are shown in the diagram above. At the top the light glows because electricity flows through the inserted pad of USKON*. Ordinary rubber is inserted in the circuit below. The bulb shows no light because the current does not flow.



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answer. I asked Crowley how he figured it.

"I don't," he said.

I said, "Do you check in with Ellis' idea that Lawton could have been smart enough—and cold-blooded enough—to have run downstairs into the garage, slugged George Lee, and come back again just to create the impression that the job was done by an outsider?"

He thought that one over. "It doesn't sound plausible."

"But if it was Lawton," I said, "he must have the cigars."

"Well, yes and no, Jimmy." It was the first time he'd used my first name, and I liked the casual way he did it. "Remembering what I told you about the cigars and the man they were intended for . . . If anyone got them who knew what it was all about, I fancy that they're not cigars any more. Secret writing could have been in them; it can be done, even on the leaf. It could be microfilm, though there would have to be a good reason for that, because microfilm is a trifle outmoded. Or the cigars could have contained something of great intrinsic worth. Precious stones, for instance."

"And all we can do is guess?"

"Right."

I said, "Could be that of the two different gangs or factions we've guessed are tied up in this, one is international and of interest to your outfit. The other, strictly personal."

"It looks more like it all the time."

I went on: "I keep playing around with the thought that Ellis may be right about Margie Brett's death not having anything to do with the cigars."

"Yeah?"

"She wasn't herself at the party. Late that afternoon when I was leaving the studio she wanted to know for sure whether Iris would be there. She said she had something important to talk about. She said it again at the party. She wasn't having a very good time . . . and Margie was the sort of a girl who liked parties. Iris and Margie started their talk in the gallery. They were supposed to finish it in my office. That doesn't look like cigars to me."

"Did Margie give you any hint what it was all about?"

"No. Nor did she ever tell Iris."

"How friendly was Margie with Lawton?"

"Not at all. She came as near to disliking him as it was possible for her to dislike anybody."

"How did Lawton feel about her?"

"I don't think he regarded her as anything but a first-rate telephone operator."

"How about Iris and Lawton?"

I shook my head. "Nothing there. They were courteous to each other. That's all."

A WAITER appeared. He cleared off our table. He had a stern, reproving look as though he were trying to tell us that we didn't have any right sitting there when other people were waiting for tables. So we kept right on sitting there. We sat until a new idea hit me. I said, "One more thing. I don't think it fits, but you never can tell."

"Let's have it."

I told him about the blond bombshell who had come in Monday morning to take over Margie's job at the switchboard. I must have given a vivid description because he said, "She sounds interesting."

"She's a knockout."

"And . . . ?"

"She was hired by Howard Lawton."

He said, "Isn't that part of his job: hiring people?"

I said that it was. I apologized for giving significance to things which had no significance. He said, "I wouldn't put it that way. We have to consider that anything *may* have significance, always. But be careful not to go overboard just because something makes a nice picture."

I asked, "Are you going to tell this to Max Gold?"

"Frankly, I don't know. I'd like to know all about Lawton first, and more about Curly Ellis."

"You're trying to figure where he fits, eh?"

"Exactly. He knew Lawton in Atlanta, evidently. He didn't like him. But there's bound to be more to it than that."

I agreed. I said, "Curly knew all about the cigars, but he didn't seem interested in them."

"That's the impression you gave me, Jimmy. It helps strengthen the belief that the setup isn't compact at all. A man like Ellis wouldn't stick his chin out unless he had a powerful reason."

I said, "You said once that you were willing to accept my help. Why can't I help by stringing along with Curly? By trying to find out what he's driving at?"

"Would you?"

"Yes—if it's all right with you."

"I'd like it. And it wouldn't do any harm for you to keep your guard up."

"I can get along. One more thing: That brings us back to Curly's idea of my suddenly developing a passion for Howard Lawton."

"That's okay, too, if you're careful. You and Lawton haven't clicked so far. You can't change over too suddenly."

I promised to be discreet, and Dan and I paid our checks and walked outside together. We shook hands and said we'd be seeing each other soon. He turned south on Broadway and I walked west, toward the office.

On the way over I did a lot of thinking. It had nothing to do with murders or cigars or anything as unimportant as that.

I was thinking that if Iris happened to fall for Dan Crowley, I wouldn't blame her.

BAIT
Scott Brown

"Of course, I don't catch anything very often, but—oh, boy—when I do get hold of one!"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

There was something wrong at the studio. People without nerves—like Wally Carrington, for instance—got jittery. Wally barked at employees who didn't rate barking at. Hal White, of the photographic department, snapped incessantly at little Magda Korthy who was his assistant and had a tough enough job anyway.

Other people were too gay. Their brightness was brittle. You expected it to snap any minute. It was all the result of tension, and it was all unnatural.

I STARTED working on Howard Lawton. I tried to be cagey about it. One day I managed to arrange a conference just before noon, and that gave me an excuse to suggest that he have lunch with me. He looked surprised, but didn't hesitate, and his appetite was excellent.

He was a good worker, and he had an efficiency which was belied by his lazy speech. His words came out slowly, with just enough drawl so you couldn't mistake that he had been raised in Georgia. He seemed to have no interest in life other than the studio. He certainly didn't act like someone who had murder on his conscience.

The sum total of what I got out of Lawton was zero. He either had nothing to conceal, or he was a bearcat at concealing it. By the end of the week I was convinced that as a detective I was a washout.

My romance wasn't progressing so magnificently, either. I saw Iris frequently. I dined with her in swank places and in joints. We took long walks together. We talked about homicide and about love, and the results on both counts remained inconclusive.

It's tough to be the best friend of the girl you're in love with, and that's the way it was. Iris was fond of me. Just that and nothing more. She trusted me: worse luck. She told me everything, except perhaps how she really felt about Dan Crowley. And that was something which I couldn't ask her about.

SHE was getting ready for her first broadcast. She held the featured spot in a one-hour variety show. There was also a name band and a pair of internationally known comics. The sponsor was a breakfast-food company. I listened to some of the commercials at rehearsal. They made me hungry, but I was hungry for Iris, too. I could get the breakfast food in the big white box with the green letters on the cover. I couldn't get Iris on any terms. I was very discouraged.

About the only really bright light was Gloria Sherman. If Margie had been a lesser person than Margie—Gloria was the gal who could have made you forget her, and it was wonderful for my deflated ego the way she made it clear that she liked me.

For want of something better to do, I took her out one night when Iris had a date with Dan Crowley, and another night when Iris was tied up in rehearsal.

When Gloria liked you, you knew it. She wasn't the reticent type. She had a warm personality, warm hands and a warm way of dancing. She came to the point one night after a Hungarian dinner. A guy on the bandstand was whacking out a neat gypsy melody on the cymbalon and the air was full of melody and the fragrance of goulash. Gloria looked straight at me and said, "Why don't you like me, Jimmy?"

I said, "Are you kidding?" It wasn't a brilliant comeback, but it was the best I could think of.

"No. I think you're swell. But you don't give me a tumble."

I said, "I'm here. So are you. We came together. Doesn't that mean something?"

"Yeah. But what? It means you ain't got a date with somebody else. Nothing more. It means you ain't quite as lonely as you would be if you were alone."

She made me feel like a heel. I hate feeling like a heel. I said she was crazy, but she wasn't; she knew me. I tried to convince her she had the wrong slant. She said, "You ain't ever made a pass at me."

"Am I supposed to?"

She laughed. "You could try. Of course, you won't. You're a gent. Gents either start shoving you around the first time they buy you a dinner, or they stay in their groove."

I said, "I think you're a grand girl."

"You got a hell of a way of showing it."

"You talk as though you were disappointed."

"Figure it out for yourself, Jimmy. This is the second time I been out with you. I broke dates both times. We ate together and we danced together. You rode me home twice in taxis in a nice, refined way. You're sweet and considerate—and we still ain't any closer to being friends than we were before we started. Maybe I'm the repulsive type."

I assured her that she wasn't. I said a lot of nice things and tried to make them sound sincere. But when I took her home that night, I stayed on my own side of the taxi seat. I felt stupid, but that's the way it was. I got out with her at the entrance to the third-rate walk-up where she had a one-room apartment and said no thanks to her suggestion that maybe I'd like to come up for a few minutes. She said, "You sure play hard-to-get."

I tried to laugh it off. I felt good, but I felt like a dope, too.

In the studio the next morning, I made it a point to stop at the switchboard and have a real talk with Gloria. I also made it a point to tell two or three people—in front of her—that she and I had been out dancing. Her nice blue eyes showed that she was pleased. I felt like a Boy Scout who had done his good deed for the day, and I was still feeling that way when I walked up to Wally Carrington's office to talk over a new account I was trying to land.

We talked, but Wally wasn't on the ball. He looked at me through his glasses, but he didn't pay much attention to what I was saying. He picked up a pencil and did some doodling on a piece of scratch paper. He told me to handle things whatever way I thought best. He said he wanted to see me later in the day.

I WENT downstairs and met Hal White in the hall. I told him I'd been talking to Wally Carrington, and that he seemed distrait.

"Distrait!" Hal always spoke in explosives. "He's loco. He isn't among those present."

"What's the answer?"

"How should I know? Margie's murder, perhaps."

I said, "I don't think so. I believe there's something else on his mind."

"Well, see if you can shove it off. I'm going nuts trying to get decisions out of him," and Hal rumbled off, giving me a wave of one hairy hand.

I got through the morning. I telephoned Iris and chatted a while. I kept it light. So did she. We made a date for dinner. She promised she wouldn't be tired. Then I went downstairs and inhaled some lunch.

About three o'clock my telephone rang and Gloria's voice said, "Hel-*lo*, Mr. Drake. Mr. Carrington says if you're not busy he'd like to see you in his office." I was busy, but just the same I went.

Wally didn't look comfortable. Had I known him less well, I could have thought that he was displeased. He had that impeccable manner which at times made him formidable.

He motioned me to a chair, shoved some cigarettes at me and then got up and closed the door. I tried not to show surprise. Office doors aren't usually closed at our place unless there's something important and confidential on tap. He came back to his desk, looked across my shoulder, flushed a trifle—and let fly with a nice, juicy grenade.

He said, "Aren't you acquainted with a man named Pedro Hernandez?"

At first, I muffed it. It came that suddenly. Then I said, "I've met him."

"You're not very friendly?"

"That's putting it mildly. We don't like each other."

"But you know him?"

"I met him through Iris."

It cost him an effort to get the next one out. He said, "I'd like to meet Hernandez."

(To be continued next week)

I've had no letter for three weeks now . . .

"HE MUST BE ALL RIGHT . . . or I'd have heard something. They let you know . . . they always let you know. . . . But you get to thinking, especially at night. Your mind begins to race . . . and you've got to have relief! Then you turn on some music . . . some old familiar song . . . and for a while you're back again in a safe and better world!"

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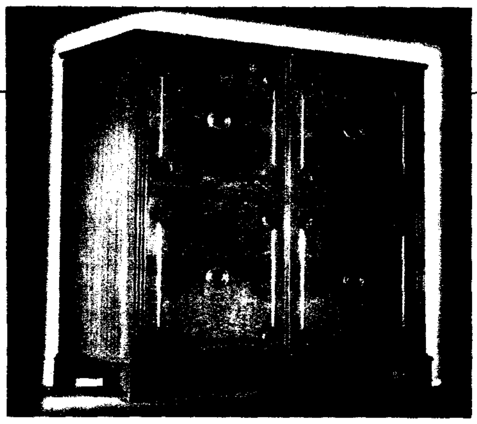

IN RADIOS, TELEVISION, TELEPHONES, SOUND EQUIPMENT...THERE'S NOTHING FINER THAN A

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The Long Way Home

Continued from page 13

of frustration. The sleeping child had become, in his mind, a symbol of those things in his marriage which often made his wife seem alien to him. It epitomized the habits and whims in which she had been indulged by her parents, habits which he had, on many a bitter occasion, to pay for.

Now the sleeping child had become his own, the child not yet born, and he was the parent driving out in the afternoon because it was the duty of the husband and father to take his family riding. When the time came, would he, too, be ruled by a sleeping child, driving aimlessly about through Sunday after Sunday while the child slept on the seat beside them, as its mother had been allowed to do? Or would he, as the father then, not mind it at all, not even think of it?

Though they had left the city behind, they were driving through a countryside more urban than rural. It was like a private park with lawns of close-cut grass; you almost expected to come on tame deer grazing. At each rise, as far as you could see, the whole landscape was in motion, flowing toward and from you along the double highways. He watched for a road that would lead away from this and then saw, on the right, the little lake.

His wife saw it, too, and as she turned to speak, he nodded and began edging the car to the right.

The woods bordering the lake were pastel-colored, very pale for October, and his wife said, "Don't those trees look odd?"

He pulled the wheel around, and the car rolled down the slope to a bumpy dirt road.

"They're pretty," she said. "Only wouldn't you think they'd be brighter? After all, it's fall."

AS HE drove down the shore path he was thinking how silly it would look if a painter should paint these trees exactly as they appeared, in their too-pretty tints. It made him think of the time in his childhood when, after seeing a herd of cattle on the crest of a hill, each outlined separately against the sky, he had drawn a picture of it, and his mother had made fun of the drawing.

"Nobody ever saw cows like that, standing in a line along the very top of a hill," she said. "Why don't you sprinkle them around, up and down the side?"

"But, Mother," he had protested, "that's the way they were. I *saw* them."

And she had replied, "I don't care, you can't draw them like that. You must make them look real."

They reached the end of the lake. Now where? he wondered—and saw a sign which read "9 Miles to Brewster." He drove on, apprehensive that he was in for it now, for there was no telling where these back roads led to or how soon he could get back on the main highway again. It might be hours, and possibly dark, before they would reach home. Brewster—the name had a faintly familiar sound, he could not think why.

There was no traffic here, and it was pleasant driving. The car rolled on under wide-spreading elms, up little hills and down, past stone fences and white farmhouses, around half-hidden curves and uphill again.

Suddenly he thought of something he hadn't remembered for years, for longer, indeed, than he could say. As it came forward in his memory, he stood apart and looked at it with two minds: one marveling that he should remember so clearly something that took place so long ago, one puzzling what could have happened to bring it up today.

It was a midsummer afternoon and he was standing in a dark corner of the dining room, weeping bitterly, passionately, yet holding a handkerchief stuffed to his face so that his sobs should not be heard. His mother had received a telegram saying that his grandmother—his father's mother—was dead; and though he had never seen her, he had given himself up to grief as if it had been his own mother who had died. And when his mother came and found him and shook him, gently, to stop his crying, he tried to turn away from her and held his head down to conceal the tears. He remembered how his mother had looked as she scolded him softly and soothingly. She smiled and raised her eyebrows in surprise and laughed lightly, trying to get him to laugh.

"How can you," she had said, "how can you cry like that, for someone you've never known?"

Her laugh then had made the tears come afresh, and he felt so sad he wanted to die.

"7 Miles to Salem" another sign read. Brewster—Salem: an association pressed in his mind, he felt restless, almost ill at ease, and without being aware of it, he slowed the car so much that he was obliged to shift into second.

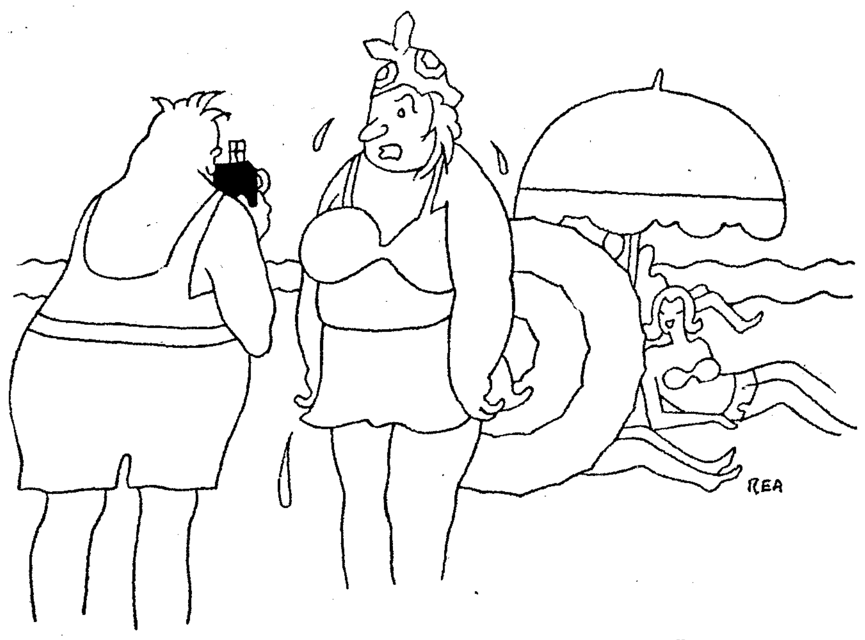
"Anything wrong?" his wife asked.

"No," he replied absently, "I'm just trying to figure out where we are."

"We're headed toward Brewster and Salem," she said, and as he heard the names spoken, the connection established itself.

This is where she had lived, somewhere near here, that grandmother he had been thinking of. Without his conscious knowledge the names on the signposts had brought her to his mind. Now he remembered hearing—how many years ago—that his grandparents had settled in these parts when they first came from England, and were buried in a cemetery between Brewster and Salem.

"Listen," he said. "I've just discovered something. My grandparents are buried near here."



COLLIER'S "And then to get even, Herman, I'll snap *you*" GARDNER REA

"You've discovered it—how do you mean?"

"I've just remembered. This is where they lived."

"But I thought you didn't know anything about them."

"I don't. I only remember that much. The cemetery—I remember hearing—" Again he slowed the car almost to a halt and again he was obliged to shift. "Listen. Shall we try to find it?"

"Do you think we could? It would be wonderful if we did!"

"Why?" But he was feeling the excitement of it, too. "Why wonderful?"

"I think we ought to, if we could. Let's try!"

HE STEPPED up the motor, grateful that the drive had taken on some purpose at last. He had a curious feeling that they would find the cemetery; he could almost believe that they had been headed directly for it since the start.

"I don't see how we could miss," his wife said, "if it's where you say it is. There's probably only one cemetery between Brewster and Salem, wouldn't you think?"

They came to a crossroads. Brewster was one way, Salem another; he took the road to the right; and as the car swung up the little slope, he had a feeling—almost a certainty—that the graveyard lay not very far beyond.

He had heard it was his grandmother's boast that his grandfather had "never worked a day in his life." She must have said it proudly; yet these same words, when his mother uttered them, became a bitter complaint. The implication, on the one hand, was that he had been a gentleman; on the other, a good-for-nothing loafer. Who had been right? His mother, probably, but it didn't matter now. They were dead and gone these many years, those two grandparents, and he felt as aloof from them as if they had never been.

But because they *had* been, he was here now, driving this car with his wife beside him, carrying the child that was to be theirs, in a sense, as well as his. Was it by accident or design that this Sunday drive was returning him to his grandparents, on the eve, as it were, of the birth of his child? He could not put the question even to himself, much less consider an answer, but it passed the time as he drove on, straining his eyes in the bright sun to see what lay ahead.

THEN there it was, the little cemetery they had been looking for—they were upon it and passing by almost before they saw it. He drew the car abruptly to the side and stopped, and for some moments they sat there, neither of them speaking, in their apprehension that this was—or was not—the place.

The graveyard, slightly raised from the road, lay beyond a low stone wall that was like a hedge, through which steps led up to a small iron gate on a level with the graves. It was a little island in the midst of the broad open countryside of fields and small hills, with scarcely a farmhouse in sight between the horizons. He was delighted and, as he got out of the car and held the door for his wife, he could not resist a broad smile of pleasure.

"I'm sure this is it," he said.

They went up the steps and opened the gate. The whole graveyard covered little more than an acre, with hundreds of close-packed headstones studding the sloping ground. As they entered, a bell began to ring somewhere, and he turned to see where it came from. There was probably a church below the hill but he could not see it. He listened to the low-pitched notes of the bell, melancholy and austere, and he thought how perfectly it fitted the occasion and the place: it was the scene translated into sound.

There was no one before them except the dead, though here and there fresh or fading flowers in green tin vases showed there had been recent visitors. They walked about, examining the ancient stones; and because of the curious names and more curious rhymes beneath them, he was inclined to linger.

But his wife said, "There's no good looking in this part; these stones are all too old. We'll have to go up that way. But isn't it a lovely place?"

"Yes, it looks newer up there," he said, following her. "Do you think you can make it—is it too much of a climb?"

"Heavens, no! But you can take my coat."

She handed it to him and they began to ascend the slope toward the rear of the cemetery. She was ahead of him and he noticed, and admired again, as always when walking behind her, the straight and proud grace of her figure. Even on this uneven ground she walked as she always had; and he knew that all through her time, even right to the end, she would carry the child well.

The bell below the hill rang on, forlorn but stern.

"Funny, that bell," he said.

"How do you mean?" she said absently.

"It sounds too perfect, almost as if it had been *fixed* by somebody. Like a sound effect."

They moved on, stepping over the graves, winding in and out among the headstones.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful in a play or movie, in the right scene," he said. "And yet it's so—artless, pure—"

His wife had reached a hand back and touched his arm, and with the other she pointed to a raised plot of ground a few feet beyond. At the edge were two mounds and two small markers, and in the middle of the plot, with rhododendron bushes clustered about it, was a large granite block with the name Stevens carved upon it. Involuntarily he looked at his wife, and they both smiled.

"Well," he said, feeling at once, unaccountably, a little foolish and a little elated, "this is it."

Here they lay—the grandfather who had never worked a day in his life and the grandmother who had been proud of it. *George M.—1852-1924*, and beside him, the loyal mate: *Eliza W.—1858-1910.*

"What does the W stand for?" his wife said.

"Williams, her name was."

"And what is the M?"

"I don't know. I don't think I ever heard it."

"But you must have."

"Not that I know of."

HE SAT on the edge of the grave and looked about him. Down below the stone fence he could see the top of the car parked there on the road in the warm sun. Beyond, in the acres of grain that stretched away to a wooded horizon, the color changed pale and bright again as a light wind blew over the fields.

"Wonder what they'd think if they were here now," he said.

"I know one thing," his wife said. "They wouldn't think the bell was a sound effect. To them it would be just a plain honest bell."

"Just as it is to you."

"Just as it is, anyway."

He got up and walked around the big stone in the center of the plot. "Somebody keeps this up pretty well."

"I'm getting hot in this sun," she said. "Aren't you?"

"Why don't you lie down for a while?"

"I guess I will."

"Here's your coat."

He tossed it to her and she spread it on the grass and lay on her back, her face to the sun. "Tell me about your father," she said.

"I guess I've told you all I ever knew." He stretched out, too, on the grave itself, and lighted a cigarette. "When I was a kid and people used to ask me that, I'd describe a romantic kind of figure—the handsome and picturesque dreamer."

"That was your father?"

"That's what I told them," he said. "It satisfied the people who asked, and it satisfied me. But I know now he wasn't anything of the kind. He was just a—trivial small man not worth talking about."

"Small?"

"I mean unimportant. The last man in the world you'd have picked for a father, and certainly the last who should have had children at all."

"And yet they turned out all right."

"Thanks."

"No, I mean it," she said.

"I suppose so. I suppose they generally do. Good enough, at least."

"In all modesty, I know I'm an improve-

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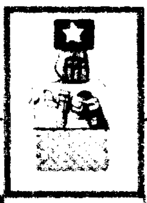

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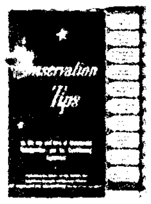

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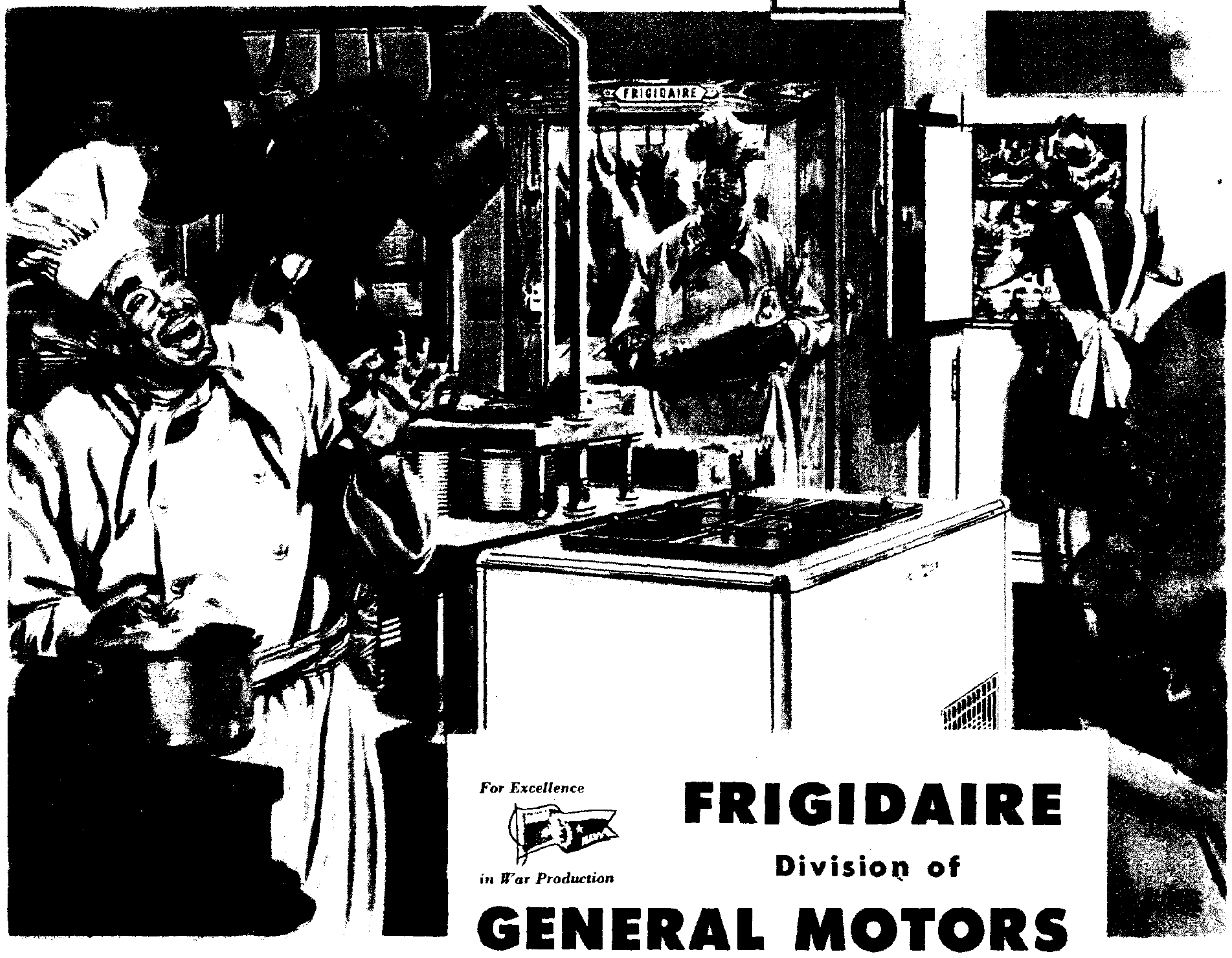

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ment over my family, and I think ours will be over us."

He did not reply, but after a moment he said, "Are you afraid?"

"Of what?"

"Oh, I don't mean childbirth."

"No, I don't think I am. Of anything."

"Not the future, the—bringing a child into such—uncertainty? How do we know what it's going to be like?"

"We don't. No one ever knows, in the best of times."

"That's it," he said. "Experience is the thing, I suppose. And to know ourselves. Then whatever happens—is good."

It was pleasant lying in this quiet place, on this wind- and sun-swept hill, and he wished the hour were earlier so that they might have spent the whole afternoon here. Everything seemed very far away—New York, the war, the unfinished work at home, even the grandparents who lay in the ground beneath him and with whom he felt no connection whatever.

He had no sense of belonging to them or springing from them, and least of all did he feel grief for these dead. Why should he have? He had paid out his grief before, done his weeping long ago, that time he had stood in the dark corner of his mother's dining room and shed such passionate tears. He smiled at the memory now, and at his mother's baffled surprise as she had found him. His grief then had been no less real for attaching itself to someone he had never known. It was his first encounter with death, and because it was not really near he had reached out and made it his own. He saluted that child in the dark corner of the dining room and saw how true to him he had always been; always he had grasped eagerly at experience, and now he wondered how he could have withheld himself from the new event in his life so soon to be fulfilled.

"George M.," his wife was saying. "Seems funny you don't remember what his middle name was."

"Listen. I think I'm pretty good to remember Williams."

Perhaps the family, the child, was no longer the ideal in life, but you went ahead anyway and had your children because you were congenitally unable to disbelieve in the future. Only the immature could fear that future, just as only the immature feared death. If you talked of birth as thrusting *the unknown* upon someone—talked of birth as death—that was because you had the kind of mind that fancied the arresting if empty phrase.

Wars stopped men from having children, yes, but only by stopping their hearts and their loins with bullets. The end of the world, the end of culture, of civilization, had loomed many times before, and children had been born to deny it—to grow up and read of it as history. Such reasoning, he knew, was what people nowadays called defeatism and maybe they were right, but for the life of him, now, he couldn't see it that way. The child would be born; just now there was little in life more important or true than that.

Or, if the times demanded phrases, he had one; in the back of his mind now stirred the words that reflected his good feeling and left him at once chagrined and content. Not for anything would he have uttered them aloud, but with a wry smile he said them to himself: "Life must go on."

There was the substance of human existence which underlay all chance and change. He felt foolish, not to be able to bring forth something more ringing, something more literary or intellectual; but as a man he was satisfied. Life goes on. It was a conviction which, in a cynical world, he would have to keep to himself. He could hear even his wife say, "You're not being very original."

He knew it was a commonplace, but it satisfied him because it was true. There was no escaping the simple truth of it, whether for good *or* bad; and if it gave him no courage to look forward to the future, it did convince him that he could accept the present, and probably, in time, the future as well.

Something of this sort went through his head as he lay on the grave of his grandparents, till he became aware that a melancholy bell had lately been ringing honestly and sweetly somewhere below the hill. When had it ceased? He looked at his watch.

"It's getting cool and it's getting late," he said. "If we want to get back before dark—"

His wife got up and he helped her with her coat. "I was almost asleep," she said.

"Well, you can sleep all the way home. The way you used to."

"When?" They were walking toward the gate. "When did I?"

"Don't you remember? Your father has spoken of it dozens of times."

THE car rolled along, sometimes in shadow, sometimes in bright light, as the lowering sun cooled the countryside and darkened the fields between the hills with rich greens and browns. The autumn air, fast becoming evening, made him feel more wide awake than he had been all day. His wife, too, was awake beside him, and he knew they were both looking forward to getting home.

"It always made you angry, didn't it," she said, "when Papa told how I used to fall asleep in the car?"

"How did you know?"

"I knew. But I never knew why."

The road led into a traffic circle which swung them around to join one of the great double highways leading south to the city. As before, the traffic was mostly moving one way, this time from, rather than toward, the country. Many families rolled along beside them, and he saw children standing on the seats with their small hands fastened flat against the side windows, soberly looking out. Young couples in ramshackle sports cars, hatless and sunburned, wove their way in and out of the slow-moving traffic. It was monotonous and pleasant to be a part of that vast inflexible machinery.

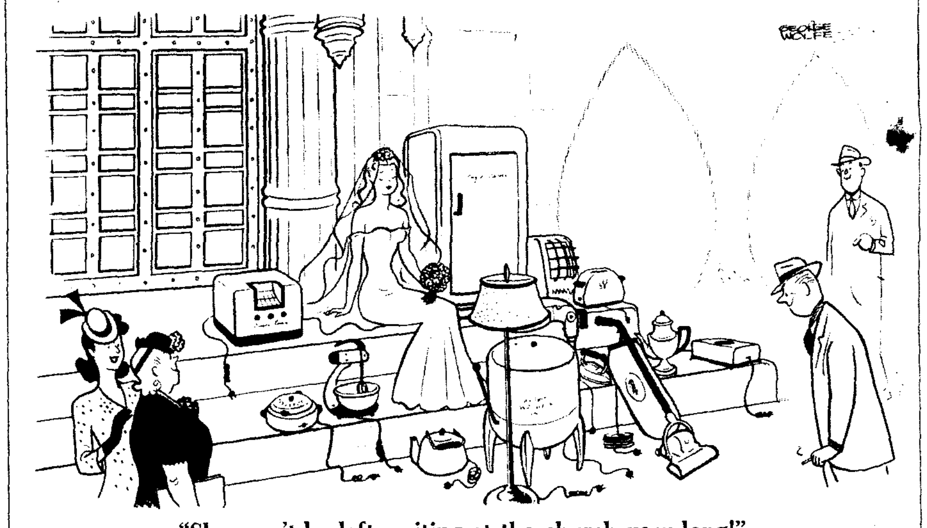
"Your grandfather's middle M," she said. "Was it Miles?"

"Miles?" he said. "I don't know. It may have been."

"Miles Stevens." She said it softly. "Miles Stevens."

He relaxed at the wheel and allowed the car to drive itself, as it were, to take its place on the moving belt slowly carrying them all home.

THE END



COLLIER'S "She won't be left waiting at the church very long!" GEORGE WOLFE

The Wounded Come Home

Continued from page 15

he came from a gentler race, his eyes filled up with tears. He was the only wounded prisoner on board who was grateful or polite, who said "Please" or "Thank you," or showed any normal human reaction.

There was an American soldier on that same deck with a head wound so horrible that he was not moved. Nothing could be done for him, and anything, any touch, would have made him worse. The next morning he was drinking coffee. His eyes looked very dark and strange, as if he had been a long way away, so far away that he almost could not get back. His face was set in lines of weariness and pain, but when asked how he felt, he said he was okay. He was never known to say anything more; he asked for nothing and made no complaint, and perhaps he will live, too.

On the next deck, there were many odd and wonderful men, who were less badly wounded and talked more. They talked between bunks with one another, even when they could not see one another's faces. It was all professional talk: where they had landed, at what time, what opposition they had met, how they had got out, when they were wounded.

They spoke of the snipers, and there was endless talk about the women snipers, none of the talk very clear, but everyone believed it. There were no French officers with these boys, who could have interpreted, and the Americans never knew what the villagers were saying.

Two men who thought they were being volubly invited into an old woman's house to eat dinner were actually being warned of snipers in the attic; they somehow caught on to this fact in time. They were all baffled by the French and surprised by how much food there was in Normandy, forgetting that Normandy is one of the great food-producing areas of France. They thought the girls in the villages were amazingly well dressed. Everything was confused and astounding: First, there were the deadly bleak beaches, and then the villages where they were greeted with flowers and cookies—and often by snipers and booby traps.

A French boy of seventeen lay in one of the bunks; he had been wounded in the back by a shell fragment. He lived and worked on his father's land, but he said the Germans had burned their château as they left. Two of the American boys in bunks alongside were very worried about him. They were afraid he'd be scared, a civilian kid all alone and in pain and not knowing any English and going to a strange country. They ignored their respective smashed knee and smashed shoulder and worried about the French kid.

A True Soldier of France

The French boy was very much a man and very tight-lipped. He made no complaints and kept his anxiety inside himself, though it showed in his eyes. His family was still there in the battle zone, and he did not know what had happened to them or how he would ever get back. The American soldiers said, "You tell that kid he's a better soldier than that Boche in the bunk next to him."

He did not like this Boche, who was eighteen, and blond and the most demanding of the "master" race aboard. Finally there was a crisp little scene when he told the orderly to move him, as he was uncomfortable, and the orderly said no, he would bleed if moved.

When I explained, the German said angrily, "How long, then, am I to lie here in pain in this miserable position?"

I asked the orderly what to say, and the orderly answered, "Tell him there are a lot of fine boys on this ship lying in worse pain in worse positions."

The American soldiers in the bunks around said, "What a Heinie!" wearily, and then they began wondering how they'd find their old units again and how soon they would get mail.

When night came, the water ambulances were still churning in to the beach looking

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PILOT PARADISE

By Frank D. Morris

War-weary air fighters battle back to fitness as cow pokes and ranch hands on Pacific ranges

At the Puuwaawaa Ranch, Sgt. Harold Paul, gunner, of Buffalo, N. Y., discovers that sticking on the back of a Hawaiian-bred calf is harder than it looks

U. S. AAF

No, not Arizona—Hawaii. Lorna Carson, Major Kenneth Brown of Salt Lake City, and Girlie McShane off for a morning ride

SECOND LIEUTENANT JIM McDONALD, a lank six-footer, from Reno, Nevada, was griped at hospital life. For six weeks now they had been trying to patch him up after a swarm of Jap Zeros had shot up the Mitchell bomber he was piloting over the Marshall Islands.

A 20-millimeter shell exploding in his cockpit perforated Jim with shrapnel. The second shell killed his copilot. After he'd been flown back to Hawaii, his doctors dug out the shrapnel and prescribed rest. Jim was nervous and couldn't eat; he had a case of combat-pilot nerves.

Jim tried to rest in the hospital, but it just didn't work. He grew tired of the G.I. pajamas and the maroon medical-department robe. "I was going nuts," he said. "I was just as jumpy as I'd ever been, and I still couldn't eat."

During those six weeks he gained only a pound and a half, although he needed plenty more weight, for the strain, fatigue, canned rations and a dose of dengue fever had pulled him down during those long weeks of flying over the Gilberts and Marshalls.

Jim is fully recovered now from both flying and hospital fatigue. The cure, which is being given several hundred other war-weary fliers in the Pacific Area every week, was a vacation at a cattle ranch on the island of Hawaii. During the first ten days of his stay there, Jim gained eight pounds. At the end of that time, he told his host, Layton Hind, "I'm feeling great now. Give me another ten days, and I'll be ready to take a plane up again."

Jim's experience is being multiplied daily at a number of ranches in the Hawaiian group, thanks to the foresightedness and hospitality of the ranch owners. The rest-cure idea was originated by H. T. Kay shortly after Pearl Harbor Day. He suggested it to the late Major General C. L. Tinker, his close friend, who then commanded the Seventh Air Force. Other plantation and ranch owners responded promptly to Mr. Kay's suggestion and threw their homes open to the fliers.

The rest cure didn't and still doesn't cost the government a nickel. The ranch people feed, house and entertain their guests, but never present a bill to anybody. All they ask is that the Seventh Air Force send them plenty of fliers who need a relaxing change from the rigors of combat operations.

Several hundred fliers return each week from forward bases at Tarawa, Kwajalein, Eniwetok and islands south and west of these. They are examined by flight surgeons who realize that the best prescription they can recommend is anything that will take their minds off their recent grueling experience. After making fifteen combat missions, the fliers are automatically returned for a checkup and rest. If they have been wounded, they are given hospital treatment first and then removed as far as possible from G.I. surroundings to convalesce.

One thing they all want to get away from is the sight of palm trees. It seems they have had their fill of such during a long tour of duty on the low, flat, coconut-palm-covered atolls in the Central Pacific islands. As one pilot remarked, "This ranch life is swell. You eat big steaks and you sleep under three blankets and you don't have to look at palm trees."

The resting fliers—pilots and crews—seldom see a plane, either, and their absence is no cause for regret. Instead, they concentrate on eating—home-grown steaks and fresh vegetables. They drink hundreds of gallons of milk, which, by the way, is the first thing they ask for when they arrive. Between meals they have the run of the place.

The ranch owners fit them out with Western high-heeled boots, levis and ten-gallon hats. They ride herd on the cattle, help brand and dehorn calves and even take a fling at bulldogging. If they have had no ranch experience at all previously, even of the dude variety, the Hawaiian ranch hands, who are a combination of cowboy and South American *vaquero*, are ready and willing to teach them the ropes.

Mr. Kay's experiment is paying off handsomely now in terms of human lives and happiness. Pilot strain and fatigue were major problems to every flight surgeon at the beginning of the war. Casualty figures showed that those crews given regular rest periods lived longer.

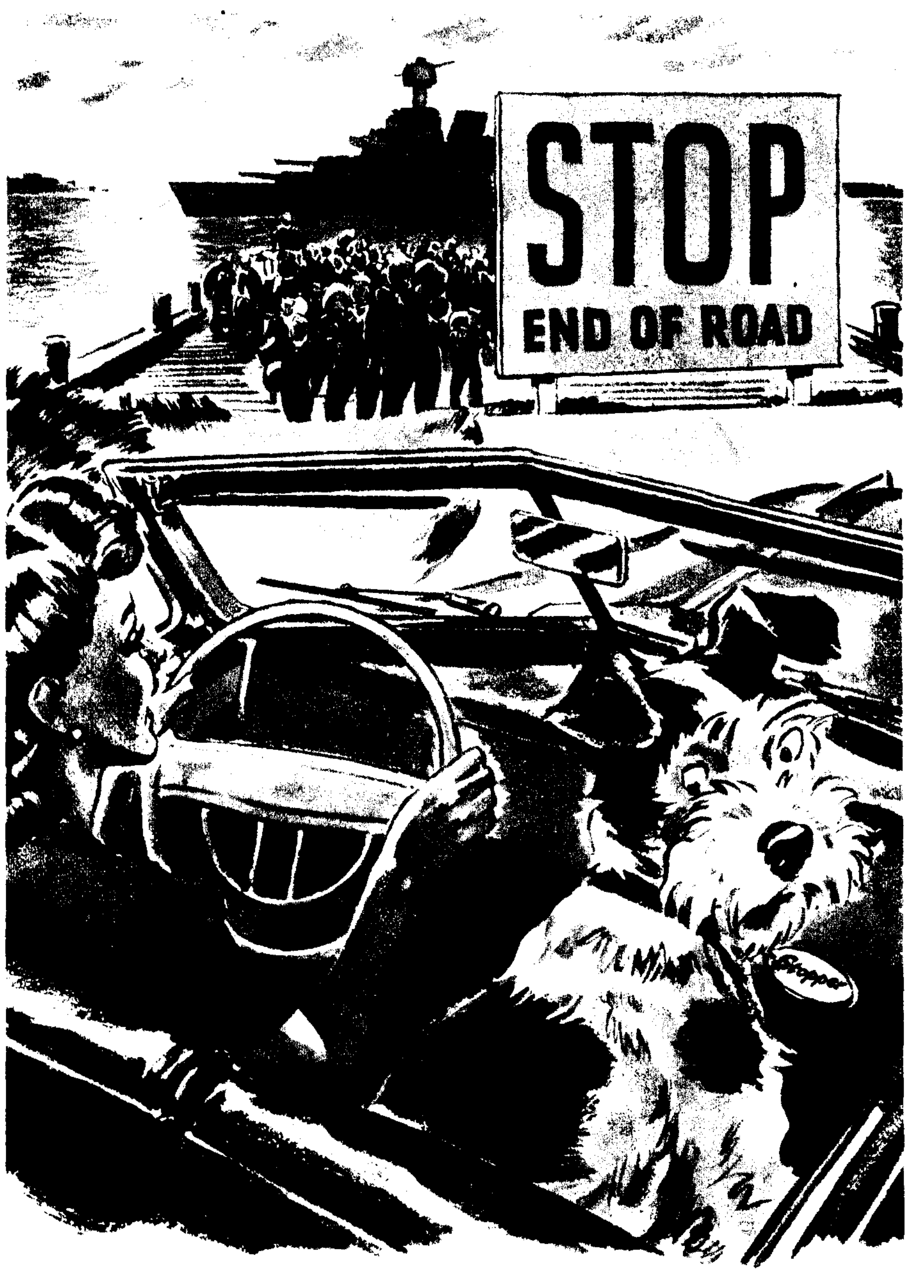
Colonel Andrew W. Smith, Seventh Air Force flight surgeon, reports: "The question is often asked why fliers rate such treatment. 'Are they any different from anyone else?' The answer is emphatically *yes*. Fliers cost a lot of money. There is a limited amount of flight in each of them. We must keep them fit to fight as long as possible. We must try to help them live. This isn't coddling. We sent these fliers out to kill or be killed, and they must be at their best in those few seconds of flight. Theirs is precision work."

A pilot had a bad crash. Most of his crew were killed. He had flown many successful combat missions but he was determined that he would never fly again. He'd even requested that he be removed from flying duty.

The man was an excellent pilot. The flight surgeon diagnosed his case as serious combat fatigue and shock and asked the civilian committee (which includes Mr. Kay, Sam Stewart, a retired army captain from the first World War, and Mrs. Mona Hind Holmes) to find a place for him. He was sent to a ranch and stayed there. He hunted wild pig and wild turkey. He helped round up cattle. He branded and he helped dehorn. He did everything the cowboys do. He had plenty of fresh food and whopping T-bone steaks. Not once while he was at the ranch was flying mentioned. Not once did he see or hear an airplane.

After about a month, he announced that he was ready to go back. He got a new plane and a new crew. He's back in combat now, and his rancher host chalked up another "success" on his score sheet.

Do the ranchers who willingly provide all this think they are being magnanimous? We'll let Ronald Von Holt, one of them, answer that question. Von Holt, who is also a colonel of the Island Territorial Guard, a member of the OPA board and the local draft board, said simply, "It's an awfully easy way for us to fight a war." ★★★



"Maybe we can— if our brakes work"—says Stopper

BRAKES ARE DANGEROUS WHEN:

They need frequent adjustment.
The brake pedal goes down to floor.
Brakes act slow or grabby.
Car pulls to right or left on braking.
Brakes squeal, groan or chatter.
They make grinding noise when used.
Car nose dives when brakes are applied.
They work only on one rear wheel.

Safe-stop brake service is featured in repair shops and service stations by American Brakeblok, makers of the safety brake lining, now in use on millions of motor vehicles. This brake lining is quickly available through 38 NAPA warehouses and jobbers everywhere. These warehouses also carry a companion line of clutch facings, fan belts and radiator hose.

Brake Neglect May Mean a Wreck—Have Your Brakes Checked Today.

American Brakeblok

DIVISION OF AMERICAN Brake Shoe COMPANY

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for wounded. Someone on an LCT had shouted out that there were maybe a hundred scattered along there somewhere. It was essential to try to get them aboard before the nightly air raid and before the dangerous dark cold could get into their hurt bodies.

Going into shore, unable to see, and not knowing this tricky strip of water, was slow work. Two of the launch crew, armed with boat hooks, hung over the side of the boat and stared at the black water, looking for obstacles, sunken vehicles or mines, and they kept the hooks ready to push us off the sand as we came closer in. For the tides were a nasty business, too. Part of the time, wounded had to be ferried out to the water ambulances on men's shoulders, and part of the time the water ambulances grounded and stuck on the beach together with other craft, stranded by the fast-moving sea.

We finally got onto a barge near the beach. The motor ambulance could not come inshore near enough to be of any use at this point, so it left us to look for a likelier anchorage farther down. We waded ashore, in water to our waists, having agreed that we would assemble the wounded from this area on board a beach LST and wait until the tide allowed the motor ambulance to come back and call for us. It was almost dark by now, and one had a terrible feeling of working against time.

Everyone was violently busy on that crowded, dangerous shore. The pebbles were the size of apples and feet deep, and we stumbled up a road that a huge road shovel was scooping out. We walked with the utmost care between the narrowly placed white tape lines that marked the mine-cleared path, and headed for a tent marked with a red cross.

Ducks and tanks and trucks were moving down this narrow rocky road, and one stepped just a little out of their way, but not beyond the tapes. The dust that rose in the gray night light seemed like the fog of war itself. Then we got off onto the grass, and it was perhaps the most surprising of all the day's surprises to smell the sweet smell of summer grass, a smell of cattle and peace and the sun that had warmed the earth some other time, when summer was real.

Inside the Red Cross tent, there were two tired, unshaven, dirty, polite young men who said that the trucks were coming in here with the wounded, and where did we want to have them unloaded. We explained the problem of the tides and said the best thing was to run the trucks down to that LST there and carry the wounded aboard, under the canvas roof-covering, and we would get them off as soon as anything floated.

A Truckload of Casualties

At this point a truck jolted up, and the driver shouted out a question and was told to back and turn. He did not need to be told to do this carefully and not to get off the mine-cleared area. The Red Cross men said they didn't know whether wounded would be coming in all night or not; it was pretty tough to transport them by road in the dark; anyway, they'd send everything down to our agreed meeting place, and everyone said, "Well, good luck, fella," and we left. No one wasted time talking around there. You had a feeling of fierce and driven activity.

We returned to our small, unattractive piece of the beach and directed the unloading of this truck. The tide was coming in, and there was a narrow strip of water between the landing ramp of the LST and the shore. The wounded were carried carefully and laid on the deck inside the great whale's-mouth cavern of the LST. After that, there was a pause, with nothing to do.

Some American soldiers came up and began to talk. This had been an ugly piece of beach from the beginning, and they were still here, living in foxholes and supervising the unloading of supplies. They spoke of snipers in the hills a hundred yards or so behind the beach, and no one lighted a cigarette. They spoke of not having slept at all, but they seemed curiously pleased by the discovery that you could go without sleep and food and still function all right. Everyone agreed that the beach was a stinker, and that it would be a great pleasure to get the hell out of here sometime.

Then there was our favorite American conversation: "Where're you from?" An American always has time to look for someone who knows his home town. We talked about Pittsburgh and Rosemont, Pennsylvania, and Chicago and Cheyenne, not saying much except that they were sure swell places and had this beach licked every way for Sunday. Then one of the soldiers remarked that they had a nice foxhole about fifty yards inland and we were very welcome there, when the air raid started, if we didn't mind eating sand.

My companion, one of the stretcher-bearers from the ship, thanked them for their kind invitation and said that, on the other hand, we had guests aboard the LST and we would have to stay home this evening. I wish I had known his name, because I would like to write it down here. He was one of the best and jolliest boys I've met anyplace, any time. He joked, no matter what happened, and toward the end of that night, we really began to enjoy ourselves. There is a point where you feel yourself so small and helpless in such an enormous, insane nightmare of a world, that you cease to give a hoot about anything and you renounce care and start laughing. He was lovely company, that boy was, and he was brave and competent, and I wish I had known his name.

He went off to search for the water ambulances and returned to say that there wasn't a sign of them, which meant that they couldn't get inshore yet and we'd just have to wait and hope they could find this spot when it was black night. If they never found this place, the LST would float later, and the British captain said he would run our wounded out to the hospital ship, though it would not be for hours.

Fireworks for the Occasion

Suddenly our flak started going up at the far end of the beach, and it was very beautiful, twinkling as it burst in the sky, and the tracers were as lovely as they always are; and no one took pleasure from the beauty of the scene.

"We've had it now," said the stretcher-bearer. "There isn't any place we can put those wounded."

I asked one of the soldiers, just for interest's sake, what they did in case of air raids, and he said well, you could go to a foxhole if you had time, but on the other hand, there really wasn't much to do. So we stood and watched, and there was altogether too much flak for comfort. We could not hear the planes or any bomb explosions, but, as everyone knows, flak is a bad thing to have fall on your head.

The soldiers now drifted off on their own business, and we boarded the LST to keep the wounded company. The stretcher-bearer and I said to each other gloomily that, as an air-raid shelter, far better things than the hold of an LST had been devised, and we went inside, not liking any of it, and feeling miserably worried about our wounded.

The wounded looked pretty bad and lay very still. In the light of one bare bulb, which hung from a girder, one could not see them well. Then one of them began to moan, and he said something. He was evidently conscious enough to notice this ghastly racket that was going on above us. The Oerlikons of our LST now opened fire, and the noise inside the steel hold was as if they were driving rivets into your eardrums. The wounded man called out again, and I realized that he was speaking German.

We checked up, then, and found that we had an LST full of wounded Germans, and the stretcher-bearer said, "Well, that's just dandy! By golly, if that isn't the pay-off!" Then he said, "If anything hits this ship, dammit, they deserve it."

However, there were still the English crew and ourselves aboard and it seemed a rather expensive poetic justice.

The ack-ack lifted a bit, and the stretcher-bearer climbed up to the upper deck, like Sister Anne on the tower, to see where those water ambulances were. I clambered like a very awkward monkey up a ladder to the galley to get some coffee and so missed the spectacle of two German planes, falling like fiery comets from the sky. They hit the beach to the right and left of us and burned in huge bonfires which lighted up the shore.

The beach, in this light, looked empty of human life, cluttered with dark square shapes of tanks and trucks and jeeps and ammunition boxes and all the motley equipment of war. It looked like a vast, uncanny black-and-red-flaring salvage dump, whereas once people actually went swimming here for pleasure.

Our LST crew was delighted because they believed they had brought down one of the German planes, and everyone felt cheerful about the success of the ack-ack. A soldier shouted from shore that we had shot down four planes in all and it was nice work. The wounded were very silent, and those few who had their eyes open had very frightened eyes. They seemed to be listening with their eyes, and fearing what they would hear.

The night, too, went on longer than other nights. Our water ambulances found us, and there was a lot of fine incomprehensible cockney talk among the boatmen while the wounded were loaded from the now floating LST to the small, bucking launch. We set out, happy because we were off the beach and because the wounded would be taken where they belonged.

The trip across that obstacle-studded piece of water was a chatty affair, due to the boat crew. "Crikey, mate, wot yer trying ter do? Ram a destroyer?" And, "By God, man, keep an eye in yer head! That's a tank radio pole."

To which another answered, "Ye expect me to see a bloody piece of glass in this dark?"

So, full of conversation, we zigzagged back to the ship and were at last swung aboard.

The raid had been hard on the wounded because of the terrible helplessness of being unable to move. The ship seemed to lie directly under a cone of ack-ack fire, and perhaps it would have been easier if the wounded had heard the German planes so that, at least through their ears they would know what was happening.

The American medical personnel, most of whom had never been in an air raid tranquilly continued their work, asked no questions, showed no sign even of interest in this uproar, and handed out confidence as if it were a solid thing like bread. If I seem to insist too much in my admiration for these people, understand that one cannot insist too much. There is a kind of devotion, coupled with competence, which is almost too admirable to talk about; and they had all of it that can be had.

If anyone had come fresh to that ship in the night, someone unwounded, not attached to the ship, he would probably have been appalled. It began to look very Black Hole of Calcutta, because it was airless and ill-lighted. Piles of bloody clothing had been cut off and dumped out of the way in corners; coffee cups and cigarette stubs littered the decks, plasma bottles hung from cots, and all the fearful surgical apparatus for holding broken bones made shadows on the walls.

There were wounded who groaned in their sleep or called out, and there was the soft steady hum of conversation among the wounded who could not sleep. That is the way it would have looked to anyone seeing it fresh; a ship carrying a load of pain, with everyone waiting for daylight, everyone longing for England.

It was that, but it was something else, too; it was a safe ship, no matter what happened to it. We were together and we counted on one another. We knew that from the British captain to the pink-cheeked little London messboy, every one of the ship's company did his job tirelessly and well. The wounded knew that the doctors and nurses and orderlies belonged to them utterly and would not fail them. And all of us knew that our wounded men were good men, and with their amazing help, their selflessness and self-control, we would get through all right.

There is very little more to write. The wounded looked much better in the morning. The human machine is the most delicate and rare of all, and it is obviously built to survive, if given half a chance. The ship moved steadily across the Channel, and we could feel England coming nearer. Then the coast came into sight, and the green of England looked quite different from how it had looked only two days ago; it looked cooler and clearer and wonderfully safe.

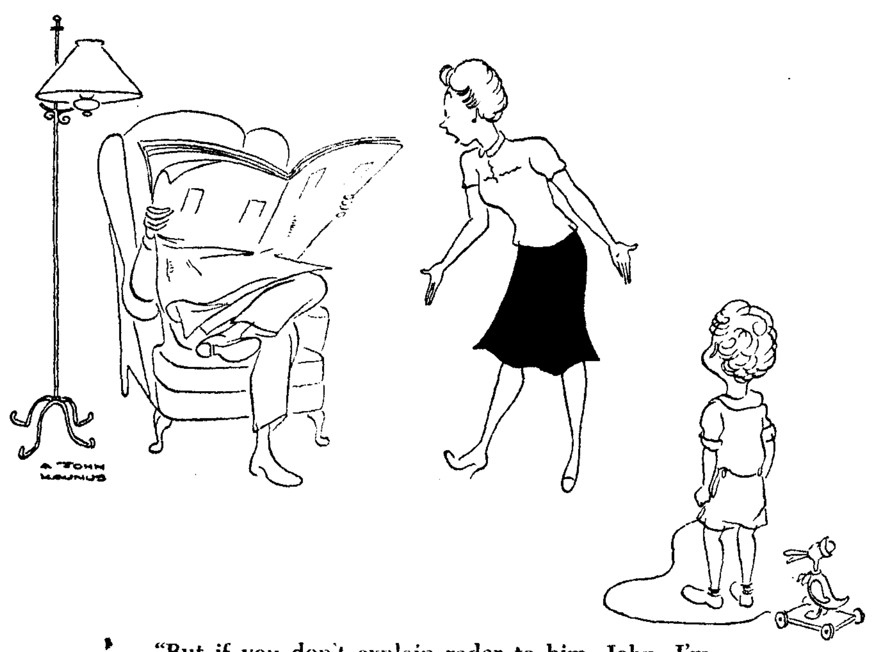
The Good Air of England

The air of England flowed down through the wards, and the wounded seemed to feel it. The sound of their voices brightened and sharpened, and they began making dates with one another for when they would be on convalescent leave in London. The captain shouted down from the bridge, "Look at it! Just look at it!" He was too proud of the Navy—his Navy and ours—to say more. But he had spoken, in his pride, for all of us.

American ambulance companies were waiting on the pier, the same efficient, swift colored troops I had seen working on the piers and landing ramps before we left. There were conferences on the quay between important shore personages and our captain and chief medical officer; and a few of us, old-timers by now, leaned over the rail and joked about being back in the paper-work department again. Everyone felt very happy and fine, and you could see it in all their faces. The head nurse, smiling though gray with weariness, said, "We'll do it better next time," which seemed to me to be a very elegant thing to say.

As the first wounded were carried from the ship, the chief medical officer, watching them said, "Made it." That was the great thing. Now they would re-stock their supplies, clean the ship, cover the beds with fresh blankets, sleep whatever hours they could, and then they would go back to France. But this trip was done; this much was to the good; they had made it.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"But if you don't explain radar to him, John, I'm afraid he'll pick it up from the boys on the street" A. JOHN KAUNUS

A cold had your throat in an awful stew (Remember?)

So the Little Woman dished up a pack of KOOLS

If they tasted so good, even when you had a cold...

UNION MADE

KOOL MILD MENTHOL Cigarettes Tipped

Here's food for thought... Why not smoke 'em all the time?

Chef's suggestion:

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS for good!

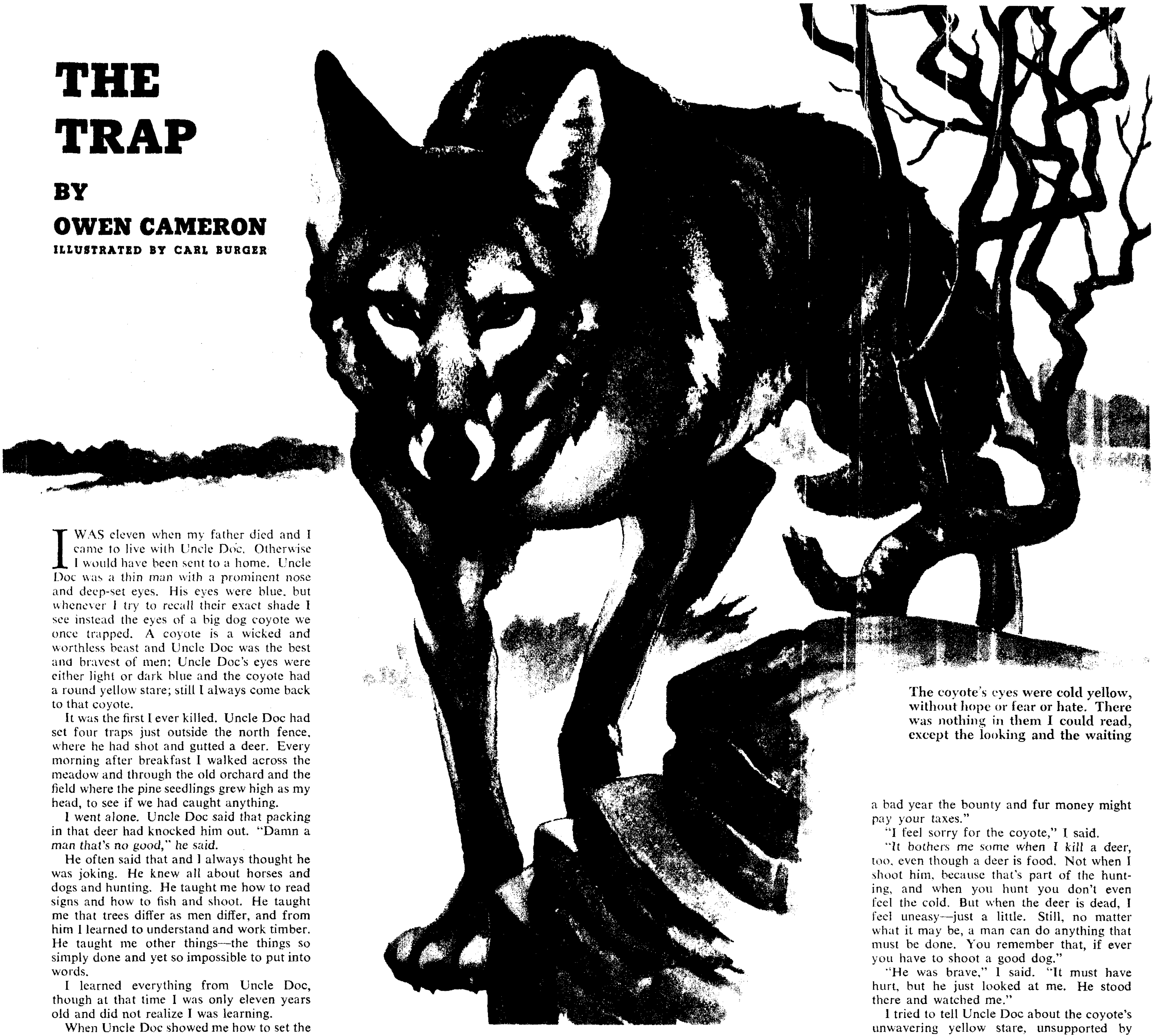
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

THE TRAP

BY

OWEN CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BURGER



The coyote's eyes were cold yellow, without hope or fear or hate. There was nothing in them I could read, except the looking and the waiting

a short short story complete on this page

I WAS eleven when my father died and I came to live with Uncle Doc. Otherwise I would have been sent to a home. Uncle Doc was a thin man with a prominent nose and deep-set eyes. His eyes were blue, but whenever I try to recall their exact shade I see instead the eyes of a big dog coyote we once trapped. A coyote is a wicked and worthless beast and Uncle Doc was the best and bravest of men; Uncle Doc's eyes were either light or dark blue and the coyote had a round yellow stare; still I always come back to that coyote.

It was the first I ever killed. Uncle Doc had set four traps just outside the north fence, where he had shot and gutted a deer. Every morning after breakfast I walked across the meadow and through the old orchard and the field where the pine seedlings grew high as my head, to see if we had caught anything.

I went alone. Uncle Doc said that packing in that deer had knocked him out. "Damn a *man that's no good," he said.*

He often said that and I always thought he was joking. He knew all about horses and dogs and hunting. He taught me how to read signs and how to fish and shoot. He taught me that trees differ as men differ, and from him I learned to understand and work timber. He taught me other things—the things so simply done and yet so impossible to put into words.

I learned everything from Uncle Doc, though at that time I was only eleven years old and did not realize I was learning.

When Uncle Doc showed me how to set the traps, he said, "You got to do it just so. A coon or a bear will step into an uncovered trap, but a coyote is as smart as you are. The old ones tell the young ones about traps."

"How can they do that?" I asked.

"They have a way of talking, like any other animal."

"Animals can't talk."

Uncle Doc sat down on a log and rolled a cigarette. "Who told you that? Some schoolmarm?"

"Everybody knows that."

"So? You've seen a rooster find a worm. What does he do then?"

"He calls the hen, but he doesn't call her in words."

"I never said he did; not human words. When you feed the pigs and the old sow wants more, don't she coax you? *She* knows she is talking to you, don't she?"

"She acts like it," I admitted, picturing the old white sow's small, intelligent eyes and hearing her gentle and persuasive grunting.

"Most animals talk some. Deer not so much, but a porcupine goes along grumbling and mumbling to himself like an old woman. And as soon as her pups can travel, a coyote tells them about traps. Smell that, she says. That's iron, she says. And she digs it up and shows them how to throw it so it will spring, and then they all dirty it. But in a place like this here you catch even the smart ones. In hunting season they learn that a place like this, with blood and offal and man-smell all around, is safe. They get careless."

Every morning I crossed the fields and looked over the fence at the bait, but it was six days before we trapped the coyote. He was standing perfectly still beside the bush the trap was wired to, and the bait was untouched.

For a moment I did not see him, and when I did I was startled. He was standing on three legs watching me.

His yellow eyes met mine unblinkingly. I do not know what he saw in my eyes. Not pity—I was eleven years old and I was excited, because I had never before seen a coyote. He was larger than our dogs. He stood on three legs, looking at me and waiting. Now and then he opened his mouth and delicately panted, but he made no other movement.

His eyes were cold yellow, without hope or fear or hate. They were not blank, but there was nothing in them I could read, except the looking and the waiting. Perhaps he felt nothing and thought nothing. Perhaps he had settled all that before I came, and was rid of everything but watching and waiting.

I picked up a stick and threw it past him. He looked at me until the stick hit a bush behind him and then he turned his head, unhurriedly, and I shot him between the ears with the .22.

UNCLE DOC said it was the biggest coyote he had ever seen. It was late winter and the fur was very thick and fine. Uncle Doc showed me how to case the hide, so that it came off inside out, like a very tight sweater. I felt nothing but interest until he came to the eyes and the muzzle, and then I said I did not want to be a trapper.

"I never took to it, either," Uncle Doc said. "It's dirty work, and that's a fact. Still a man can do whatever has to be done, and you have to keep the coyotes from getting too thick, just like you weed the garden. And in a bad year the bounty and fur money might pay your taxes."

"I feel sorry for the coyote," I said.

"It bothers me some when I kill a deer, too, even though a deer is food. Not when I shoot him, because that's part of the hunting, and when you hunt you don't even feel the cold. But when the deer is dead, I feel uneasy—just a little. Still, no matter what it may be, a man can do anything that must be done. You remember that, if ever you have to shoot a good dog."

"He was brave," I said. "It must have hurt, but he just looked at me. He stood there and watched me."

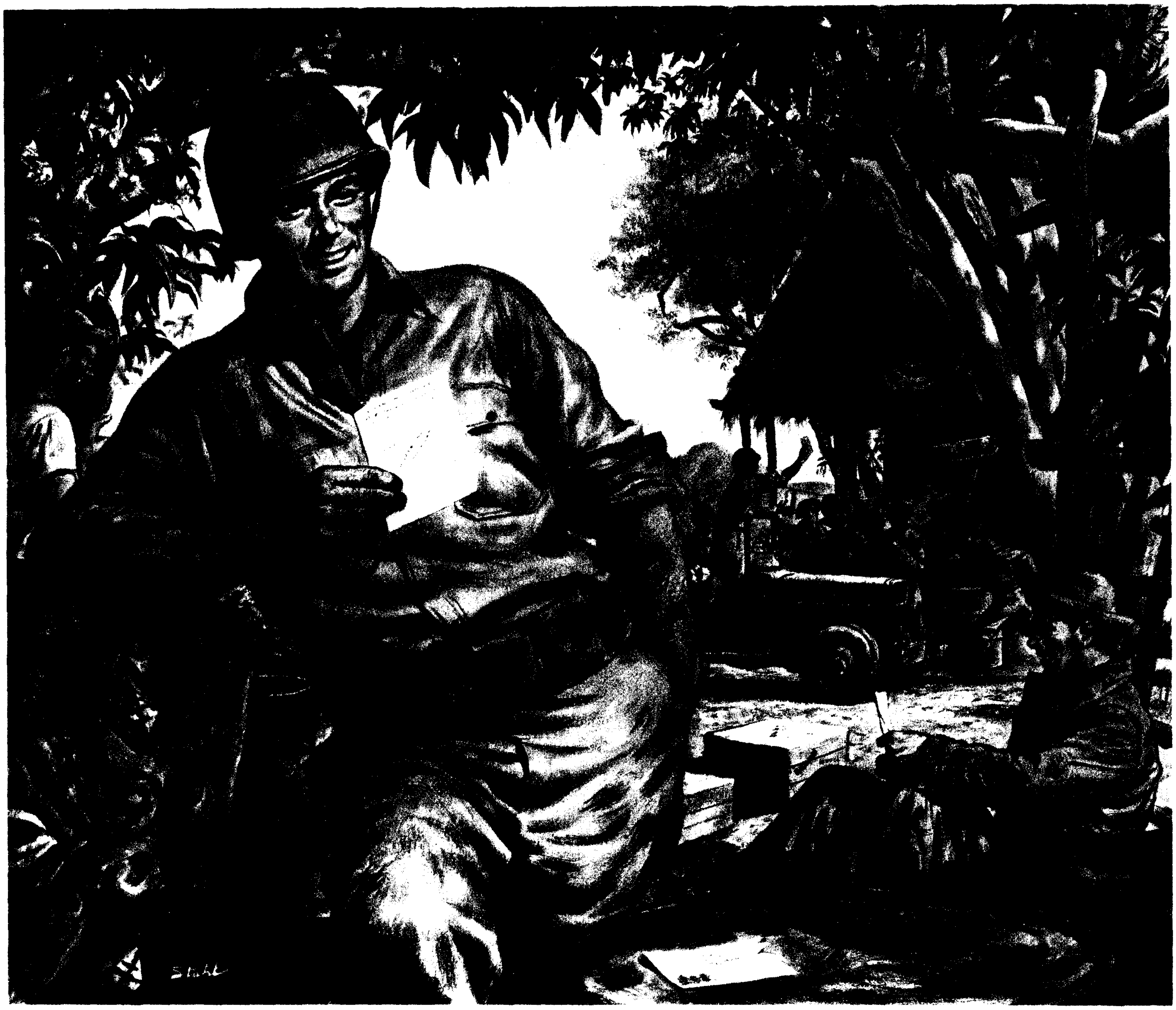
I tried to tell Uncle Doc about the coyote's unwavering yellow stare, unsupported by hope or defiance or any other emotion I recognized. I could not find the words for what I wanted to say, but Uncle Doc understood. Uncle Doc understood everything. When I told him how I had killed the coyote with one shot, he nodded approvingly.

"Some folks would think it a kindness to take him out of the trap and put him in a warm pen and feed him, but mercy wants to be sharp and quick."

That was the first coyote I ever trapped. I caught many more in the years before Uncle Doc died, but even then the coyote's and Uncle Doc's eyes sometimes got mixed in my thoughts. They were really not at all alike, but at times when he seemed to be thinking and forgot I was near, I saw his eyes and remembered the coyote.

Of course, I was only eleven years old. I knew Uncle Doc had a cancer in his throat, but his throat looked all right to me, and cancer was a word without meaning, like death. I also knew that the doctors had given him up and expected him to stay in the hospital and die, and I had heard the neighbors wonder what kept the old man going. But none of that meant anything to me, because I was just eleven and had no father or mother to explain such things to me.

I had no one in the world but Uncle Doc, and he was not much of a talker.



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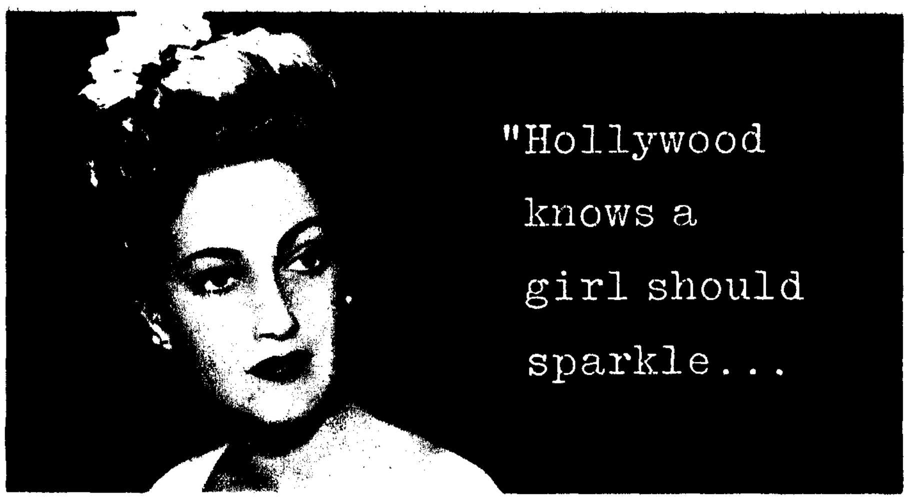
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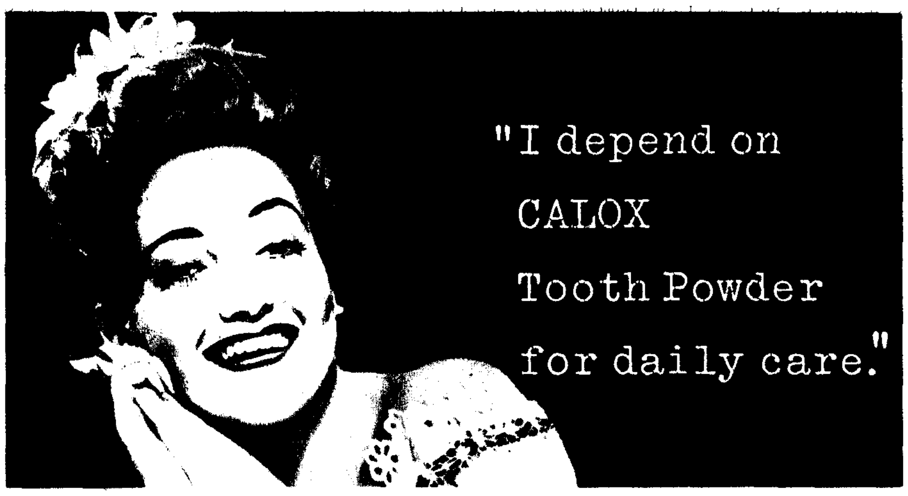
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Revolt in Canada

Continued from page 11

In Australia and New Zealand, the shift from Liberal and Conservative governments came quickly. In Canada, the process has been slower, although the emergence of the CCF has been spectacular. The party was born in the turmoil of a longshoremen's depression-era strike in Vancouver. It was fathered by a visionary Winnipeg preacher-turned-politician, the late J. W. Woodsworth, who saw in the CCF a future as a labor party. Coldwell has kept faith with Woodsworth's dream, has promised to "uproot capitalism," and Coldwell is a single-minded and purposeful man, the best debater in the House of Commons and, next to King, its best political tactician.

The CCF drew to its Socialist standard the farmers of the Prairie Provinces, the Ontario factory workers and their Canadian Labor Congress (a C.I.O. affiliate), small businessmen, schoolteachers, the Protestant clergy and the university professors. It cleverly repudiated the support of the Communists and of the quasi-Fascist Bloc Populaire, strong in French Canada. The Liberals, meanwhile, became more conservative than the Conservatives, and the only concession the Conservatives made to the left-wing trend was to change their name to Progressive-Conservatives a couple of years ago.

Although King is a great admirer and friend of Franklin D. Roosevelt, he didn't approve of the New Deal's social legislation. King's conservative predecessor had drafted batches of legislation to give Canada the same social security laws prevailing below the border. When King entered office, he referred the legislation to the courts which promptly threw it out as *ultra vires*, legal mumbo jumbo for "exceeding the lawmakers' legal authority."

Since then, Canada, once a nation of fur trappers, lumberjacks and fishermen, has become more than 50 per cent industrialized due to the war. Wages have increased but not quite as much as prices. Taxes have become practically confiscatory. Labor not only feels the real and imagined pressures of the present, but is worried about the future. It wants guarantees that there won't be widespread unemployment, bread lines, layoffs, and the misery likely in the change-over from wartime to peacetime production.

Neither the Liberals nor the Progressive-Conservatives have offered the new thoroughly class-conscious workers anything. The P-Cs are making their fight against King on the conscription issue. The CCF offers the magic of "security." Liberal and P-C leaders attributed the CCF's growth through the depression and the war years to acts of God or to accidental circumstances.

Banking on Reaction

"Those CCF-ers are picking up support from the debt-burdened, drought-bedeviled farmers and the wage-hungry grumblers in the factories," they said. "Let the farmers have a good crop or two, and give those workers a little more money in their pay envelopes, and watch them ditch the CCF."

But it didn't happen. The CCF's political appeal steadily increased in Saskatchewan, for instance, through hard times and good. And just the other day, the experts in that province labeled as "cocksureness" Coldwell's prediction of a sweeping victory in the provincial elections, the equivalent of our primaries, to elect a new legislature.

"Why," they said, "the farmers are all out of debt now and they've benefited from all-time high prices due to the war, and they'll certainly not vote Socialist. They're all good capitalists now."

But the farmers rode to the polls through Saskatchewan's fields of new grain and turned the Liberals out of office. CCF candidates obtained 46 out of the 55 seats in the provincial legislature. They carried King's own district of Prince Albert by a decisive majority. The Liberals won only five seats, and the remaining four were deemed certain also to fall, later, to the CCF. The P-Cs failed to put one single legislator into office. It was the biggest victory in the fledgling CCF's history.

I saw Coldwell just before he left Ottawa for Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, to be present at the elections. He told me he had hoped to win, but the outcome must have surprised even him. He could not have known, for instance, that the soldier vote would go almost two to one in favor of the CCF, or that his party would carry the German sections of the province and pick up unexpected strength in the French-Canadian areas of the region.

The results of the Saskatchewan elections added to what happened in Ontario last year when the CCF won 34 out of 90 seats in the provincial elections, plus the Socialists' growing strength in British Columbia and Manitoba where, as in Ontario, they constitute the "official opposition," have King's Liberals and the P-Cs scratching their heads.

King is the man whom Coldwell must beat, however, before he and the CCF can come to power in Canada to do any wholesale uprooting of capitalism or free enterprise; and King, anybody in the country will tell you, is a hard man to beat.

An Independent Nation

But right here we'd better explain the mechanics of Canadian government. Canada is an independent member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Although its independence isn't as complete in such important matters as declaring war or making peace and in political and trade relations with the rest of the world as it would like to be, the nation's internal affairs are decided by a parliament. This body has 245 members.

The party which returns the majority of members in a general election names the Prime Minister who, in turn, selects his own Cabinet. The Prime Minister and his Cabinet are directly responsible to the Parliament, which consists of a House of Commons and the equivalent of a House of Lords called the Senate, but you can forget the latter. Its members are named for life, and its powers are limited to rubber-stamping decisions [illegible] the lower House.

To rule with a comfortable majority, a Prime Minister must have about 125 seats. Below that figure, he must make a deal with the next strongest party and form a coalition government. Right now, the astute King holds 175 seats. The P-Cs have 39, and the CCF only 9, at the moment.

The balance of the present Canadian Parliament is composed of members of the Social Credit Party, the Fascistophile Bloc Populaire, the communistic Labor Progressives, and odds and ends of independents.

King's chances of getting more than 100 seats in the House of Commons are conceded by the best brains of Canada's politics to be "very slim indeed." They say the most he can look forward to is to return the largest single group to the Commons—and this only if the war in Europe hasn't ended before the elections are held. King isn't popular with the troops, who are 95 per cent of British extraction and deeply resent his mollycoddling of the French Canadians. They'd certainly vote against him if peace comes, and probably will anyway. Temporary unemployment in a resultant sudden slowdown of Canada's wartime industries would mean fewer votes for the Liberals. King would lose his war cry against "changing horses in midstream."

Here come some of those "ifs" I mentioned before. If King fails to obtain a majorit [illegible] the House, he will either resign, call it a day and leave the mess to someone else, or form a coalition government with one of the other big parties. The most natural deal for King to make would be with the P-Cs, because both stand for free enterprise.

This would take a lot of juggling. The P-Cs, the Tories of Canadian politics, are mainly "Empire First" boys. They look upon King as entirely too pro-American and something of a black saboteur of Empire unity. King believes in increased Canadian independence from the British Empire and closer relations with the United States, Canada's best customer, and vice versa. He doesn't, however, share the French Canadian isolationist wish for Canadian secession from the Empire.

The experts up North are betting that King will try to join forces with the CCF. He hates them less than he hates the Tories. His foreign policy and that of the Socialists are more nearly congruent than those of the Liberals and the P-Cs. If King knows he can't beat the CCF, he'll try to join it. Whether he would succeed is another matter.

I had a long talk with Coldwell about this possibility. While the CCF Party leader wouldn't commit himself specifically, I came away with the distinct impression that Coldwell wants to win decisively and won't dicker. He hopes, it seemed to me, to force a strange shotgun wedding between the Liberals and the Tories. "That'll show everybody just where everybody stands," he said.

He didn't talk or act like a man who believed he might be Prime Minister tomorrow, but as one who was confident that he would be, or that his party would be, in power in five years. He was as emphatic about not making a bargain with the Social Crediters or the Bloc Populaire as he was about a deal with the Liberals.

Question of Vote Appeal

Whose coin turns up heads—King's or Coldwell's—seems to depend more on the personalities of the two men and on their respective abilities to influence people and win votes than on any other factor. Only one thing is certain: Coldwell's political sex appeal is on the up, and King's on the down. This is true even in his old bailiwick, Quebec Province. There the war-hating French Canadians will—as one of their most prominent politicians put it—express their resentment of rationing, conscription (limited for home service as it has been), taxes, low wages, high prices and British overlordship generally.

In skill and political experience, there's no doubt that King is Canada's top man, the greatest politician the country has known since Sir Wilfred Laurier. He proved it early in 1940, right after Canada entered the war. A dissident Liberal named Mitchell Hepburn persuaded the House to pass a vote of censure against King, accusing him of "half-hearted, incompetent and neglectful conduct of the war effort." A vote of censure is sure death in parliamentarian politics, but not when the target is King.

The parliamentarians assembled on January 18, 1940, to kayo King. They were primed to demand facts and figures which would, they hoped, prove King's "incompetence." King entered the House, as always, calm, efficient, unperturbed. Someone who saw him at the time said he behaved like a "well-rehearsed actor." Without the slightest warning, while the opponents cocked their triggers and took aim, King dissolved Parliament for four hours and demanded a "direct and unquestioned mandate from the people."

Doctor Robert J. Manion, then leader of the Conservative minority, got up and shouted, "This is dictatorship. Why should we fight for democracy in Europe and lose it at home?"

King stood like a rock in a stream. Quietly he replied, "Democracy doesn't mean that I am answerable to the leaders of the opposition, but to the people."

King won. When the House reassembled, its members voted as people and not as politicians, and gave King a vote of confidence.

A recluse, King has no hobbies, works hard and late, avoids the clubs and prefers to dine at home alone or with one or two of his very few intimate friends at Laurier House or Kingsmere, his country estate. To most Canadians he is an enigma. They know him to be politically ruthless but they also know him as almost sentimentally kind and gracious in personal relations with even his worst professional enemies.

A friend of mine, a Canadian editor renowned for his political antipathy for King, lost a son in the Royal Canadian Air Force. King called him up in Ottawa from Quebec to console him. When the same journalist lost a second son, King was in London telling Churchill that Canada intended to remain free to trade with whom it pleased inside and outside the British Empire after the war. He found time, however, to wire my friend his condolences.

When one of the few intimate friends King ever had was drowned in attempting to rescue two strangers many years ago, King had a noble statue of Sir Galahad made to commemorate his friend's act.

King is a poor, even dull speaker as a rule, but when he has something important to say, he can make a scholarly if not brilliant speech. He hasn't, however, that mixture of corn and ham in the proper proportions that sways mobs. Coldwell has.

Sharp in debate, Coldwell can, despite his pedantic background, make a really rabble-rousing stump speech. Born fifty-six years ago in Devonshire, England, he has the advantage of youth over King, who is 71 but Canadian born. Coldwell has another advantage, and one that may count heavily in his favor in the weeks and months ahead. He has known what it means to be hungry. He's come up the hard way, and early in his life, while a student at Exeter, in England, decided to devote his energies to helping working people obtain better wages, conditions and security. Had he remained in England, he might have become a Bevin or a Morrison.

But King too was a "man of the people." Once, back in 1907, he demonstrated a keen interest in the conditions under which telephone operators worked. He deplored them in a report as Royal Commissioner assigned to investigate a telephone girls' strike. It was an on-the-spot report and was completely in favor of the strikers. He doesn't make first-hand reports now. He is isolated and lonely in his high office. He admitted this to me. He said he misses the contact he once had with people. Somewhere along the line, King lost the common touch. Coldwell hasn't.

In one respect, Coldwell and King, both Protestants, are very much alike. Both confess an exceptional mother influence in their lives. With King it amounts, from all reports, to a complex. They say he hasn't been completely happy since his mother died. A huge portrait of her hangs in his library. He communes with her image before making important decisions. The only other important object of King's affections is his dog, Pat.

Coldwell, more simply, says that he owes everything to a mother who kept him at his books and encouraged his liberal trend of thought. He is married and has a son in the R.C.A.F. and a daughter who is a graduate nurse.

A Finished Compromiser

In contrast to the uncompromising Coldwell, King is a finished compromiser. He sees his function as a politician as that of a man who's job it is to "ascertain all the conflicting views of my party, and weld them together into the best possible compromise." Were Coldwell of this school of political tactics, he would be a cinch to become Prime Minister in the next Canadian general elections. He could gather together all the left wingers, the Social Crediters and Labor-Progressives and even the Bloc Populaire and swing it. But coalition means compromise, and Coldwell hates the word, or so he indicated to me.

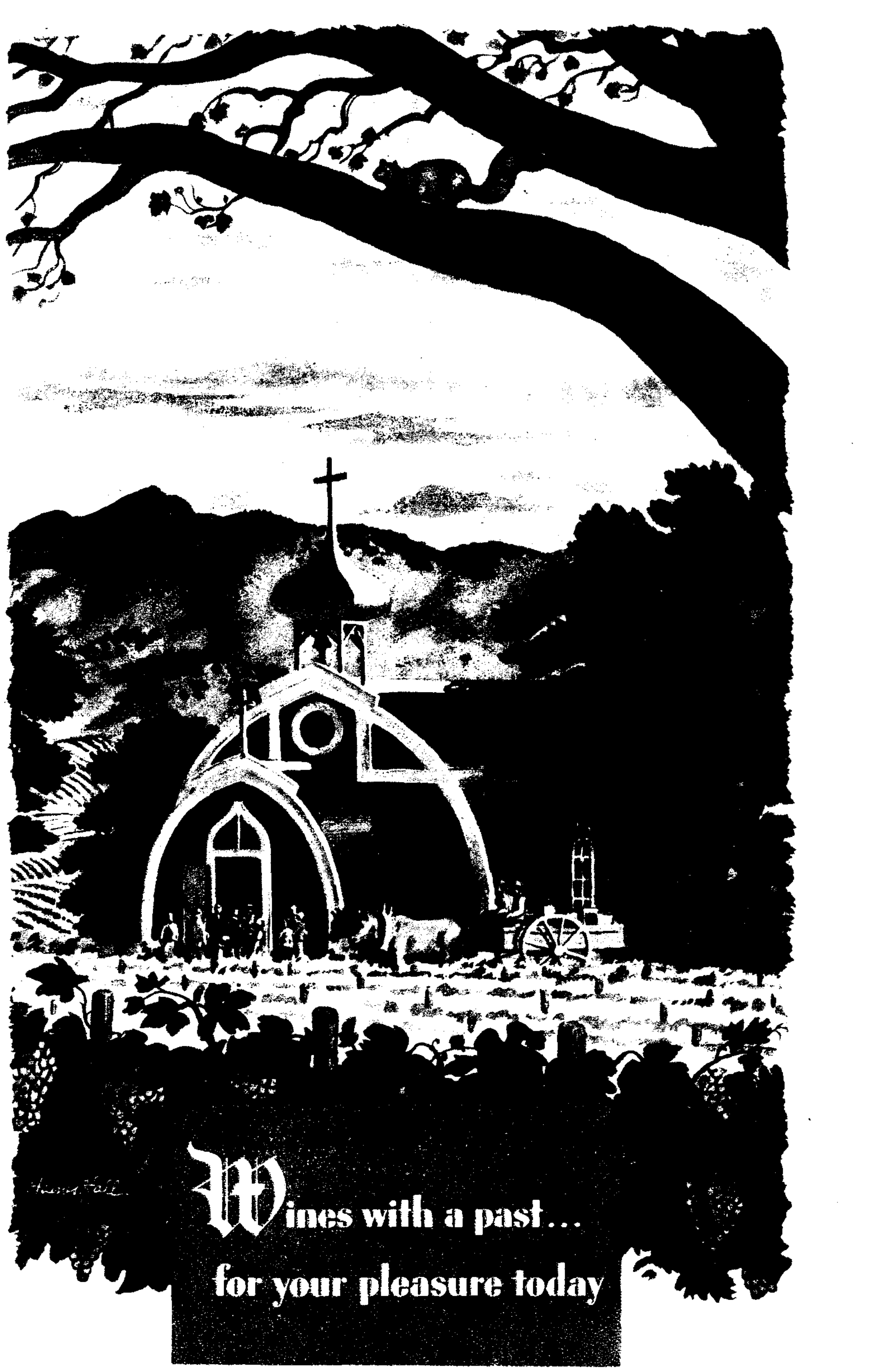
As matters stand, it's King who holds the tactical advantage. It is he who, as Prime Minister, will say when there will be a general election. Under the constitution, he's required to dissolve Parliament and go to the country on or before the expiration of his five-year term. The deadline is March, 1945, but the wily King may call an election while the battle in Europe still rages and the Allies are squaring off for a showdown in the Pacific and before the CCF or any opposition can mend their fences.

A mutual friend asked King, in my presence, when the election would be held.

"Now don't rush me," he said, "don't rush me. Besides, I haven't the faintest idea as to when . . ." and he waddled off, looking like a squat Ramsay MacDonald.

He had one card to play to beat Coldwell—the election date—and he kept it well hidden somewhere up one of those gray sleeves from which protruded several inches of starched cuff. But whatever King does, no matter when he plays his trump, he cannot prevent Coldwell and his socialistic CCF from going to the House with the largest delegation of members, which is to say—holding the balance of power.

THE END



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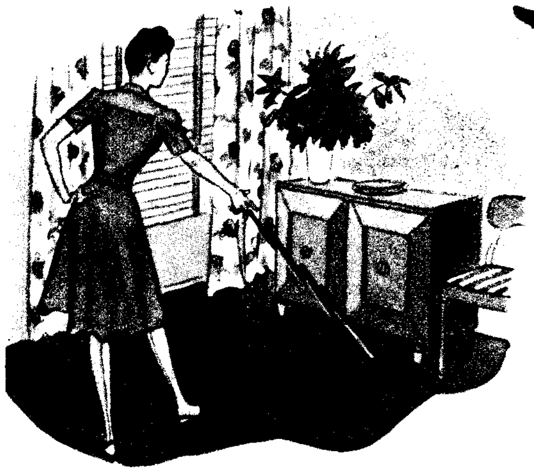

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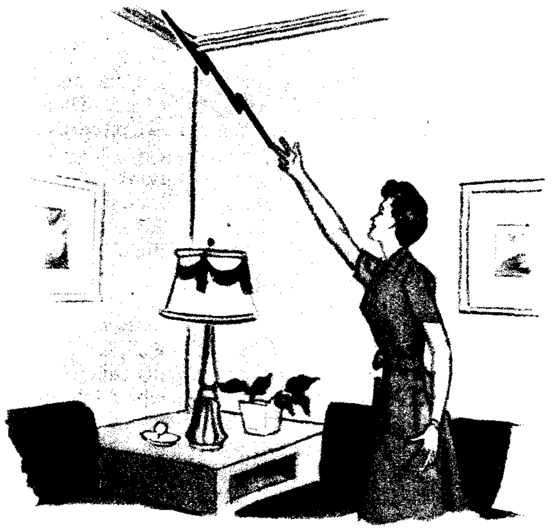

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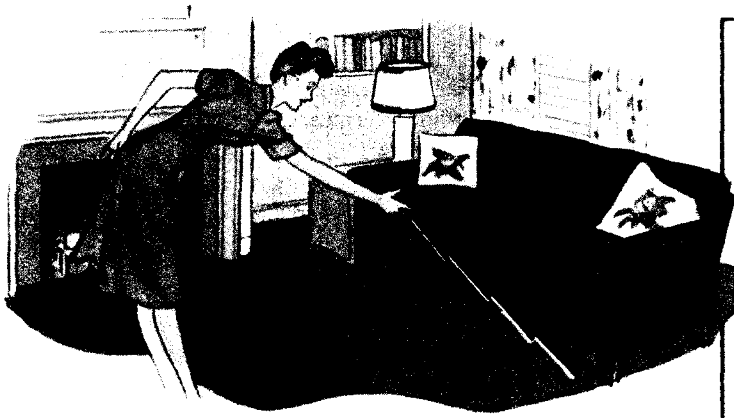

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Boy Meets Goat

Continued from page 18

They made their way to the bingo tables. There were many women, and a fair sprinkling of khaki. "The brutal and licentious soldiery," Johnny murmured sadly. "Frittering away the government's money in games of chance. Shall I play two cards at once?"

"Take one," Barney said, "and keep both eyes open. You'll get the same effect cheaper."

"Under the O, number nine," the leader chanted. "Under the O, number nine."

"Ignoring your impertinence," Johnny said, "I'll take one. I can't lose. It's my lucky night."

He won a scarlet satin pillow cover, handpainted with white roses and an improbable yellow butterfly, and inscribed simply, "My Heart is True."

"Lovely, lovely," he murmured. "Just what I've been wanting."

"You can give it to Sarge for his birthday," Barney said.

"Anonymously, of course," Nobs added.

"Oh, of course," Barney said. "Look, they're getting ready to make with the gate prize. Come on."

They strolled toward the grandstand.

"The town dignitaries," Johnny observed, inspecting the platform. "That's the stationmaster and the postmaster. I recognize them, but I don't place the goat."

"Possibly the mayor," Barney said. "I've heard him spoken of that way, but I didn't know it was so literal. Let's get up front."

"Maybe it's the prize," Nobs hazarded. "A goat makes a lovely pet."

"It can sleep at the foot of your bed, Johnny," Barney said.

At that moment the goat caught Johnny's eye. It stared at him, and it seemed to Johnny that there was a faintly proprietary look in its eye. The postmaster, meanwhile, was dipping into a fish bowl full of stubs. Johnny began to edge back into the crowd.

"They caught me once this way," he said. "For me, fish bowls are poison."

ONE on each side, Barney and Nobs grasped his arms. "Stick around," Barney said. "It's your lucky night. You can't lose."

"Will the holder of ticket number 159," the postmaster said, "please come forward?"

Deception was impossible. Barney beat enthusiastically on Johnny's back. Nobs wrung his hand. Together they propelled him to the steps, emitting glad cries, and boosted him to the platform. The postmaster made an elaborately facetious speech of presentation. There were cheers from the audience.

The goat, meanwhile, having run an appraising eye over Johnny, took a step forward. Johnny took one pace to the rear. The crowd bellowed.

"Give him a cigarette," a bucolic voice shouted from the audience.

Johnny fished one from his pocket and held it out. The goat nibbled it daintily, with a look of thoughtful pleasure. The postmaster slapped Johnny on the shoulder. "Now," he said, "you've made a friend fer life."

The crowd endorsed this statement with ribald mirth.

"I don't suppose," Johnny said gloomily, "that anyone would care to buy a goat."

The crowd gave its opinion of goats in a series of jovial yelps. A deep resignation settled down on Johnny's spirit.

"Okay," he said. "Come on, Millicent."

They left the platform together.

Barney and Nobs were waiting for them at the gate, with the lamp and the baby doll. They fell in smartly, one on each side of Johnny, who was wrapped in gloomy meditation and preserved a frigid silence. Millicent trotted sedately in the rear.

From time to time she plucked inquiringly at the fringe of the red satin pillow cover which protruded seductively from Johnny's hip pocket.

"I don't like to get personal," Nobs said, "but does anybody notice anything?"

"Now that you mention it," Barney said, "I believe I do. An aroma, wouldn't you say?"

"Definitely an aroma," Nobs said. "Puts me in mind of my childhood back on the farm. How about you, Barney?"

"Wind over goat," Barney said. "That's my analysis. How about you, Johnny?"

Johnny muttered something.

"What does he say?" Barney asked.

"Something about a serpent's tooth," Nobs said.

Barney shook his head. "Purely irrelevant. He needs a drink, I guess."

"Kelly's is in the next block," Nobs said. "By a curious coincidence."

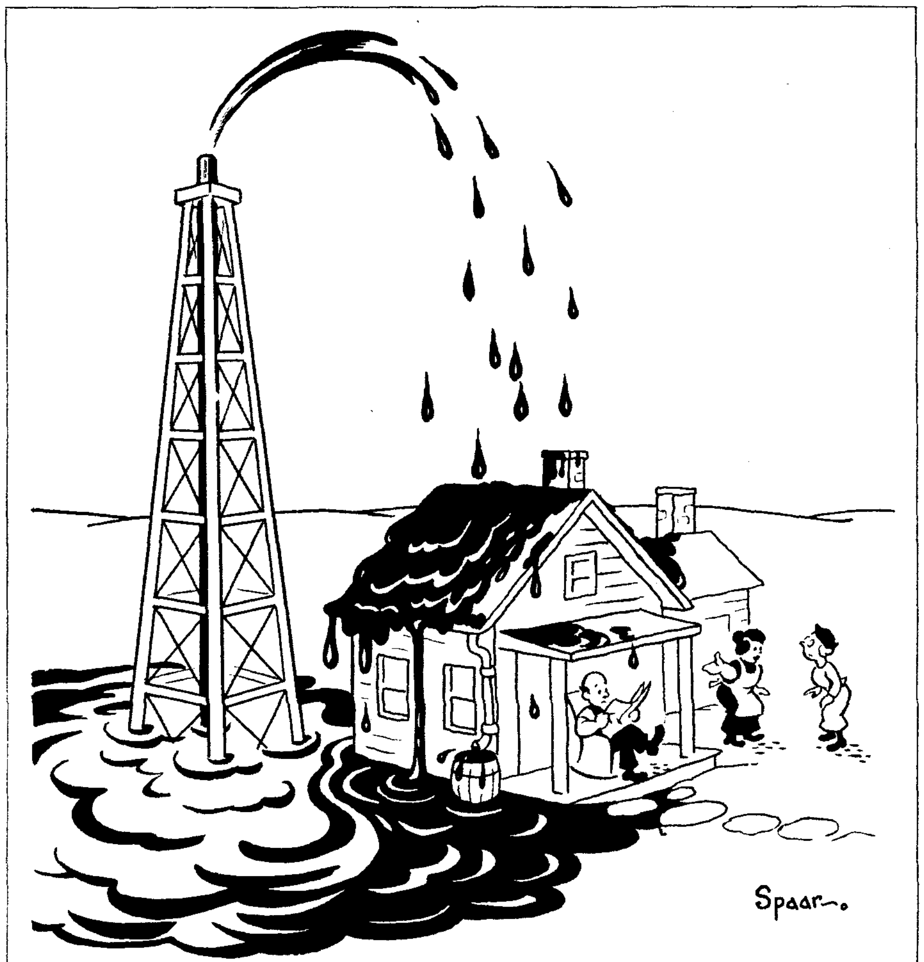
"May we have the pleasure of buying a beer for self and friend?" Barney asked. "Or doesn't your girl drink?"

"Millicent," Johnny said coldly, "is particular about the kind of people she drinks with. She'll wait outside."

He left her his other trophies for company. Millicent waited. There had been tobacco, there would be more. She waited patiently, nibbling at the pink lamp shade. She seemed entirely untouched by the fact that inside the bar her future was being elaborately defined.

"The sergeant," Barney said dreamily, "is going to be delighted. I can just see his eye light up when he gets a load of that goat."

"Policing the street will be a cinch," Nobs added. "Permanent assignment for Millicent."



"Always the same way—he'll start a thing and immediately lose interest in it!"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM SPAAR, JR.

"First, though," Barney said, "you'll have to get her back to camp. Suppose they'll let her ride on the bus?"

"Wonder how Gertrude feels about goats," Nobs said, voicing a pertinent note.

"Let's drop over and ask her," Barney said.

"That," Johnny said, "is the first sensible thing you've said."

His spirits were beginning to rise, floated up on a rising tide of beer. It was not, he reminded himself, every soldier who had a goat. Out of the obliterating ranks of khaki he began to perceive himself a man apart, the man who had a way with animals, the master of Millicent. Really, when you came to consider it, it conferred a certain distinction on a man to own a goat.

He pushed masterfully away from the bar and strode out. Barney and Nobs followed. They strode through the silent streets three abreast. Millicent followed. A strip of pale pink silk hanging from her lips gave her a faintly roguish look.

A handful of gravel from the drive brought Gertrude to the dark window.

"What is it?" she called thinly.

"It is I," Johnny shouted. "Bearing rich gifts, too. Come down." He danced on the lawn, brandishing the pink crystal lamp.

"Johnny, hush!" Gertrude called. "You'll wake the neighbors."

"Let them wake," Johnny caroled. "Let them behold my devotion. 'From the desert I come to thee on a stallion shod with fire . . .' Millicent's not precisely a stallion, of course, but—"

"I'll be right down," Gertrude said hastily. "Just be quiet, Johnny. I'm coming."

SHE arrived at the front door with a speed which caused Barney to speculate audibly as to whether she had slid down the banister.

"Johnny," she said with opprobrium, "you're drunk. You're drunk as—as a goat."

Johnny drew himself up to perfect attention. "I resent that," he said coldly, "both for myself and for Millicent."

"That's twice you've mentioned Millicent," Gertrude said. "Maybe you'll explain."

"With pleasure," Johnny said. He drew Millicent into the light. "Gertrude, Millicent. Millicent, Gertrude. I know you girls are going to be great friends."

Gertrude said, "If this is your idea of a joke—"

"No joke," Johnny said. "Stark reality. Love me, love my goat." Then he stared for a moment at the closed door.

"I don't like to criticize your girls," Barney said, "but it doesn't seem to me she has the sympathetic attitude."

"Look at the bright side," Nobs said. "That washes out Gert, doesn't it? Now you know where you stand."

"Unless, of course," Johnny pointed out, "Shirley feels the same way. It doesn't wash out Millicent."

"Who could do with a good wash," Barney added. "Unless my senses deceive me. Stand down-wind, will you, fella?"

"We'd better shove, anyway," Nobs said. "Busses are few and far between these nights. Unless you want to spend the night in town."

"I'd feel better if I knew Millicent's status with the bus company," Barney said.

"These things you just have to carry off with a high hand," Johnny said. "Watch me."

He climbed aboard after Barney and Nobs. "Ten cents for me," he said airily, "and I forget how much for my goat."

"What goat?" the driver said. "I don't carry goats."

"Listen, brother," Johnny said, "if you take me you'll take my goat."

"It may seem like splitting hairs," the driver said, "but I'll take you and I won't take your goat."

Johnny tried a new tack. "Look," he said, "how am I supposed to get back to camp? I appeal to you as a man and a brother—"

"Don't you be insulting my family," the driver said. "And get that goat out of here, will you? I've got asthma."

"Okay," Johnny said. "If that's your attitude. Come on brethren."

From the dark interior Barney's voice said, "On your way, Faunus. This is where we get off."

"You're on your own, Johnny," Nobs corroborated. "My mother didn't raise her boy to be a goatherd."

"Do you mean to tell me," Johnny barked, "that you're going to give your trade to this decadent representative of an outmoded feudal system? This brutal trampler of personal rights? Where's your patriotism?"

"Maybe you can get a taxi," Barney said with a marked lack of sympathy. "Or else ride Millicent."

The bus driver raced his motor suggestively. "You can stay on without goat or get off with goat," he said. "Me, I'm behind schedule."

Johnny climbed down. As the bus drove away Johnny outlined with forceful clarity his opinions of Barney, Nobs, the bus driver and Fate. Millicent listened with ready sympathy. Johnny gave her a cigarette.

A jeep bounced exuberantly around the corner piloted by a soldier and a sergeant with black arm bands. "Cheese it, Millicent," Johnny murmured. "The cops." He drew her into the shadow.

"Miss the bus, soldier?" a voice hailed from the jeep. "Hop in."

A STRICKEN sensation formed just beneath Johnny's belt buckle. It was probably, he reflected, the only time he had ever had friendly communion with an M.P. It had to be now.

"Thanks," he called back with commendable insouciance. "Thanks a lot, but the fancy takes me to commune with nature. I feel that the walk to camp will be of vast benefit to me. In fact, it is my opinion—"

The M.P.s looked at each other.

"He don't crave our company," one observed.

"Personally," the other said—it was the sergeant—"when I unbend so far as to offer rides to the rank and file, I like to see my invitations accepted. And gratefully." He climbed ponderously from the jeep and took Johnny's arm in a fraternal manner that fell just short of being totally paralyzing. "Allow me to persuade you."

It was at this point that Millicent emerged from the shadows where she had been patiently polishing off the last of the lampshade. Up to now the conversation had been strictly over her head, but the sight of action stirred her strangely. She saw her master, the source of all tobacco, being forcibly haled out of her life by a being of superior brawn, and such was her loyalty that without a moment's hesitation she flung herself to the rescue. She attacked from the rear, swiftly, silently and with precision.

There ensued, for Johnny, thirty seconds of complete bliss while the sergeant collected himself and his vocabulary and gave a comprehensive and detailed survey of the situation, with side lights on his opinion of the animal world. Johnny listened in admiring silence. Millicent watched suspiciously for a renewal of hostilities.

"—And," the sergeant finished dramatically, "you had better wipe that smirk off your face because I can promise you that you will spend the rest of your life in the guardhouse."

"It would be worth it," Johnny said. "But I don't think I will."

The sergeant leered. "You will have ample leisure for correcting that opinion," he said.

"It will make a superb story," Johnny said dreamily. "Here I stand, minding my own business—I have a three-day pass, by the way—and up you come, trying to coerce

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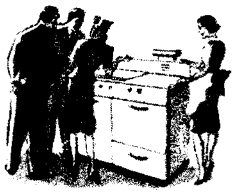

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me back to camp. Zingo! Justice strikes."

"You!" the sergeant roared. "You deliberately set your goat on me."

"*My* goat?" Johnny registered elaborate surprise. "Whatever gave you that idea? I admit that it seems to be a very public-spirited goat, a champion of the underdog, so to speak—" He broke off to ponder expressively. "What will they call you, I wonder? Old Goat-Pants? Old Butt-Bottom?"

"Silence!" the sergeant bellowed. He reentered the jeep. "You find a home for that goat before you return to camp. *This is an order!*"

The jeep came to life, coughed and disappeared.

"Alone at last," Johnny murmured to Millicent. He looked at his watch. It was exactly 1:52 A.M.

IT WAS six o'clock when he woke with the first sun in his eyes, dew on his face and a large quantity of straw down his neck. It took a moment to remember just where he was and why. The sight of Millicent, nibbling at the earth a few feet away, helped. He was in the lee of a haystack and he was there because he had to find a home for his goat. With the unerring instinct of a pigeon he had found his way to a farm. He did not remember that part of it, but he could see that it was so

Johnny sought the barn. A taciturn individual in overalls was just leaving it, foaming milk pails in his hands.

"Good morning," Johnny said pleasantly.

"Morning," the farmer admitted. He eyed Johnny with the air of one who always expects the worst to happen in the morning and usually has his expectations fulfilled. From Johnny his eyes traveled in a leisurely manner to Millicent, where they dwelt profoundly.

"Goat," the farmer said.

"Yes," Johnny said. "Want to buy her?"

"Ah," the farmer said. There was further silence while his eyes returned to Johnny. "How come a soldier have a goat?" he communed with himself. "Probably stole it."

"I won her," Johnny said. "I won her at a raffle."

The farmer's head moved portentously. "They raffle dishes, bonds, maybe turkeys. No goats."

"That is precisely the mistake I made," Johnny said. "Now, do you want to buy this goat?"

"No," the farmer said. "I got enough goats."

"I'm way ahead of you," Johnny said. "I've got too many. Look, I'll give her to you."

The farmer returned to his self-communion. "Proves it," he said without enthusiasm. "Nobody don't give away goats. Honest goats. Fellow so anxious to get rid of a goat, it must be a"—he appeared to search his mind for the correct, up-to-date expression—"hot goat," he finished with satisfaction.

"Hot goat your eyebrow," Johnny said. "She's mine. I won her. Now all I want to do is find a nice home for her. To me she's a white elephant."

The man appeared to lapse again into uneasy thought, meanwhile edging past Johnny toward the house with his milk pails. This maneuver accomplished, he raised his voice and addressed one of the windows. "Maw!"

A window creaked open. "I hear you."

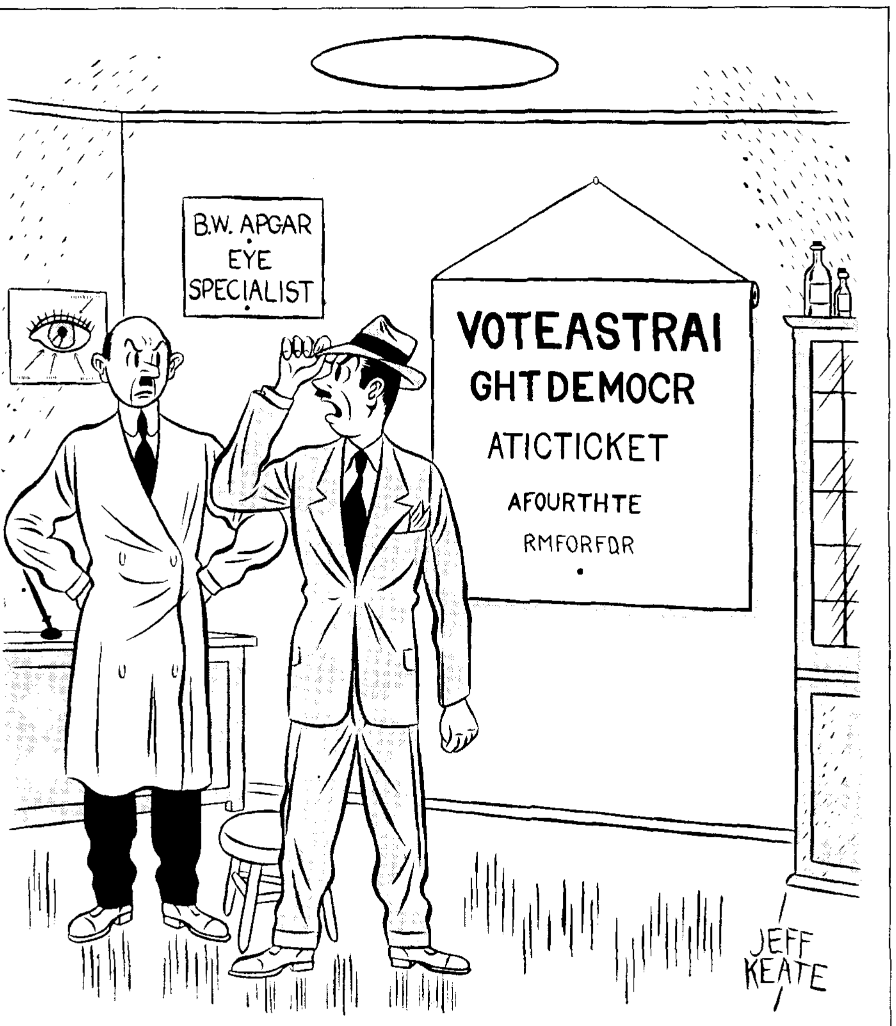
"Man down here in a soldier-boy suit wants to give away goats. Calls 'em elephants, though." His eyes rested again on Johnny, apparently assimilating belated details. "Plays with dolls, too."

"Oh, glory!" Johnny looked with distaste at the forgotten trophy dangling from his hand. He flung it from him. Millicent trotted intently after it.

"He's a looney, that's what," the voice from the window cried. "Don't you stand there a-talking, Paw. You come on in the house before he gets vi'lent."

Moving with the first sign of alacrity Johnny had seen him display, the man backed toward the house, leaving a trail of slopped milk. "Don't you move," he warned. "I'll throw this here pail if you move."

The back door and the window slammed simultaneously. Johnny was alone. Except, of course, for Millicent. He looked for her. She was some distance off, investigating the fallen doll. As he watched, she plucked gingerly at its hair. To Johnny there was something definitely ghoulish in her expression.



"I don't care if you are the best eye man in town—I don't like the sly way you try to tell people how to vote!"

JEFF KEATE

BY NOON Johnny had canvassed the accessible farms. Not a door had been opened to him. Either they were all at church or else Maw—or possibly Paw—had outflanked him via the telephone. He was tired, he was hungry. In addition, a prickling sensation in the vicinity of chin and collar warned him that he would do well to get in touch with a razor before encountering any more M.P.s. But first, last and always there loomed the problem of Millicent's future.

"We'll have to tackle the gentry," he told her sorrowfully. "Maybe with them goats aren't such a drug on the market."

They turned in at gates that guarded a sweep of velvet lawn. Johnny cached Millicent behind a large and convenient tree. It had occurred to him that possibly Millicent's appearance had something to do with her social failure.

He approached the house with the carefree manner of one whose least concern is with goats, and smote resoundingly on the door. While he waited for it to open he allowed his somewhat jaundiced eye to dwell upon the pleasing combination of dahlias and late marigolds that lined the drive. The earth around the plants, he could see, had been freshly turned. The strip of grass that lay between the beds and the drive was neatly trimmed and edged. The lawn beyond was smooth as a G.I. blanket before inspection. Altogether the place gave the impression of care and attention. It would, he thought, be an ideal home for Millicent.

He knocked again.

A deck chair which stood with its back to him on the veranda stirred irritably. A moment later a tremendous and very red face surmounted by an incredibly upright stand of iron-gray hair appeared over the back, and a voice that would have done credit to a top sergeant said, "Well? You want to see me?"

"Yes, sir," Johnny said miserably. He groped for the fine phrases of introduction that were to have rolled off his tongue. Something brief and chatty about goats in general, a few witty phrases about Millicent's winning ways, leading delicately but irresistibly up to the point—

"Don't fidget," the face said peremptorily. "Speak up."

"Sir," Johnny blurted, "do you want to buy a goat?"

"Taking up the points as they occur to me," the face said, "I am reliably informed that it is 'Madam,' not 'Sir.' That is, if you're speaking to me. In the second place, I can think of nothing I want less than a goat." A mammoth body heaved into view, following the face. The deck chair jerked around to face Johnny and the body subsided gratefully into it. It was, Johnny saw, a woman, although, as far as he could tell, the decision was based on a technicality. The dress, to be sure, printed with divers large and gaudy flowers, was female, but the face, hair and voice were strictly government issue.

"And what are you doing with a goat, anyway?"

The day's humiliations rose imperatively in Johnny's throat. "Listen," he said. "Madam, it's none of your business what I'm doing with a goat. Can't a man engage in a bit of private enterprise without reciting the catechism to every inquisitive busybody that— Listen, either you want a goat or you don't."

"That's better," the woman said approvingly. "That's the spirit I like to see in our fighting forces. Will our boys allow their rights to be trampled? They will not. Sit down."

IT WAS an invitation which, by parade-ground etiquette, could not be declined. Months of exposure to that particular timbre of voice had so conditioned Johnny that he reacted to it without an instant's thought. He sat. From a pail of ice at her side his hostess produced two lightly perspiring bottles, opened them and passed one to Johnny.

"Never could talk on an empty stomach," she said. "Now, what's all this about a goat?"

"I have one," Johnny said. "I am trying to find a home for it. There seems to be some slight feeling against goats in the Army. I think they suspect it of being a graduate of Annapolis."

"But why me?" the woman asked, not unreasonably. "Why not give it to a farmer?"

"Madam," Johnny said, "I do not wish to cast aspersions upon the local peasantry, but I do not think their attitude toward livestock augurs well for the future of the country. You would think," he added irritably, "that Millicent was a land mine."

The woman thoughtfully opened two more bottles. "It's a problem," she admitted. "My sympathies are with you, of course, but what would I do with a goat?

Perhaps it was the beer. Perhaps it was the intoxication of having found a sympathetic audience. Whatever the influence, Johnny found that his vocabulary had returned to him. He dwelt lovingly upon the virtue of goat's milk. He described in some detail the sterling qualities of Millicent's nature, her faithfulness, her obedience, her affection. He introduced the subject of gardens, and seeing the woman's eye light up, he enlarged upon the point.

"Suppose something goes wrong with your lawnmower. In these rationed times can you get another? No. Can you even get replacement parts? It is doubtful. But with a goat, madam, there are no parts to replace. It is not even necessary to push a goat. Imagine to yourself a perpetually sharpened lawnmower, automatic, capable of keeping your grass constantly at a uniform length—"

Johnny broke off. The woman was inspecting the middle distance with an air of mild astonishment, and Johnny received the impression that his story was failing to engage her whole attention. His bitterness returned.

"Look," he said. "I realize that I am not exactly a spellbinder, but you asked for this story and you're getting it, I might add, at great cost to my vocal cords. The least you can do is listen."

"Soak 'em in beer," the woman said absently. "That's the thing for vocal cords." Her gaze returned to Johnny with a sort of gentle reproach. "Is that—that specimen of fauna in my drive the creature you were suggesting my buying for a milch goat?"

Johnny looked. It was indeed Millicent, strolling meditatively up the drive. From time to time she paused to pick and eat a particularly succulent dahlia or marigold.

The woman eyed Johnny thoughtfully. "It comes as a surprise," she said, "finding a soldier who has so much trouble with his sexes. First you call me 'Sir,' and now you suggest my milking a billy goat."

TO JOHNNY this news was a shock, but beer helped him rise to it. "I'm a city boy, myself," he said defensively.

"Even city boys—" the woman said. She looked again at Millicent. "He's eating my Idabella Firestones," she added gloomily.

Johnny rose. "Thanks for the beer," he said with some bitterness.

"Now you're angry. You won't come back and see me." Incredibly the massive features gathered themselves into an elephantine pout. "It isn't my fault. I'd like to help you, but Adam wouldn't stand for it. Can I risk losing the best gardener in the county, and 4-F at that, all over a goat?"

"No," Johnny said generously. "I guess you can't. Never mind. I'll be back—if I ever get rid of my herd." . . .

Four o'clock found him sitting by the roadside, his aching feet dangling in the ditch and gloom heavy upon him. Behind, the day stretched with the haggard unreality of a nightmare. Beside him Millicent nipped the heads off black-eyed Susans with every sign of pleasant enjoyment. Before him the rest of his life stretched, a hideous and impossible crusade, an epic in Goat. Johnny rested his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands, and brooded.

Tires squealed to a stop on asphalt. A voice called, "Want a lift, soldier?" Shirley's voice, incredibly. He looked up. Shirley's head, blond curls turning to red where the sun touched them. Shirley's grin, surprised and frankly pleased. Shirley's car, the convertible with the top down. What a setup for a Sunday afternoon. What a bait to dangle in front of a weary goat-ridden soldier.

"I've been hunting you," Shirley said. "Come on."

Johnny stood up. He moved toward the car. Shirley slid out of the driver's seat. Temptation, temptation—

"I'd like to," Johnny said. "You don't

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know how I'd like to, but I can't. You see, there's Millicent."

Shirley's eyebrows made a shallow worried V. She scanned the landscape. "But I *don't* see," she said in a small, hurt voice. "Where is she?"

"Over there," Johnny said. "She doesn't let me out of her sight."

Shirley said, "I don't see anyone over there. There's nothing but that goat."

"That's him," Johnny said. "That's Millicent."

"I see," Shirley said. There was a small silence. "It had to be you, didn't it, Johnny?"

Johnny nodded. They both looked at Millicent.

"Will she ride in the rumble seat, do you think?" Shirley asked dubiously.

"He," Johnny said. "For a cigarette he'd ride on a surfboard. Why?"

"We've got to get rid of him by curfew," Shirley said. "Shove him in and let's get going."

Johnny obeyed. He was too tired to argue or explain. He hoisted Millicent to the rumble seat, gave him three cigarettes (Shirley's) and slid in behind the wheel. "Where to?"

"Down the road a piece," Shirley said. "I'll show you."

Johnny drove, following directions. There was a stretch of asphalt, a turn into a lumpy dirt road, a turn into a cart path. "Here," Shirley said.

She got out. Johnny lifted Millicent down. Shirley held out a cigarette. Millicent followed her.

They were facing a square of unpainted wood with windows. On top of it someone had incongruously erected a small pointed structure to house a bell. Around the door stood sacks, boxes, baskets—fruit, vegetables, grain. From the windows came the murmur of dusky voices, the shuffle of feet. It was a church, and vespers just closing.

The minister, dark face beaming above his white vestment, came out first. He seemed to know Shirley. They spoke together. The minister produced rope. He led Millicent behind the church. A moment later he walked with Shirley back to the car.

"Sir," he said with dignity, "on behalf of myself and my congregation I want to thank you for your generous contribution."

Johnny said, "It's nothing; glad you can use it."

Shirley said, "He's a city boy, Reverend. He doesn't understand. It's the collection, Johnny."

A broad white grin split the dignity. "Two sacks of wheat, one of rice, a barrel of apples, three bushels of potatoes, two loaves of bread and a goat," the minister said happily "A right proud collection, sir, for our little congregation."

Johnny drove back to the main road. From time to time his eyes left the track to dwell lovingly on the small face at his shoulder. Shirley's hand lay on his knee, his hand lay on Shirley's. "What a girl," Johnny said. "My love, my sweet! My one and only!"

"Gertrude?" Shirley suggested.

"Bah," Johnny said.

"She's very pretty, Johnny."

He stopped the car and took both of her hands. "Listen to me, Shirley. Beauty is all very well. You are not repulsive, yourself; but character—that's what a man wants in a girl."

"Character?" Shirley said.

"A girl," Johnny said reverently, "who, when a man becomes entangled with goats, will unquestioningly and unhesitatingly pitch in and rid him of those goats. A girl who will accept the bludgeonings of chance as such, and not try to pin the blame on beer or evil companions. A girl who slides out of the driver's seat without being asked to. When a man finds a girl like that—" Johnny said.

"Yes?" Shirley said.

Johnny, as previously noted, has only one girl now.

THE END

Glide into Death

Continued from page 27

in the grass, some dead, some wounded and some taking cover in the rich meadow feed.

Some of the gliders came to rest within a few yards of a cannon and were shot to bits. Some burned. Some crashed after the pilot apparently had been killed before landing. The machine-gun fire rippled across the field in burst after burst. Finally it ceased, when everything in the field had stopped moving.

Yet such is the difficulty of covering two hundred acres with fire that somehow, creeping through the grass or making quick darts for cover, many of the men—a surprisingly large number—escaped from this field of death and dived into the hedges where they disappeared from enemy view. Fortunately, the gliders came in almost all at once, and for five minutes there were too many gliding, running, scurrying and creeping targets in that field for the Germans to kill or wound more than a moderate percentage.

As soon as he could round up survivors, Medusky formed an assault unit which circled the bowl to make an infantry attack on the German positions, to clear the way for two more lifts of gliders that were due. Meanwhile, he kept bombarding the German positions with his artillery and firing with his tanks at gun emplacements which had been spotted during the fusillade. The situation was improving. . . .

"Well," said Medusky, "that's all we can see here. Let's go over on the German side."

We drove through the meadowland littered with the carcasses of gliders and entered the fringe of woods on the other rim. A sunken road ran along just in front of the trees, completely hidden from view. It was further screened by a thick hedgerow. Along that road, wreckage was scattered, so that you could scarcely take a step without treading on a piece of twisted machinery, a shred of bloodstained cloth or a broken rifle.

"You see," said Medusky, "we didn't do so badly with our bombardment after all. By now, of course, the bodies have been buried."

We walked to an emplacement where the Germans had left a 75-millimeter gun intact. Medusky pointed to a glider which lay twenty-five yards from the gun. "Look at the holes. What chance did it have?"

Another member of the airborne forces, Captain Alden McLellan of New Orleans, was standing there, also surveying the wreckage. He pointed to a shell hole in a ditch.

"I found a couple of our wounded there," he said. "They came out of that glider. As soon as they landed, everyone dived under the fuselage and hid in the grass. Then the German machine gunners and riflemen went to work on them—from twenty-five yards. Finally, all were killed except these two, and one man who was unhurt. After dark, this man tried to crawl away, but the Germans captured him. Then he apparently told them that there were two wounded men under the glider and asked the Germans to help them.

Germans' Idea of Mercy

"The Germans went out to the glider and began kicking the bodies to see which ones groaned. When these two men groaned, they dragged them to this shell hole. When the Germans retreated, they left the wounded men there. They were there when I came."

"I saw them, too," said Captain Medusky. "The Germans left in a hurry, when they saw my men coming around this end of the basin. They ran so fast they left everything, including their little tractor motorcycles."

And that's the end of the story, except for a little epilogue.

It was along this section where gliders were landing in many other fields and where paratroopers were showering down out of the sky, that our troops who landed on the beaches had the easiest time, in most cases coming ashore under nothing but artillery fire. They walked inland without much fighting for some distance; the fighting had already been done by the airborne troops.

THE END

Step Right Out Of Foot Misery

Now, when your feet cry out for relief, sprinkle them with Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. Also dust it into your shoes and stockings. Presto! Your feet feel grand—soothed, refreshed, rested. You'll marvel how the foot powder formulated by this famous foot authority relieves your hot, perspiring, tender or odorous feet . . . how comfortable it makes new or tight shoes feel. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot by keeping feet dry. Be foot-happy from now on by using Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder daily. At your Drug, Shoe, Department Store or Toilet Goods Counter. Costs but a trifle.

FOR YOUR *Sweet Moments*

LICORICE SWEETIES

Gay, candy-coated licorice flavored for 'Sweet' Eating.

We're supplying the Armed Forces. They come first. So if your dealer doesn't have these sweets today, look for them tomorrow.

5¢

ANOTHER QUALITY CONFECTION MADE BY *Candy Crafters, Inc.* LANSDOWNE, PA.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, *once they discover that the real cause of their trouble* may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Relieve Sting and Pain of Insect Bites *This Quick Way*

For quick relief from the sting and pain of mosquito, chigger and other non-venomous insect bites use OIL-O-SOL. It soothes, cools and comforts. This effective inhibitory antiseptic is also valuable in treating sunburn and minor injuries—cuts, scratches, burns. Used by thousands at home and at work. Pleasant to use—combats infection—quickly helps relieve pain. Only 50c at druggist's. Must satisfy you or money back. Get **Mosso's OIL-O-SOL** now.

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes,*** but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

KLUTCH CO., Box 3107-H, ELMIRA, N. Y.

JERIS
Hair Oil
FOR
DRY SCALP

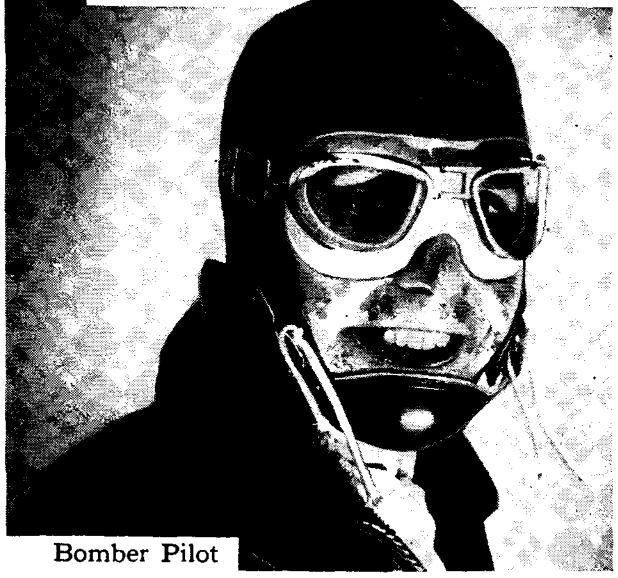
FOR DULL HAIR

JERIS HAIR OIL

SINCLAIR 100-OCTANE

fuels 2000 bombers daily

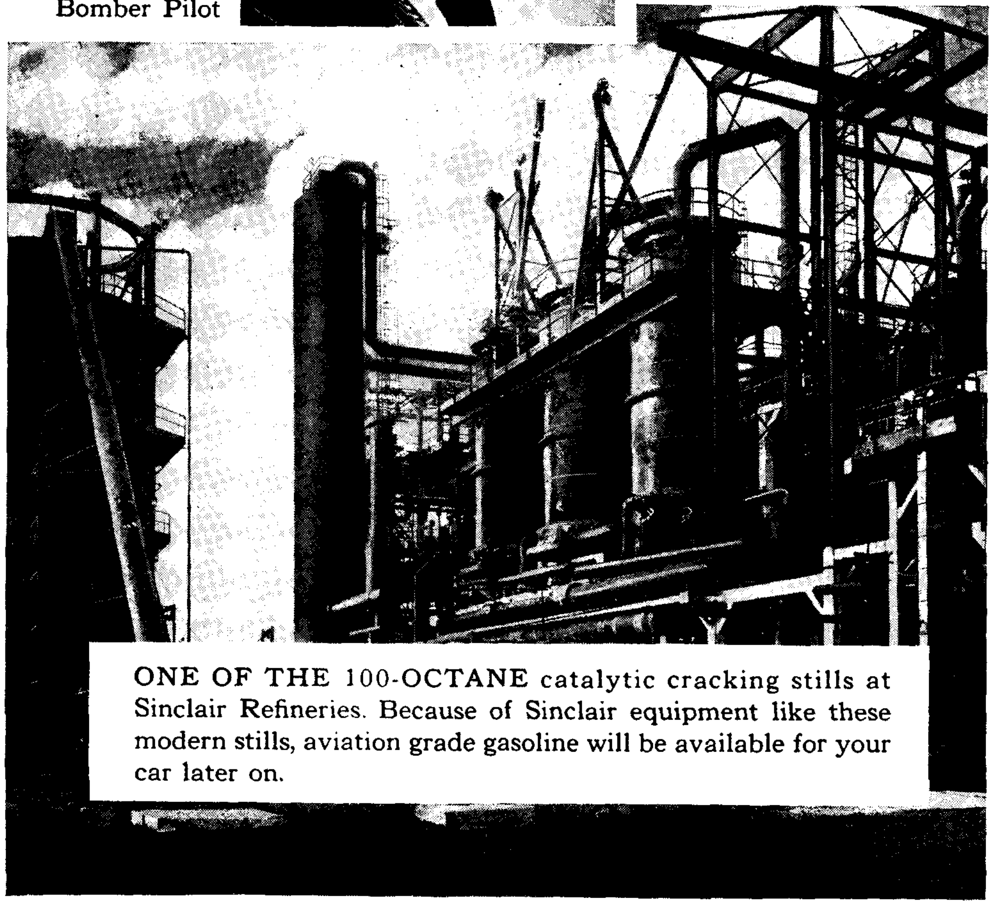
BOMBERS fly faster and farther with bigger bomb loads because of their 100-octane fuel. Sinclair Refineries make enough of this super-gasoline to fuel 2000 medium bombers on daily raids over Germany. Right now the Army and Navy take all 100-octane gasoline. But after the war Sinclair's big production will be available for commercial and private flying.



Bomber Pilot

(Official photo U. S. Air Forces)

BIG GUN BOMBER. This is a B-25 Mitchell and it packs a 75 mm. cannon in its nose.



ONE OF THE 100-OCTANE catalytic cracking stills at Sinclair Refineries. Because of Sinclair equipment like these modern stills, aviation grade gasoline will be available for your car later on.

SINCLAIR
SIN

BETTER PRODUCTS are coming out of this war. Keep in touch with your Sinclair Dealer for mileage, power and economy far beyond what you had before the war.

Collier's

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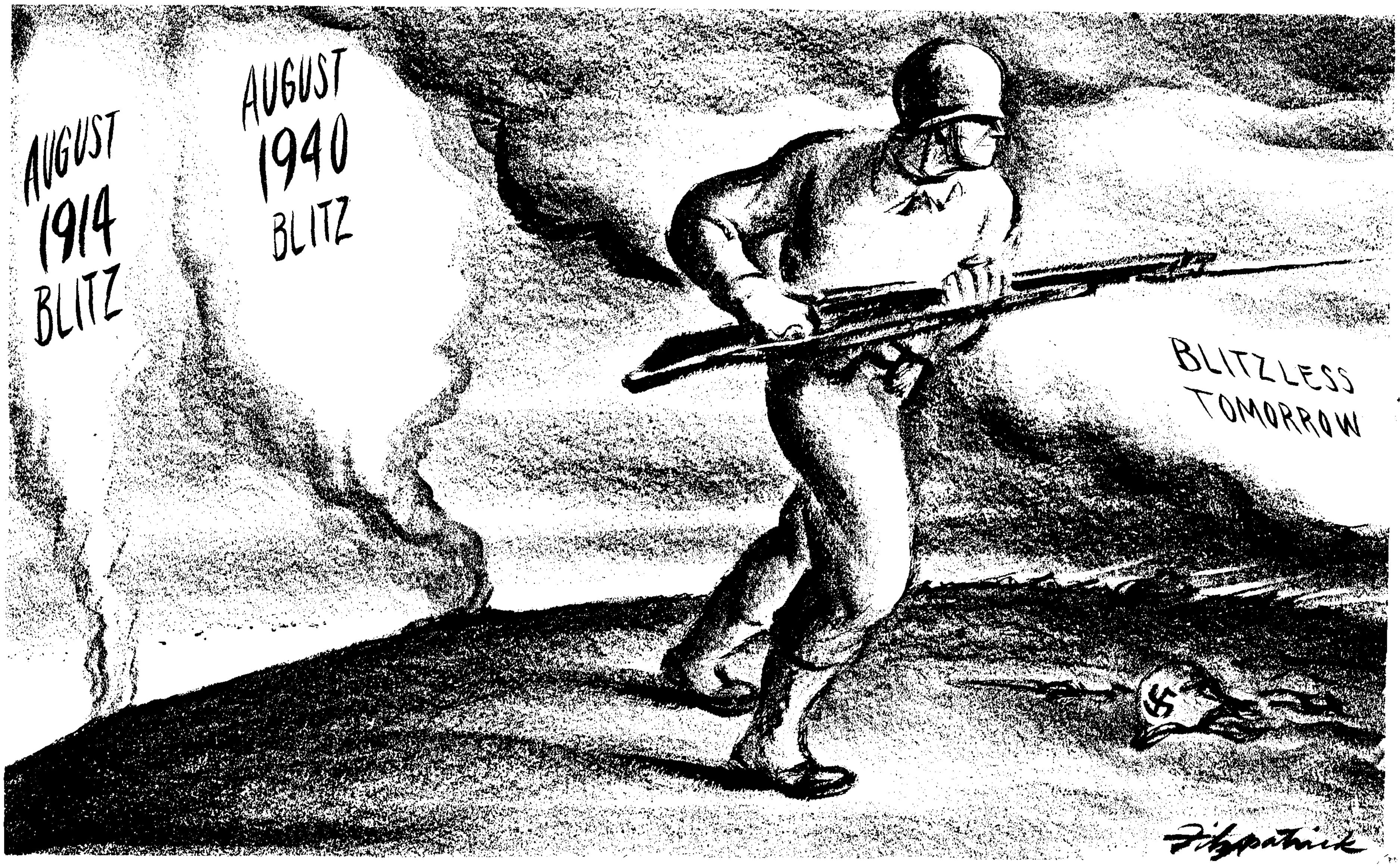


TWO ANNIVERSARIES

THIS seems to us to be a good time to do some looking backward and some trying to look forward, because two important anniversaries are occurring just about now.

One of these is the 30th anniversary of the beginning of the first World War. Austria declared war on Serbia on July 28, 1914, touching off a string of 53 war declarations which ended with Honduras going to war against Germany on July 19, 1918.

And it was four years ago this August that the great German blitz against England began in dead earnest, to run through the winter of 1941.

Actually, the two wars have been really one war, broken by a long truce. The basic cause was the same in both cases—the military, expansionist spirit bumping head-on into the peaceable, democratic spirit. Only the faces and the labels were changed, and the slogans.

In both wars, the militarists scored the first impressive triumphs—the Germans in Belgium and northern France in 1914; the Germans in Poland, the Low Countries and France in 1939-40; the Japs in Pearl Harbor, in southeast Asia and the far Pacific in 1941-42.

Then, both times, something happened to stop the militarists. The Germans failed to take either Paris or the Channel Ports in 1914. In World War II, Germany was first halted by the British nation's iron refusal to surrender when all seemed lost, and—as only lately revealed by Prime Minister Churchill—by British destruction of great numbers of invasion craft which Hitler had assembled in northwest French ports and estuaries for an effort to storm into England. Japan got its first buck tooth kicked out by American fighting men of sea and air at the Battle of Midway.

In both installments of this war, the United States has played a role which, without boasting, can be called tremendous. In the first World War, it was fresh American manpower and considerable American equipment that gave the Allies the needed extra slugging power on the Western Front. In World War II, U. S. manpower and phenomenal U. S. war production may yet prove to be the biggest single factor in the Allied victory which now seems certain.

The two wars differ in important respects, though. Japan was one of the Allies the first time; Japan this time is our bitter foe. Russia conked out of the first World War in 1917 and went Communist. Russia is most successfully in World War II—and appears to be growing more conservative by the week.

From the first World War, Britain, France, Japan and the United States emerged as the world's strongest powers. Unless all current signs fail, the first-class powers after World War II will be Britain, Russia and the United States, with China potentially a first-class power. The implications and repercussions of these enormous shifts of power will most likely be affecting the youngest children now among us, in ways now unimagined, until those children have grandchildren.

We can't think of any profound conclusions from all this. History will attend to those. All we can think of just now is that we hope the slaughter may end before long, in a decisive Allied victory; that the Allies may make wiser use of this victory than of the other one; that somehow, by some interworking of general good will and good luck, the next World War may be postponed for a long time, if not forever.

On the subject of the second of these two anniversaries, though—the fourth August since the big blitz began—we have very definite convictions. Those convictions are, briefly, that the people of Great Britain, in riding out that storm with never a thought of giving up, gave an exhibition of national courage and fortitude which humanity will do well never to forget; and that in the indomitable Winston Churchill, the British people found as great a leader as any people ever had.

And now—let's finish the job.

Conserve the Everglades

OIL has been discovered in Florida. The state's first oil well, at Sunniland in the Everglades, is running about 100 barrels a day. At least ten more wells are expected to be drilled soon, some of them inside the projected Everglades National Park.

Naturally, we hope Florida or the new Mississippi oil field or both will prove to be big stuff, and thereby once again push forward the date of exhaustion of U. S. crude oil supplies.

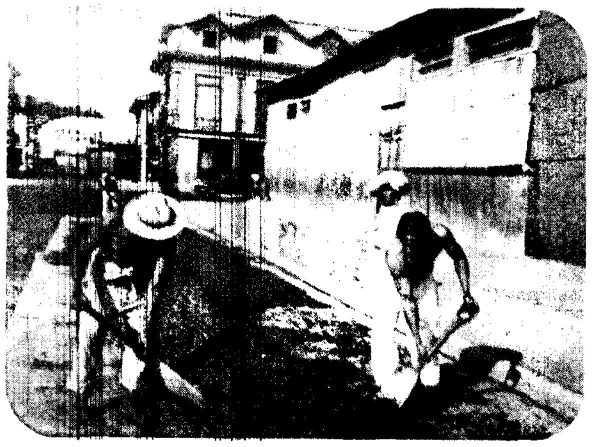
But we hereby endorse, and heartily, the plea of various conservationists that Florida oil development be carried forward with due regard to preservation of the Everglades as a huge home and haven for numerous strange, rare and generally useful animals, birds, fish and reptiles.

According to conservationists, there is danger that oil may seep into Everglades streams and swamp areas. This seepage would be a deadly kind of pollution for the Everglades' wild-life inhabitants—herons, ibis, anhingas, bears, deer, white turkeys, wildcats, raccoons, and so on and so forth. The oil seepage would kill off all the fish that might come in contact with it. Another danger is that the oil wells, striking deep into subsurface sand and rock, will bring up brine which, if uncurbed, will run into these same Everglades streams and swamps.

It appears that relatively simple and inexpensive dikes and small dams will head off most if not all of this threatened damage, no matter how much oil may be found in Florida. Nation-wide public opinion, we think, should demand that state and national authorities co-operate to compel development of Everglades conservation measures in step with development of Florida oil resources. This great swamp is one of our invaluable and irreplaceable national assets. We owe it to ourselves to take the best possible care of it.

[illegible] near LATITUDE ZERO

1 “[illegible] a mere street fire in Guayaquil,” writes a Canadian Club [illegible] even a three-alarm back in the States will seem tame. This Ecu[illegible] treats you to all the usual thrills, plus the world's most colorful [illegible]ment. It tackles a blaze with the precision of troops at drill.



2 “**Another thing** that stri[illegible] the cacao—source of chocolate and [illegible]ying in the streets. Cacao is Ecuador's b[illegible] crop . . . but many others are begging for development.

3 “**One such crop** is the light and buoyant balsa wood, floated down from the highlands in rafts complete with crew's accommodations. Most balsa today goes to the Allies' airplane plants.

PAA
PANAGRA

4 “**Panagra,** affiliate of Pan American Airways, which flies Ecuador's war materials north will fly peacetime vacationists to Ecuador—in 18 hours' flying from almost anywhere in the States.

5 “**Being in Ecuador,** I naturally visited the Equator at the monument up near Quito and lifted a toast in—of all wonders—Canadian Club!”

Once the war is over, it will be even easier than now to visit Latin America. Then you will find Canadian Club again available there for toasting the “good neighbors” you will meet.

Right now, the distillery is concentrating on war alcohol; so Canadian Club is scarce on occasion.

- Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way, and you may sometimes find your dealer out of stock.
- Many fans are voluntarily “rationing themselves”—by making two bottles go the length of three.

Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

Can[illegible] C[illegible]

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

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STATES
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